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Founded A.D. 1728 by Benjamin Franklin

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MAY 3, 1919

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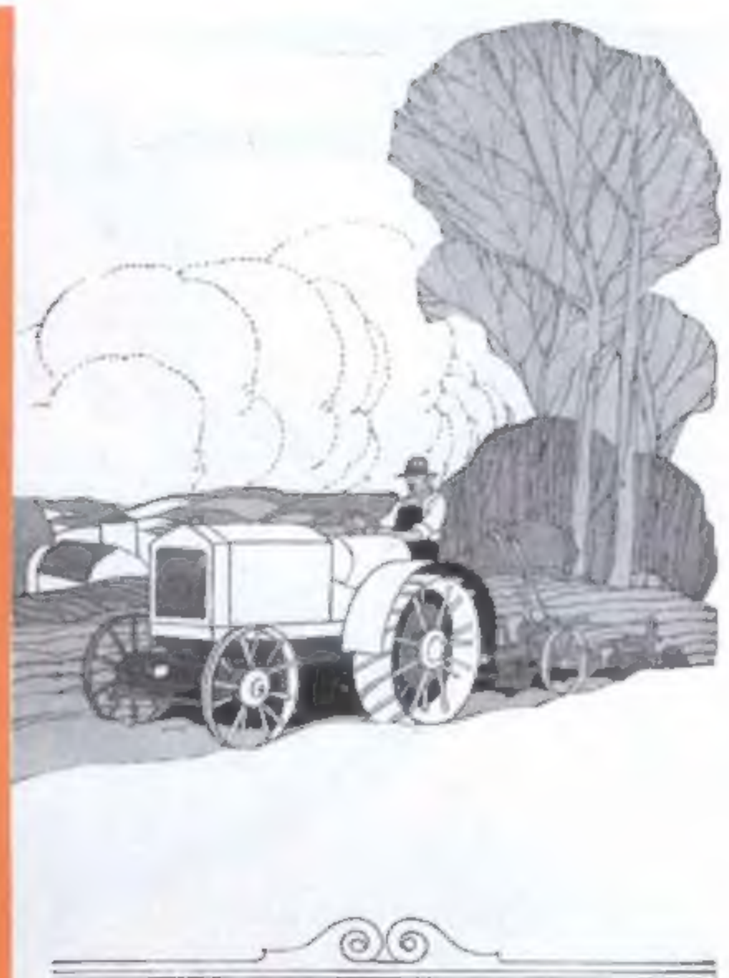
In This Number

Harry Leon Wilson — H. G. Wells — Henry Payson Dowst — Victor Shawe — Corinne Lowe
Richard Matthews Hallet — Kathleen Howard — Henry Watterson — Fanny Heaslip Lea

HYATT

ROLLER BEARINGS



Hyatt Users

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Acme Harvester Company	Peoria, Ill.
Allied Tractor Company	Minneapolis, Minn.
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American Engine & Tractor Co.	Charles City, Iowa
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Joshua Hendy Iron Works	Sunnyvale, Cal.
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Wallis Tractor Company	Racine, Wis.
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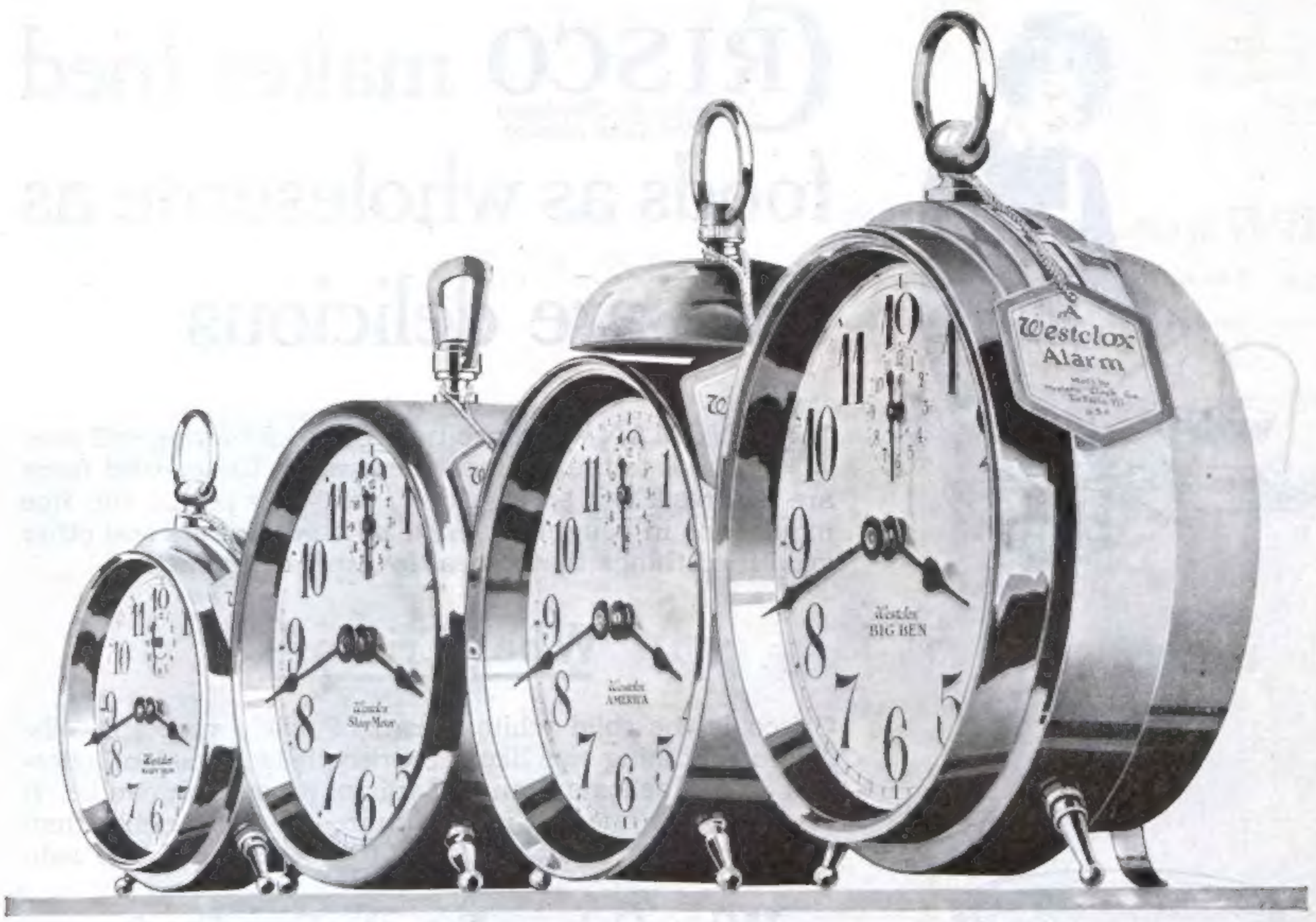
Wellman-Seaver-Morgan Co.	Akron, Ohio
Wichita Tractor Company	Wichita, Kan.
Wisconsin Farm Tractor Co.	Sauk City, Wis.
Wolverine Tractor Company	Detroit, Mich.
Yuba Manufacturing Company	Marysville, Cal.
Deere & Company	Moline, Ill.
Scientific Farm Mach. Co.	Minneapolis, Minn.
A. L. Gill Agricultural Works	Trenton, N. J.



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That's what a good alarm clock does for you. Millions of men thank their Westclox alarms for smoother-running, more resultful days. They get off to business feeling *right*.

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La Salle & Peru, Illinois, U. S. A.

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For Frying-For Shortening For Cake Making

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Crisco is thoroughly wholesome and economical. In air-tight packages, one pound net weight and more, it costs practically the same as bulk lard out of an open tub.

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NAUGHTY BOYS!

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

LET'S PLAY REVOLUTION!
TERRIBLE TROTSKY OR THE DEMON REDS SLAY
JOIN OUR GANG FOR BLUD!
YOU'RE A BOURGEOISIE! BANG! YOU'RE DEAD!
Herbert Johnson

HAVE you a little Bolshevist in your home? Long, long ago I knew a nice old home that had one, and I was it. And no wonder! For the capitalistic bourgeoisie had me ground down something cruel. Slave labor in a garden and at a woodpile to crush my proud spirit; debasing toil compelled at times even on a Saturday! And foul imprisonment—close confinement five days a week in a red brick penal institution under brutal keepers! Life was bleak with despair.

And so I became a Bolshevist years and years before you began to see the word in every headline—and wasn't it thoughtful of the Russians to pick out for their sports and pastimes a word that everyone can spell?

Yet I didn't go finally over to the Reds until I had applied the devices of revealed religion and proved them impotent. Did I not for one week on chilled and bony knees pray nightly that my red brick prison house would burn down the following Monday morning precisely at nine o'clock? And could I longer believe in a designed universe when nothing sweet and fitting happened on the appointed day? Even by ten o'clock I knew no help would come from above. And so with Slavic bitterness I flung faith to the winds and went, as that dear Nietzsche has it, beyond good and evil. I saw I should have to take direct action if that prison was to burn proper.

So in spirit at least I applied the helpful torch with my own hands on a score of horrible Mondays, desisting only when another submerged victim of the ruling classes suggested that even if the old thing did burn they probably wouldn't stop school; probably they'd hold it in the vestry of the Methodist church or some place.

But my career as an incendiary revolutionist was not ended. There was the lesser prison that confined me of nights and far too much out of school hours. Again and again I dramatized its sweet destruction by fire, with glorious loss of life to the oppressive bourgeoisie. And why not? Wasn't I being kept down and exploited? Wasn't there a vast field of potatoes to hoe—potatoes insanely planted over too much of God's green earth? Wasn't there endless wood to be split and borne to a remote kitchen by the most degrading use of human muscles—a being with a birthright of freedom bending forever under mere stove wood? And could I go decently West to slay the red man and be trapper, scout and guide in a coonskin cap and a fringed buckskin business or lounge suit as worn by Kit Carson, who had set the mode for certain snappy dressers in that day? I could not—even though I had a dandy air rifle and the boundless steppes of the West lay just beyond an adjacent cornfield.

No, indeed! I must do those debasing chores every night, and I must report at that red brick prison to learn the dates when things happened, and to write a good business hand and how to bound Iowa and what is a participle—I don't know yet—and the distressing complications bound to ensue if a gentleman sent his servant to buy seven and five-eighths yards of fine broadcloth at six and three-quarters shillings a yard. And if I treated as a mere scrap of paper the order to have that garden weeded by nightfall was I hailed as patriot and liberator and champion of the masses? I was not. It was quite simply and horribly otherwise. A large hairy bourgeois hand impelled me to the woodshed and treated me rough. That was nothing to cheer about.

On nights like that I thought burning was almost too good for the old manse. And I would nearly burn it. And always the tyrannical male bourgeois, he of the willow knout, was beautifully crisped and charred in the beautiful ruins, for if he tried to escape his just fate I plugged him between the eyes with my trusty air gun. Sometimes, it is true, I would drag out his mate, the female bourgeois. She was more impressionable, and now and then you could put things over on her. And it was almost worth saving her just to be able to say that now I guessed she would see I wasn't to be imposed on any longer, and if she behaved herself I might take her to the Far West with me. I seem to recall that she was always properly impressed and meekly begged me to forgive and forget the long years of injustice I had suffered. And I am glad to remember that though pretty stern with the woman I usually consented.

Yes; I nearly burned the schoolhouse and the home that sheltered me. Nearly! But somehow the vengeance of an irritated heaven never did actually blast my hateful environment. I devoutly wished to peel the rind off organized society, but something

restrained me. I hate to tell what it was, but I might as well. It was a wide and richly gleaming streak of chemically pure yellow that extended clean through me and out on each side till it touched those garments worn next the hide. Of course I didn't call it that. I merely reasoned about it like a grown man. I could burn the schoolhouse, but the principal of that school was a perfect devil for finding things out, and in his torture chamber he highly favored an old oaken seat slat. And I could fire the home, but maybe that male bourgeois, surviving in spite of flames and air gun, would lead me by one ear to the smoking ruins of a once competent woodshed and do something really fancy to me. And I saw no reason why the world should be made more hellish than it was. So I struggled on amid those dreadful social and industrial conditions.

Looking back I am not wholly sorry I struggled. True, I can't to this day pass a public school without shudders of repulsion, and I am unable to feel properly glad that I didn't start a brisk fire under that particular prison. I don't say I wish I had. I only say I am not as pleased as I should be that I didn't. But that I never started the home fire burning I am heartily, unaffectedly glad. That male bourgeois would almost certainly have nailed me. It will be seen that I was more doctrinaire than practical. I was what is called a philosophic anarchist. I could think of a lot of bully things to do but I was a rotten actor.

Why, once our local soviet, of which I was a talkative member, a little band of idealists meeting in secret back of someone's barn, planned to abduct that same school principal and hold him in a cave a couple of versts up back of Liberty Hill until he promised to be a better man. I freely told the ardent young Reds just how the scoundrel could be leaped on some dark night, borne to earth, bound, gagged and carried to our lair; and I thought up a lot of good things to do to him in the cave—things he would have remembered all his life even if he lived to be a very, very old man. The most that soviet ever did was to despoil the capitalistic class of a few apples or melons. And that hardly rose to the dignity of a peasant revolt. It was more like stealing.

The Modern Method

I DIDN'T know it then, but what I should have done was to start one of those radical little papers, something called The New Dawn or Liberty or The Toiling Masses. For I was a natural leader and too good to do the actual rough stuff that might have been found out on me. I could have told the others how to do that, those others that were just plain serfs without a vestige of the genius for leadership. And if I had finally worked the soldiers and sailors' committee of that soviet up to some bit of direct action and the bourgeoisie had unreasonably blamed me for it, couldn't I have crawled gracefully by saying I hadn't meant anything of the sort, except in a purely academic way? I certainly could. And the jury would have had to disagree, at the very least.

I don't know why I didn't think of that radical paper to incite those masses of the younger set to do the things I was afraid myself to do. I was yellow enough, and God knows I should have liked to see a good lively revolt, providing it didn't put me in danger of a whaling. Think what our little soviet could have done with a few machine guns—those bourgeoisie I am sure were no fighters—turning them first on the schoolhouse, then on the homes of prominent members, and then on to the village for a day of lovely looting—the candy store first! But of course a wide streak of yellow isn't the only thing needed by the editor of a radical sheet. He must have a helping of despised capital, and I simply wasn't up to selling stock in my paper.

I Think I Can Solve the Problem. And the Government if it Wishes May Study My Method

I became quite discouraged with those comrades of our soviet. They would talk big out back of the barn on a Saturday afternoon. They would light up corn-silk cigarettes and lay waste the whole county and make the world unsafe for school-teachers and fathers—and then run off with a circus—in some of the most incendiary talk I have ever listened to, even in these days. But when the time came for action the cowards were sure to expose a belief that I wasn't the only capable leader among them.

The only real assault on the state I ever extorted from that Spartacan group was one dark night when I goaded a raw young Red into firing a rock through one of the new stained-glass windows of the Presbyterian church. I didn't see him do it, because as a leader I thought it as well to be a block away when he struck the blow for freedom. But I heard the crash—even with an equal start that sterling young Red could never have caught up with me—and the jagged hole was there next day as a warning to the capitalistic ruling class that the masses wouldn't stand it much longer.

Still, it was unsatisfying. I gave up trying to get any really direct action out of that soviet. They were forward thinkers all right, but too likely to let it go at that. So I took the whole movement into my own hands. Very simply I depopulated the earth of every living soul but myself and one dog that had always looked up to me. This is a grand thing to do, because at last you are free. Gardens, woodpiles, schools mean nothing to you after that. You wander royally into banks and shops and houses, taking what you will; and you don't have to be home by five-thirty sharp or any hour at all.

Perfect Days in a Perfect World

YOU walk into the First National and take all the money you want, bushels of the stuff, maybe; and you swagger into the Bon Ton Kandy Kitchen and eat your fill—chocolates and taffy and fudge, anything at all—and you devour whole freezers of ice cream; and you race over to the toy store and take those delectable things you could never more than look at before; and you go down to another store and pick out a new bicycle, and ride off to another store and get a rifle that will shoot regular bullets, like Mr. Carson's; and you go back for more ice cream. And there is no one left in the wide world to say you simply can't bring that dog into the house. It was a lovely world; the only perfect world; the only world where you are not maddened by the presence and selfish demands of other people; the only world where you can take what is yours—by one of the present day's popular beliefs—without having the owners make all sorts of nasty trouble for you.

What long, long years since I and one quite inferior mottled dog—I saved a few cats for him—ruled that lonely world by our lightest whim; since we wandered its beautiful ways, feasting at will on its vast stores of confectionery, riding its myriads of new bicycles, having a new one every day if we happened to want it; playing with its costly toys—even with electric trains aforetime denied—and having an assortment of firearms that would have made Kit Carson envious! What wondrous deserted cities we invaded and looted! That perfect world!

Then in the course of those years I came to believe that I had been human, all too human. I came to believe that

(Continued on Page 41)

THE DANCIN' FOOL

By Henry Payson Dowst

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

SYLVESTER LEHIGH PENNYWORTH TIBBLE landed in New York City in the dark of the moon, with the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit dangling from his watch chain, and starting at the foot of Liberty Street, where he stepped off the ferryboat, began his assault upon the Fortress of Fortune, an attack of which the harrowing details shall form the warp and woof of this chronicle.

The neck-torturing office buildings of the lower city did not catch up the vibrations of S. L. P. Tibble's firm tread upon the cobblestones of West Street. Little old N'York did not noticeably notice Sylvester. A belated urchin sang out, "Carry yer bag, boss?" That was the city's greeting, and the newcomer returned it but coldly.

The long legs of S. L. P. Tibble carried him in a general easterly direction until he came to a narrow and far from brilliantly illuminated lane, which a corner sign ineptly signified to be Broadway.

"Dog-gone!" soliloquized Sylvester. "This don't look like any Great White Way to me—not a bit. Hey, mister, how do I git to the hotel?"

"Hotel?" repeated the passer-by thus accosted. "Hotel? What hotel?"

"I don't know," replied the outlander. "If there's more than one I guess I'm not fussy. Which is the dearest?"

"Is that where you want to go? You might try the ——"

"Oh, no," interrupted Sylvester. "That's the one I want to stay away from."

"I'll tell you," suggested his informant, "the thing to do is hop an uptown car—no, come with me."

He steered the inquirer into the nearest Subway entrance.

"There, you go down those steps, buy a ticket and get on the first train that comes along. Get off at Times Square. That's where the hotels are. There's nothing in this part of town. Good night."

"Mighty friendly," thought Sylvester Tibble, and trotted down the steps into the bowels of Manhattan.

Viewed under the bright lights of the Subway train this youth appeared to be anywhere between nineteen and twenty-four years old. Back in the tall, tangled, impenetrable bush, where nestled the hamlet of his nativity, he had been known as the Human String. That was one of the reasons why he had left it.

With Junie Budd it Was a Case of Making Hay While the Calcium Lights Revealed Only the Dimpled Graces of Pink-and-White Youth

Another reason was Uncle Enoch Jones, proprietor of Jones jugs. You have heard of Jones jugs, drunk from Jones jugs, admired Jones jugs for their artistic colors and contours—but you never heard of Enoch Jones. You are going to hear of him—a lot. You are going to be let into the secret of Jones jugs—you are going to learn, if you are persistent, why in Jones the B is silent, like the K in cheese. But of Jones more anon. We are presently concerned with his nephew, Sylvester Lehigh Pennyworth Tibble, alias the Human String.

The reason for this appellation appeared in the extraordinary slenderness of Sylvester. He was thin enough to hide behind a whip. But oddly enough, Sylvester was not a brittle-looking boy. Rather he possessed that saving characteristic which in a woman is termed "willowy." Not to say that Sylvester was actually willowy; he was too boyishly masculine for that. He gave you the impression of suppleness and strength. His clothes did not fit him at all well, for his slim hands extended far below the ends of his sleeves and there was an aching hiatus between trouser bottoms and shoe tops.

The face that surmounted the attenuated torso of S. Tibble was rather round, with skin that made you think of apples, and a pair of shrewd blue eyes that twinkled with good humor and a certain unafraid interest in all that went on about him. Sylvester was a rube, to be sure, but it never occurred to him to be embarrassed.

His hair needed cutting, just as the overripe hay on Grandpop Doolittle's farm needed it. This hair was a light straw color and poked out in straggly wisps below the brim of the young man's hat, which was a derby that I can describe only by hazarding a guess that it must have been some sort of period hat—like Queen Anne houses and Jacobean chairs. Only the period of the hat seemed further removed. It was a hat that the curator of the Metropolitan Museum or the Smithsonian Institution would have given a good deal for.

And yet I am doing Sylvester Lehigh Pennyworth Tibble a great injustice if I let you judge him by his sartorial integuments, so to speak. When you got a good look at his face you forgot all about his clothes. I have not the least doubt that at the moment he slid his nickel through the ticket man's window and took out his permit to clear the distance between Fulton and Forty-Second Streets in three jumps he was one of the best-looking three boys in New York City. It doesn't matter who the two others were.

At ten o'clock the Subway trains from downtown are not overly crowded. Ves Tibble got a seat and sat down, crossed his long legs, right over left, and then hooked his right toe behind his left ankle. The maneuver gave his limbs the curious look of a loosely twisted rope, and a couple of dark-eyed young ladies across the aisle giggled. Immediately Sylvester grinned back; and there appeared teeth as white as the material your watch dial is made of, as even as the row of windows in a passenger car.

There was nothing fresh about that grin: it was just frank and friendly and quite unresentful.

"Gee!" whispered one of the dark-eyed girls. "Isn't he comical!"

"You said it; but he's nice. He'd be swell-looking if he had a haircut."

The train plunged along through the Subway like a bullet in the barrel of a gun. Tibble disentangled his legs and reversed their position, meanwhile sliding down slightly in his seat and folding his arms. His chin dropped into his collar. The blue eyes kept skipping here and there—appraising, questioning, deciding.

At Fourteenth Street he rose hastily, but as promptly resumed his seat on observing that here was not the place to disembark. The girls giggled again, but this did not disturb Ves Tibble. He rubbed his chin thoughtfully with a slim hand, a hand with the long fingers of an artist.

"You better not laugh at that feller," whispered one of the girls. "I got an idea he's someone—you know, a nut that writes or paints pitchers or invents things. Those kind of fellers always wear funny clothes and cheat the barber."

The train rolled into Grand Central, but Tibble kept his seat. This was before the days of the Shontsian Shuttle. The dark-eyed young ladies with a fare-well smile—and who shall say there was not a touch of sadness in that smile—departed.

The train raged on, and stopped once more, and now Ves Tibble recognized the name of the station his guide of lower Manhattan had dropped in his ear—Times Square. He seized his suitcase—built from a wood-pulp travesty of sole leather—and stepped out upon the platform.

"This," observed Ves as he emerged upon the real Broadway, of which the Milky Way is but a pale reflection, "is sure that White Light District I read of. Hey, where's the hotel?"

So once again he hailed a chance passer-by, this time picked at random from among the dizzying thousands.

Thus halted, he whom Ves questioned surveyed his interrogator and grinned cheerfully.

"Right over there," he said, "is a good one. Accommodations for man or beast; meals served at all hours."

"Oh obliged," replied Ves, and began weaving his way through the crowds.

Presently he found himself, a trifle confused, standing before a desk.

"Can you put me up for the night?" he asked.

"Room and bath? Five and a half ——"

"Excuse me!" said Ves abruptly; and went away from there. Somewhere in his clothes was a roll of bills aggregating exactly eight dollars. He had figured on living on this amount a week at least.

Back on the sidewalk he contemplated Times Square once more. He had never seen so many people all at once in his life. He wandered northward with the crowd, observing everything—the swift onrush of the throng, the darting automobiles, the lights—everywhere the lights. There was something terrific about the lights, the vast and gorgeous shapes of them, the indescribable variety of their coloring, their swift transitions, their weird pictorial effect. Against the northern sky he saw two fiery urchins spraying a giant corset with a flood of liquid flame. In another place huge words chased each other across a tall roof, telling the world of someone's tar soap.

To express his sense of all this he had but one word, a word so puny, so futile that it died on his tongue. It was all right to say "Dog-gone" when you contemplated a circus poster, but it was entirely inadequate when Saint Peter threw open the pearly gates and gave you a glimpse of the glories within.

Sylvester Tibble walked a few blocks, stopped, inserted a finger under his hat and assuaged a slight tingling at the roots of his hair. What was he to do? He couldn't go to the hotel and pay five and a half for a room. There must be some cheaper place. But where?

He had not eaten since noon. Within him the fingers of appetite were signaling against his ribs. He saw on many sides windows behind which were great white dining rooms, where people were served grandly by lords and ladies in spotless raiment. Probably those were expensive, like the hotel. Still ——

He turned and wandered southward, hesitating occasionally before some tempting portal, but ever resuming his way. Then the habit of reasoning, which gets people into trouble as likely as not, asserted itself and told Ves Tibble that on one of those darker cross streets he might find a place where he could eat for half a dollar.

Over a door he observed a modest arrangement of lights, vertically placed to spell the name "McGammon," among which a small electric pollywog hastened up and down, up and down. This struck Tibble as a clever idea. He thrust aside his whilom hesitancy and pushed open the door. Before him stretched upward a flight of brass-bound stairs, and from above floated pleasantly the wailing of a fiddle and tinkle of a piano. There were odors too, suggesting anything from ham and eggs to hash.

Ves made the flight in four easy steps, thrust open a door and found himself in a room crowded with tables, among which moved waiters garbed in short coats and aprons. One of these looked up.

"How many?"

"Just me," said Ves, and took the proffered seat at a small table by the wall.

In a room beyond he saw people moving swiftly about an open space—dancing. That was it, they were dancing. Well, this wasn't so bad. The music had a peculiar quality that stirred Ves oddly. Unconsciously he drummed the time with his long fingers on the table, and his feet thumped gently on the floor.

He observed an orchestra perched on a platform—a man playing a piano, a girl with a violin, another with a banjo, and a third with a small drum to which were attached various supplementary noise-producing devices. The girl with the drum was astonishingly busy, and the results she got justified her exertions. Ves Tibble knew in his soul that he had never heard any music before. It warmed him as the day's first drink warms the shivering bacchanalian.

"Down Ha-way-an way,
Where I chanced to stray,"

sang the members of the orchestra. High and shrill rang the metallic voice of the banjo, a rhythmic tremolo, carrying a half-barbaric air as strangely hypnotic as some mysterious drink, intoxicating, an infatuating irritant of vibrant harmony with piano and fiddle, while the drummer rolled the time purringly and interpolated strange clocketty-clocking sounds that intensified the pulsing quality of the song.

"Eat?" asked the waiter, thrusting a card under Ves Tibble's nose.

The boy looked up dazedly; then pulled himself together.

"Give us a look," he said, and ran his eye down the list of prices. They were pretty high, but he selected something that looked as if it might be satisfying without involving bankruptcy.

"What'll you have to drink?"

"Water, I guess. Well, give us a cup of tea, and have it strong."

The waiter waddled off, and Tibble slumped down in his chair, twisted his legs into a design something like the way mother braids Lucy's hair every morning, and melted away into a sort of ecstatic dream of harmony.

Presently he came back to his senses and discovered that his mouth was full of rather tough meat, which he was chewing in time to the music.

"Dog-gone!" he muttered. "That was a great tune. Say, mister, wonder if I can have some more butter."

The music had stopped for the time. Ves paid hungry attention to the business in hand, and had momentarily forgotten that his supper was costing him all of a dollar and fifteen cents.

"Good evening," said a voice, and he looked up. A girl had dropped uninvited into the seat opposite him. "Listen," she was saying, "talk to me, will you? Act like you knew me—say anything, but make it look friendly. Never mind why. Come on, work fast!"

She burst into a peal of laughter, as if at something he had said, and Ves became aware that she was young, pretty, designed in pleasing curves and rather vividly colored. Also she wore a dress with a low-cut bodice, and her arms were bare to the shoulder. For the moment he could think of nothing to say.

"Talk to me! Talk!" she urged. "Get busy, say something!"

Ves Tibble grinned.

"Dog-gone!" he remarked heartily. "You're an all-fired pretty girl. Where'd you come from? Have some o' my ham an' aigs?"

"Lord!" returned the girl, viewing Ves Tibble's supper with the air of one to whom food was too mundane a thing for serious consideration, "I didn't sit down here to eat. You can buy me a glass of beer if you want to. But that fat man over there won't let me alone. He's been bothering me all evening. I told him I had a date—just to get rid of him. He's had too much to drink. You make believe you're my friend, and sort of give him the icy eye. Then he'll quit."

"You mean," ventured Ves, "that you don't figure I'm really your friend?"

"Oh, I don't care. But I hate to be bothered. I'm going to do my turn pretty soon and beat it for home and mother."

"What do you mean—your 'turn'?"

"I dance. Twice each evening; see? Then I circulate round among the guests and make 'em feel at home. It's part of the job. I hate it, but it helps. These days anyone can't afford to let a good thing get away from 'em. Say, you're from the country, I bet."

"What makes you think so?"

"How could I help it? How'd you happen to blow in here? It's no place for a minister's son, believe me!"

"I was hungry. Up round the corner I couldn't find any place where they didn't charge a dollar an ounce for grub, so I happened in here. I like it. Never was in any such a place before."

"I bet you! Later it gets rough, but I go home. Catch me sticking round here! Some day if I'm lucky I'll get a regular job. I'm sick of this third-rate dump."

Ves Tibble contemplated his vis-à-vis curiously. If this abode of harmony and rhythm was a third-rate dump, of what celestial material could a first-class establishment be made?

"Listen, sister," said Ves, "is this what they call a cab—cabber ——"

"——ray," replied sister. "You said it. Haven't you ever been in a cabaret before? You ought to see some of the ones round on Broadway. Some class to them! This is a cheap imitation. Oh gee, there goes my vamp!"

She bounced to her feet and scurried out into the other room, where the dancing floor gave her a free field for talents which immediately Ves Tibble discovered to be phenomenal.

The orchestra wailed and snarled and hummed and vibrated; and the girl spun through an amazing series of terpsichorean evolutions which Ves Tibble regarded breathlessly. He rose, left his table, and made his way to a point from which he could watch the dance more closely.

Dog-gone! How that girl could dance! The banjo shrilled its vibrant tremolo, the violin sobbed, the piano beat doggedly through it all; and that intriguing drum with its accompanying staccato of hollowly rattling wood, the soft clang of the cymbals, picked out the time in throbbing measure. And the girl's small feet twinkled in perfect time; her pink-clad legs flashed; arms waved like snowy serpents; sleek hips swayed; shapely little head snapped back as her supple waist bent and yielded to the pressure of an imaginary partner's embrace.

Ves Tibble's eyes stared unblinkingly. His breath came sharp and short. On the polished floor his long foot thumped, thumped, thumped. Dog-gone! A feller couldn't keep still with that music thrilling his spine!

"I Said I Hadn't Any Bad Habits. I Always Put On My Right Shoe First and Drink a Glass of Cold Water Half an Hour Before Every Meal"

"Act Like You Know Me—Say Anything, But Make It Look Friendly. Never Mind Why. Come on, Work Fast!"

With a pounding crescendo the orchestra broke off abruptly, and the dancing girl brought her feet to the floor with a final shuffle and kick. Amid a loud rattle of applauding hands she ran back to Ves's table, and dropped panting into her seat.

"Fooey! That orchestra's bum to-night," she complained, her bosom rising and falling as she struggled back to normal respiration. "Threw me all out."

"It was grand!" said Ves. "It was elegant; honest, it was!"

"Don't kid me. I know. Well, thank goodness that mob doesn't know the diff. Say, you didn't order me my glass of beer. I've got to go over and speak to that lady and gentleman at the corner table.

"You watch the fat one. He's getting more and more pickled. Give him a good hard look, like you were jealous. He's an awful pest."

She rose and moved off among the tables. As she passed the stout man whose attentions she so much resented he reached forth a hand and caught her arm, whereupon she drew back.

In an instant Ves Tibble was at her side.

"Here, you!" he said, "Quit that! This lady's a friend of mine!"

"Aw, fergit it!" chortled the stout man. "Go comb the hayseed out of your hair, you big ——"

He got no further in the matter of speech, finding himself sprawling suddenly on the floor. The people near by set up a derisive laugh. The stout man's fall had been caused by a sudden push from Ves, who realized that a man teetering on the two hind legs of his chair needed but slight impulse to lose a precarious balance.

An officious manager came bustling up.

"Here," he said, "what's the trouble? You'll have to cut that. We don't allow any rough stuff here."

The stout offender got wheezily to his feet.

"Thish bird," he accused complainingly, "'saulted me."

"Go on," said Ves, grinning. "He's tipsy. He lost his balance and tumbled over."

"You'll have to leave right away," said the manager. "Come, get your hat and coat."

"But," began Ves, "but ——"

The manager laid a hand on his arm. There was no nourishment in customers of that type. Stout men who bought drinks repeatedly were far more profitable.

"Hit the breeze," said the manager. "On your way, young man, on your way!"

The little dancer came forward impulsively.

"He's all right, Mr. McGammon, honest he is. He's a friend of mine. You let him stay."

The manager turned a questioning eye in the dancer's direction.

"That'll be all," he said ill-naturedly. "I'm running this place. Your friend has got to go; see?"

He propelled Ves Tibble gently but firmly toward the exit.

"All right," said the dancer. "I go too. Maybe you won't see me back so very soon."

"Suit yourself, kiddo," replied McGammon. "I'm not choosin' your gentleman friends for you."

Tibble found himself at the top of the stairs, headed streetward. What was the use? He was only a rube anyhow, so there wasn't any object in making any worse row than he'd already started. He began the descent of the stairs with a kind of dignified deliberation, as if his exodus were a thing entirely voluntary. Furthermore he whistled jauntily a portion of the recently played tune.

I'm coming back to you,
My hula Lou ——

"The mean old sneak!" said a voice at his elbow as he pushed open the street door at the bottom of the stairs. "He's mighty careful who he picks on. But I won't stand for that bunk, believe me!"

The girl was sputteringly indignant.

"I hope I haven't got you into a mess," said Ves, turning into Broadway. "I wasn't meaning to make trouble for you."

"Oh, trouble your grandmother!" said the dancer. "Let's go get some chop suey."

"Some what?"

"Chop suey. Didn't you ever eat chop suey? Well, I'll treat you. It's nice. Then you can walk home with me. It isn't often I allow a gentleman to go home with me."

In a slight but very pleasant daze Ves allowed his newfound friend to guide him a block or two along Broadway. Then she turned into a doorway and began climbing a flight of stairs. Ves thought with some misgiving of that other flight of stairs, leading to a false paradise of seductive music and hard-hearted managers.

At the stairs' head the couple emerged into a big room furnished with queer stiff-legged tables and straight-backed chairs, oddly carved and inlaid with mother-of-pearl in the form of dragons and curlicues of various sorts. The air was filled with an exotic and tantalizing odor.

"This is Bing Lee's," said his companion. "You'll like it. Say, what's your name?"

"Ves Tibble."

"Vestibule? What are you—an entrance to a railroad car?"

"Ves—that's short for Sylvester. Last name's Tibble. What's yours?"

"Junie Budd. Want some tea, Ves? Don't put any sugar in it. Some people do, but it tastes better plain. Oh, Charlie! Two orders chop suey and mushlooms, pletty quick, see? You have to talk Chinese to 'em or they wouldn't understand you."

She smiled adorably. Her face was round and wholesomely pink, though she had not hesitated to paint the lily with a touch of rouge or to gild the refined gold of her blond hair with a trifle of that mysterious chemical which even Helen of Troy might have utilized had she known its virtue.

"I never was in a place like this before," ventured Ves. "Is it Chinatown?"

"Gracious, no! It's just a chop-suey parlor. New York's full of them. Say, Vestibule, where'd you come from?"

"Honey Pond, Michigan."

"Some name! I'd like to go swimming in that pond. What are you going to do in New York?"

"Work. My uncle's got a job for me. Know where Barclay Street is? His office is on it. Maybe you know him; his name is Jones; Enoch Jones. He's lived in this town a long time."

"I don't happen to have met him," replied Junie soberly. "Here's our chop suey. Go on, help yourself. I don't guess your ham and eggs filled you up. Where are you staying in New York?"

"Gosh, I don't know yet. I had an address my uncle sent—some woman on a Hundred and Tenth Street. Comin' over on the ferry I looked in my pocket, and blamed if I could find it. I went to the hotel ——"

"The hotel?"

"Well, a hotel. They wanted to charge me five and a half. That wouldn't do."

"And you haven't any place to stay?"

"Not yet."

Junie Budd contemplated the young man thoughtfully.

"I'll tell you," she said, "you can come home with me and my mother'll give you a room. She keeps a boarding house. She's an old darlin', my mother. You'll be comfortable for a night or two; and we need the money. Ma hates to have a vacant room. How do you like Chinese food?"

(Continued on Page 96)

BLUE-WATER LAW

A Glance at the Merchant Seamen's Act

By RICHARD MATTHEWS HALLET

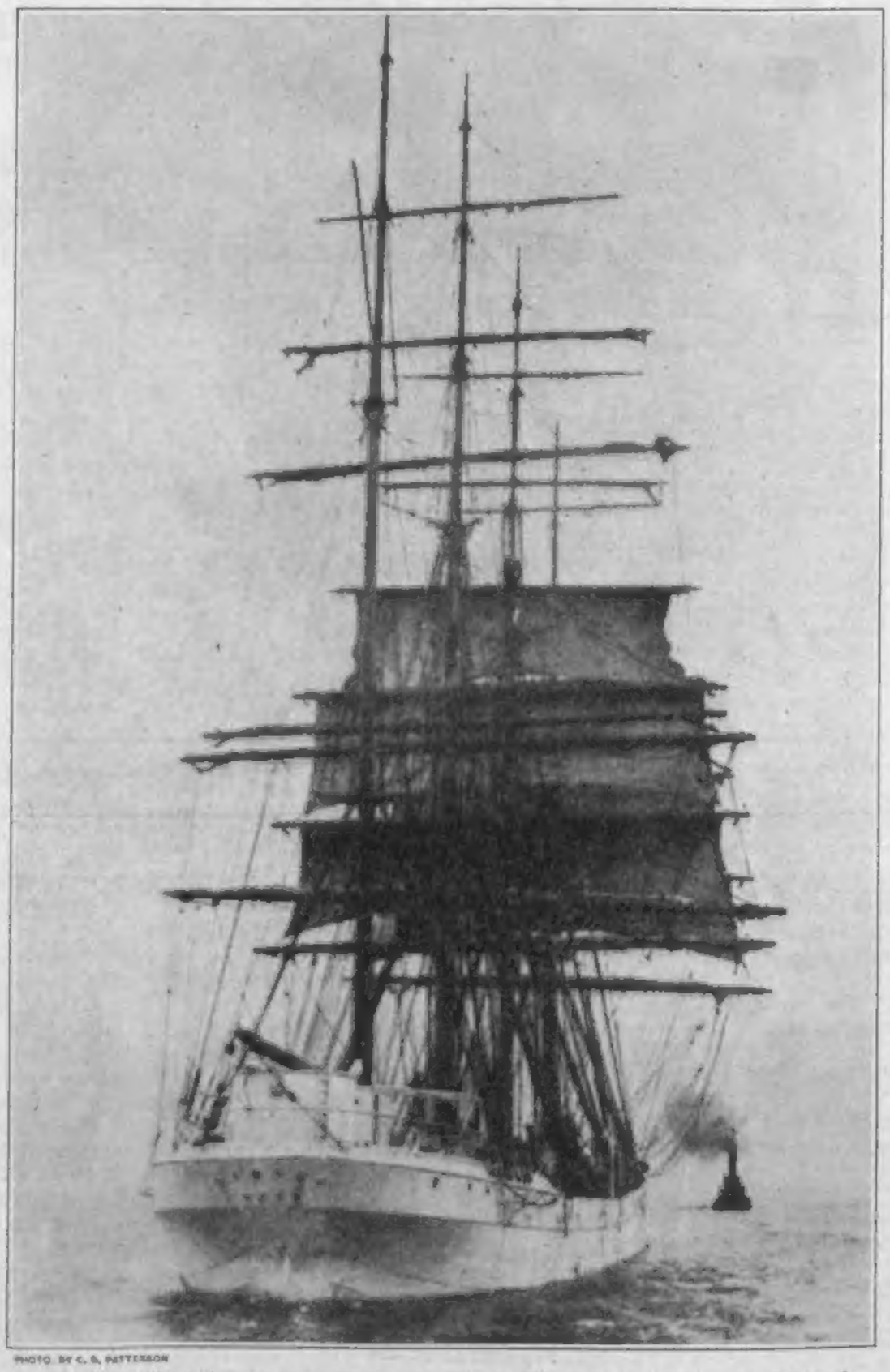

PHOTO BY C. S. PATTERSON

The Four-Masted Steel Bark Dirigo, the Ship in Which Jack London Sailed Round Cape Horn and on Which He Wrote His Last Story

WHOEVER . . . shall procure . . . another, by force or threats or by representations which he knows to be untrue, or while the person so procured . . . is intoxicated . . . to go on board of any such vessel, or to sign or in any wise enter into any agreement to go on board . . . shall be fined not more than one thousand dollars."

"If, within twenty-four hours after the arrival of any vessel at any port in the United States, any person, then being on board such vessel, solicits any seaman to become a lodger at the house of any person letting lodgings for hire . . . he shall . . . be punishable. . . ."

Perhaps I can partly bring out the meaning of these two provisions of our navigation laws by relating my first experience at breaking into any merchant marine. And first, as I thought, I had to find my ship. I could think of no simpler way of doing this than walking along the Brooklyn piers until I saw what looked to me a likely ship; and then to go aboard and make known my wish to ship aboard that ship. Well, I did precisely that; and they laughed at me. The captain, the sailmaker and the ship's cat all joined in a laugh at my expense. I had given myself away by merely asking for a job.

What should a man do, then, who wanted to put to sea? I sought out the company that owned this vessel or at least chartered her. The marine superintendent was courteous, but he gave me to understand that to ask that right worshipful company for this sort of job was, to say the least of it, irregular.

The Crimp and His Men

"WHERE do you get your crews, then?" He said that to the best of his belief they sharked them up somehow, as they were needed; but then, he said, sailors were what was needed, and not greenhorns. And indeed it was implied in his speech that there was no way of beginning to be a sailor. You either were a sailor or you were not. If you were you would know well enough how to go about getting a job; and if you were not you had better stay ashore, because you would not amount to Hannah Cook on a ship.

In the end it appeared that the most likely and only approved way of joining a ship was to get drunk in the right quarter and wake up on the ship. The trail had led me deviously from the highly polished counters of the aforesaid company to a villainous little waterside den, where I verily believe were sharked up and bound together by the bond of penniless the worst roomful of ruffians the world could show. Not one of them would ever be hanged for his good looks. There were Long John Silvers there, I will stake my bottom dollar on it; there were three-fingered men and one-armed men and one-eyed men and men whose noses had been bashed in level with their faces. There were men whose speech was like a clap of thunder and more men who spoke in beery whispers. Every tongue in Europe and Asia was represented there, and a bond between them was their common servitude to salt water and to the shifty-eyed individual who was known as the crimp, or boarding master.

He it was who had raked them together like so many winnings as fast as they disembarked; or even coming alongside as soon as the hook was dropped to solicit their patronage of his house. No man who came to his house had ever complained of a lack of creature comforts. And who else met them and offered them a roof over their heads as this man did? They went with him and he fed them beef and cabbage and fig pudding and rotgut whisky until if they wanted to move their heads they must move their trunks, too, because they were "all of a piece," as one of them affirmed to me.

The crimp was now able to say to those wanting seamen that he and he only held that commodity, and would part with it—at a price. As a matter of fact he got two prices—one from the shipmaster to whom he sold his commodity, the other from the men themselves. On signing the articles the men were allowed to draw three months' advance pay; and this the boarding master saw that they drew and handed to him in exchange for past benefits conferred. There was seldom any saying in what these benefits consisted, but his claims were not contested. Sick of themselves, the men by that time wanted nothing in the wide world but to be put back on a ship again. Money was nothing to them; they wrote it away with an oath.

Though I was neither drunk nor subject to his whims I slipped the boarding master a certain fee to run me in with the crew of the ship about which I had made inquiries. It was as easily done as that, when once a man had got the hang of it. I loafed many hours in that waterside hole, where the moldering walls were covered with tobacco juice and the stairs looked ripe for some sort of Dickens murder any hour of the twenty-four. Not a very inviting beginning, you will say.

When the shipmaster was ready for his crew the man master stepped out and read a list of those present who were to get their gear and appear before the consul. The poor creatures crowded about, panting and swearing in their eagerness to be among the elect. Shortly a swaying, stumbling gang was on its way to the consul's office, and there the articles were read to them.

As to the articles of the contract which they signed, most seamen knew nothing to the end of their days. If they were in shape to listen at all they listened much as they might listen to a hymn being chanted in Latin, or a chapter of the Koran being read. On this occasion few were in shape to listen at all. Some of them did lean forward blearily when wages were mentioned. Able seamen were set down in those articles against a sum of four pound ten a month—twenty-two dollars. They didn't even come up to the terms of that old chantey which moans that a dollar a day is a white man's pay. A description of the voyage contemplated was read, but in so low a voice that not a man in the lot could tell afterward within fifteen thousand miles of where he was bound. It was an interesting speculation for weeks after we had put to sea.

Certain fines and penalties were read more loudly. I remember one fine of five shillings for bringing "knuckle dusters," or brass knuckles, aboard.

Once Aboard the Lugger

AND then those men went up and signed or made their mark. The captain of the ship was there, watching them. He may have had a nominal right to protest them, but he did not speak a word. The crimp was the sole source of his supply, and he must stand or fall by that selection. And it was a wonderful selection.

A tug lay at the Battery. It was a warm summer's night. I well recall how weird the whole proceeding seemed to me to be one of that maudlin group staggering toward the pier, each man bowed over his bag and mattress, for this was an English ship, and a man must bring his own furniture aboard. Bags, mattresses and men cascaded to the deck of the tug. When we sided with the ship, which was berthed at Constable's Hook, my amiable sailmaker passed down a bowline, a running bowline, and one by one hauled up the members of the crew and dumped them down on deck, with a face as solemn as if he were codfishing.

The crimp came aboard with a last bottle of whisky for them to sober up on enough to stick out a line to the tug and get the ship down to her anchorage off Staten Island. They swore that he was a good crimp, their brother; he was never the man to ship them and leave them in the lurch. You could depend on that man to keep you in drink till the last possible minute. Still it proved to be not enough; and several, including the boson, got into the boson's locker and drank the top off some shellac that was there. There were sick men on that old hooker. She lay at anchor three days, with every man aboard her drunk, from the captain down.

Such was the process; like it or not, that was the one way to put to sea. I don't mean to say that men were out-and-out shanghaied as an everyday matter; most of them were only too glad to get out of the clutches of the thing that had them, whatever it was. But if a young fellow wanted to go to sea he was met at the outset by this evil and questionable atmosphere, this topsy-turvy madness which communicated its taint to the whole seafaring life.

I do not know how to be forcible enough in saying that a revolution has taken place in that scheme of things. American ships—millions of tons of them—are in the water now; and bred-in-the-bone Americans are manning them and being put in training to man them. None of this business of going to a foreign consul, and hearing strange talk about knuckle dusters. That is not one of our national institutions. And you do not have that sense of taking a plunge, of isolating yourself from your kind, that once you could not be without. There are plenty of your own kind in with you now. We want and we intend to have a merchant marine that shall have the traits of a national

institution. As one step in this process the Shipping Board has made sure that the business of putting to sea shall no longer have that questionable taint about it, as of the barter and sale of slaves.

Everybody must know by this time that the Shipping Board has set apart schools and ships for the training of officers and crews. That was a wartime measure, but it has not come to an end with the war. The second annual report of the Shipping Board states that it has seven training ships in the Atlantic Squadron and four in the Pacific Squadron, besides a ship at New Orleans and one at Cleveland. These ships have a total capacity of more than 4500 apprentices.

The idea is to give these apprentices in a short time what they might be a long time getting under old conditions. If you want to know what an exasperating mystery an old-line sailor can make of his trade ask him to make a bowline for you. He will turn it out in a twinkling and grin at you, and you are none the wiser. You will have to lope round and camp on his trail for weeks, and still be none the wiser. On ships of private companies the greenhorn will be given very little rope and wire to spoil. Now on these training ships there is an instructor to each ten apprentices, and the men do actually twist up the rope in their own hands, and learn the rudiments as fast as their own ability permits. This training goes on for a month or six weeks, and the men, though not then able seamen by any means, are ready to be brigaded with regular crews of merchant ships.

And the recruiting service does not let go of the men here. It has established a sea-service bureau, whose job is to place these men and in general to find crews for the merchant marine. This bureau has now branch offices in all the leading ports, and these offices have decent and comfortable quarters for the men, and are the places where the American sailor transacts his shore-going business, the logical and only place to look for a ship, and the logical and only place to look for a crew.

PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLICATION SECTION OF THE EMERGENCY FLEET CORPORATION

The Galley of the Cargo Carrier Quiatconck

A New Class of Seamen

THE boarding master was hit a hard blow by the provisions of the statute, but he is doomed by this new arrangement. I have been in several of these offices, and comparing them with the dens of old I can say that it is a case of complete substitution of one thing for another. What we have got now is an American office; self-respecting young men coming there, with a definite purpose, knowing what they want, and knowing in advance the terms upon which it will be granted them. It is not an adventure only, it is a business.

These are the men who when they sign a ship's articles want to know and they do know what is in those articles. They do not intend to put their necks in a noose with the willful obtuseness of sailors of former times. They are the new marine in the making.

Clause after clause in the older sections of the statute show the legislator in the act of trying to protect the seaman against his own childish ignorance. He could not sign away his lien on the ship for wages, he could not sign away his salvage rights; his signature, even if he set it down, would be null and void, like the signature of a minor. We are getting together a set of men who will not need that sort of protection.

One of the finest bits of evidence that our statutes were got up to apply to foreign seamen and not to native Americans may be seen in the clause which says: "No seaman in the merchant service shall wear any sheath knife on shipboard." That does not mean that the sheath knife is outworn; it can never be outworn. It means that the men who were being shipped were that sort of men who use knives in quarrels. Now since the death of Colonel Bowie and his adherents I think it is demonstrable that we are not a knife-wielding people in this sense. The worst products of our blended stock do not resort by instinct to cold steel when their blood is up. And I think that as soon as we can show that we are manning our ships with our own men we should, out of respect for them, if nothing more, scratch this law off our books.

Indeed I do not well see how a man is to get along without a sheath knife if he ships on a windjammer. My own sheath knife hangs on the wall before me, a beautifully brutal dirk, I confess. It has a fine dark brass-riveted handle, marked with three right crosses; and the very pirate of whom I bought it knew not himself the meaning of those crosses. They went back of him. Its long and strong blade is thrust into a leather sheath with a fancy fringe, this sheath of my own laborious making. Many the night aloft I have had occasion to whip that thing out of its sheath. A jackknife has not the backbone and the instant availability. We can restore the sheath knife into favor if our crews are to be truly American.

If men want to fight, even knife-using men, weapons will not be lacking. I have seen a man's nose and right ear sliced off in one and the same twinkling—and in a workmanlike manner, too—with a bread knife; and a ship must carry that. With a belt, and a sheath knife hanging from that same, the whole figure of the sailor was rounded out, and he appeared like what he was, a foursquare man, capable of dealing with any emergency in a self-respecting fashion.

It may be profitable to dip into the statutes a little further. We observe under crew accommodations, for example, that on new ships each seaman shall have one hundred and twenty cubic feet all to himself. Much may be done with one hundred and twenty feet. There is also a provision insisting on a washing place. No one ever seemed to want to wash when I first went to sea. There were many strange growls, but a growl because a ship didn't have a shower bath would have been a growl beyond the wildest of those salty imaginations. They brought along salt-water soap to wash their clothes with, and there they thought the duty ended. It was still possible in those days to resort to a German proverb to the effect that clothes make people. Therefore, if you washed clothes you in some sort washed people.

Only as a fireman was I privileged to wash without being thought finical. I used to come up striped like a zebra, draw a pail of hot suds, and face a quarter of an hour's agony scrouging dust out of my eyelids, and digging out the sooty caverns of my ears, and grooming and mopping off divers muscular backs, and having my own duly mopped off in turn.

But a shower bath! That we wotted not of. And shower baths are now the rule.

Conditions Improving

THE trade of firing is improved in many particulars since oil burners have come in. I have seen firemen going down on watch with novels under their arms. Peep at the combustion once in a while, and for the rest you are free to read Milton's Paradise Lost. Indeed, firemen are no longer worth a write-up, because if you can't tell people that theirs is a miserable job you had better tell people nothing. "The pore stoker" has been so long commiserated that it will never do to suggest that he lives a life of riotous ease. Yet such is getting to be the true case on all documented vessels of the oil-burning kind, and if the oil burners prevail, as seems likely, this ease of the stoker will become universal.

Note again that forecastles are to be fumigated, at such intervals as the surgeon general shall suggest, and I hope he will suggest that that be with fair frequency. I know our men think British ships the most unkempt in the world, but I know also of my own knowledge that the British are clever in their treatment of fo'c'stles. I shipped once on a lime-juicer—a mail packet plying between London and the colonies—and I had forgotten to bring my bed, my donkey's breakfast, aboard. English sailors are supposed to travel with mattresses on their backs, stuffed with chopped straw—enough to make a breakfast for one healthy donkey. This makes the business of joining a ship more interesting. Well, they gave me a naked bunk with a pipe frame and four steel slats, and told me to take what

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American Ships—Millions of Tons of Them—are in the Water Now; and Bred-in-the-Bone Americans are Manning Them

THE WAY OF THE RANGE

By VICTOR SHAWE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. JOULEN

THE road to the left led to the little town. But he and the girl who lived in the little town had quarreled because he would not let her ride the Blondy mare. And the road to the right led to the other little town. But the girl who lived in the other little town had lately developed a disconcerting seriousness of purpose. Jake Wendling reined his mare at the fork of the road and tossed a coin to decide the way.

"Heads—little town," he said; "Tails—littler town."

As the coin spun in the air the mare, impatient of such nonsense, danced sidewise, and the silver arbitrator was lost in the dust of the road.

It was only a two-bit piece, so Wendling would not dismount to search for it.

"I knew I shouldn't stop at either of those towns," he told himself.

Eleven years before, when a lad of twenty, he had drifted into this isolated Utah valley. Here he had homesteaded. He had prospered in land and cattle, and now one of the large cattle companies had bought his outfit.

Riding his beloved Blondy mare, leading a well-laden pack horse, he was beginning a leisurely pilgrimage in search of new range. Here at the fork of the road he accepted the omen of the lost coin, and without so much as a backward look at the little towns that lay quiet and peaceful in the valley below him he turned toward the uplands that lifted away to the north.

From barren uplands to verdant foothills he rode, and from the foothills he took his slow way to the heights of the timbered mountains. From the timber to the open range he journeyed, and on across valleys and uplands and hills until he came to a fir-rimmed meadow in that pass in the mountains from which a man may ride westward into Nevada or north into Idaho or down over the old trail that leads into Wyoming.

He camped beside one of the springs at the edge of the meadow, and was preparing his evening meal when another rider came into the meadow, a weary-looking man who rode a gaunt and weary horse.

This rider dismounted at Wendling's invitation and unsaddled. He said his name was Moore—Charlie Moore; that he was just a-riding along, not really going anywhere; and that this seemed a good place to camp.

He was willing to share the meal that was being prepared. Later when Wendling was putting away the dishes he gathered wood for the night's fire.

It was not until these chores were finished and they lay at their ease before the blaze that he spoke of the mare.

Heretofore the riders who had seen her had looked upon the mare with envying, covetous gaze; and such men Wendling could understand. But in this man's eyes was a look he could not read—a look that belongs only to those who have followed a long trail, questing, and in vain.

"Did you bronco her or raise her?" Moore asked.

Wendling hesitated an instant. It is the courtesy of the road to ask no questions. Then he shrugged his shoulders. What difference did it make?

"I raised her," he answered. And because Moore was of his own kind and a rider, he told the pedigree of the mare.

"When I was a kid I got the idea it would be as cheap to breed the kind I wanted as to hunt them on the range. So I commenced with a little buckskin mare I had then. You've seen her like, a bluish-yellow color with a stripe of black hair from mane to tail. Tough! You know them. Little inbred knotheads! Throwbacks to the feral Spanish horses! I wanted size with endurance, so I mated her with a coach horse. Later I gathered together a bunch of mares. I kept crossing with coach and thoroughbred blood until this filly came."

"I Heard About it," Jake Acknowledged. "I Couldn't Let Him Try Any of That Fast Stuff With a Girl Like You, So I Just Naturally Got One Myself and Came for You"

His gaze wandered to where the mare stood grazing.

"She gets that dappled chestnut color from the coach blood. The yellow mane and tail are the marks of her Spanish ancestors. And she has the speed and courage of a thoroughbred."

"Some filly!" Moore acknowledged. "I saw a mate for her not long ago."

"Yes?" Wendling's tone was skeptical.

"Yes," Moore said. "I was riding in the timber one day and I came across this horse. I rode as close to him as to yonder mare. After that I trailed him. I followed him until I knew it would be either one or the other of us. But he was too good a horse to kill. So I quit his range."

"Where did you say this horse runs?" Wendling asked.

"I didn't say," came the short reply.

Wendling laughed with utmost good nature.

"I reckon I know how you feel about it," he said.

The following morning after their breakfast was finished and their horses had been brought in and saddled they loitered a moment before mounting.

During the course of their talk the previous evening Moore had intimated that he was broke and looking for a place to work. Wendling had told him of the valley he had left, and of a rancher there who always had work for an adventuring rider.

Now Wendling indicated the chaps he wore.

"I'm drifting north, where these leather pants will be conspicuous," he said; "and you are heading south, where everyone will sit up and notice those hairy ones you are wearing. Suppose we trade?"

"I've been thinking that very thing," Moore admitted.

The exchange was made; and then Wendling balanced a yellow twenty in his fingers.

"There's a lad named Smith—John Smith—in that little town I told you about," he said. "I'd like right well to have you give him this when you meet up with him."

Moore took the coin with a show of indifference.

"I'll do it for you," he said.

Then they mounted, and as they paused in parting he said: "About that horse! He is called the Maxwell stallion. I might tell a friend he runs in the hills between the John Day and Crooked Rivers in Central Oregon. There is a smaller stream called the Ochoco which flows into Crooked River. If a man should ride up the Ochoco to Mill Creek, and up Mill Creek to those little meadows near the head of the stream he might find this stallion's stamping ground."

Prineville was drowsing in the warmth of a tranquil autumn afternoon when Wendling crossed Crooked River on the last stretch of his long ride. The pack horse followed dispiritedly. But the mare, hard and lean from the long miles she had traveled, still carried her head high, her ears alertly forward. Her sleek coat shone like polished mahogany; her mane was a flaunting banner of dull gold as she came mincing, dancing along in the flecking shade of the giant poplars that lined the road. As Wendling reined into the main street of the town a group of men lounging by the corner hardware store came to sudden wakefulness.

"That's the Maxwell stallion they've been riding for!" a young rider exclaimed with unrepressed excitement.

"'Tain't no stallion at all," an older man pronounced. "It's a mare. And that fellow may be wearing hairy pants but the rest of him comes from the Southwest."

Farther down the street, in the meat market, the butcher was leisurely wrapping some chops Anna Jane Patterson had purchased, when he became aware that Anna Jane had gone from him.

The Blondy mare shied from this girl who reached in such a businesslike way for her bridle. She quivered in amazement at the way Wendling reined her back again.

Anna Jane took firm hold of the bridle reins and commenced patting the mare's silken neck.

"What is her name?" she asked.

"Blondy," Wendling told her.

"Isn't she entitled to a better name than that?"

"She seems satisfied with it," Wendling defended. "An Eastern girl named her—a schoolma'am."

"No telling what these schoolma'ams are apt to do," Anna Jane informed him.

Then she reproached him.

"You shouldn't use a spade bit for such an animal."

"I filed the spade off long time ago. Yes ma'am. It is just a plain bar bit now."

"But you shouldn't use a bit at all," Anna Jane decided. "You should ride her with just a hackamore and McCarthy rope."

"I do, only when I ride into a town where I'm not acquainted," Wendling confessed. "Then I use a bit. It makes a fellow seem more dressed up."

Anna Jane nodded in perfect understanding.

Then the corners of her mouth drooped the tiniest bit, and a denied, wistful look crept into her eyes.

"I've always wanted an animal like this," she said. The plaintive minor of her voice matched the wistful look in her eyes.

Wendling nodded in perfect understanding, and the lines that radiated from the corners of his eyes deepened, reacting to concealed amusement.

"I have nearly three hundred dollars saved," Anna Jane suggested.

"Butter and egg money, I suppose?" Wendling's tone was sympathetic.

Anna Jane suddenly decided that this rider's air of sympathy and diffidence might be more of art than actuality. She realized too that the business district of the town was watching and enjoying the play she was making. So she banished the wistful look and plaintive tone.

"There are eighteen or twenty horses out on the desert with my iron on them," she said briskly. "Most of them are fuzz-tails, but there are several tops in the bunch. I'll guarantee the delivery of fifteen head of them and give you three hundred dollars for your mare."

She was a good trader, was Anna Jane. She watched Wendling's face closely as she made the offer, and needed no spoken word for answer.

"Pshaw!" she said. "I might have known you wouldn't sell her."

Then she pleaded with him.

"Would you let a fellow ride her—just a mile or two?"

"She's like I am," Wendling evaded; "a bit shy about skirts."

"I'll not wear a skirt," Anna Jane promised. "I've just bought the cutest pair of riding pants."

Wendling began furtively to irritate the mare with his heel. Why, this girl was positively brazen. Besides, he had quarreled with the girl who lived in the little town over this matter of riding the mare.

Blondy began to fret. She had never learned to understand that roweled heel.

"Quit scratching her," Anna Jane commanded.

Wendling grinned openly, but he desisted. Then he made another effort to evade this persistent young woman.

"There would be no fun riding her to-day," he said. "We've traveled more than fifty miles since morning. The mare is plumb tired."

"I didn't intend to go right now," Anna Jane told him innocently. "Just before sunrise is the best time for a ride."

She released the reins and smiled her most radiant smile.

"I knew you wouldn't be so downright stingy as to refuse," she said. "I'll be at the livery stable right early to-morrow morning."

Just before the first warm flush of dawn Anna Jane rode into the corral back of the stable. Wendling was waiting for her. They exchanged a jesting greeting, and Anna Jane strutted in her new riding togs for a moment before they exchanged mounts. Then she led the way at a brisk canter across the town and down to the river. As they rode she showed Wendling a trail leading to the top of the cliffs that walled the river on the west.

"If we hurry," she told him, "we can reach the top in time to see such a sunrise as you've never seen before."

Part way up the trail when they had stopped for a moment's rest she pointed to a long crested mountain east of them, a mighty barrier across the head of the Ochoco Valley.

"That is Lookout," she told him. "It's a right friendly mountain if you get to know it intimately."

When they reached the bench land that lay above the town she led the way to a jutting promontory that leaned out over the valley. North of them, across the valley, an undulating sweep of sage land rose gradually to the timber line on the slopes of a mountain she called Old Grizzly. A network of ridges and cañons, densely timbered with pine and fir, lay between the two mountains. In the clear morning air it seemed but a little way from the top of Grizzly to the crest of Lookout, but Anna Jane said the distance was nearly thirty miles. Nearly midway between the two mountains rose a long narrow plateau where a number of streams had their source.

Anna Jane showed where the McKie Creek had its source from this plateau, and traced its course between the slopes of Grizzly and the Ochoco Divide. She told of another stream on the other side of Grizzly called Willow Creek, and of Trout Creek still farther beyond the mountain.

Then she pointed west to the silent snow-crowned heights of the Cascades. And they watched in silence as the first long rays of the morning sun illuminated the solitary peaks with prismatic splendors.

When they returned to the valley they rode down along the river road. For a distance the lane wound and curved with the river, then it opened straight and wide and level. Anna Jane leaned forward and petted the mare's neck.

"May I let her run?" she asked. Wendling smiled his consent.

There was no spoken command, just a slacking of the reins, the unconscious urge of Anna Jane's eager young body, and the mare leaped forward to the race. Wendling's horse ran beside her a short distance and then quit. For nearly a mile the mare galloped before Anna Jane was content to pull her to a canter and return to meet Wendling.

"Honestly," she told him, "what I offered for this mare was a scandalous insult to her."

Wendling smiled indulgently.

"You're a good little sport," he assured her. "You bet your whole stack before you quit. I've had lots of stingier offers."

Then Anna Jane tried indirectly to learn where he had come from and the reason of his coming, but he would only jest and evade.

"You'll be riding for the Maxwell stallion?" she finally asked.

"I've heard of the horse," he parried.

"I know a rider who says the horse is a perfect mate for the mare."

"Yes?" Wendling's tone was noncommittal.

"Will you break them to drive when you catch the stallion?"

"I'll catch him first."

"But when you do catch him you'll break them to drive, won't you?"

"A dappled chestnut team!" Wendling mused. "I'd have to get a buggy with yellow wheels and brass trimmings. And a tan harness! It sounds right alluring as a courtin' rig."

Anna Jane gave him the briefest of sidelong glances.

"Would you take me riding in such an alluring rig?" she asked.

"If you'll tell me why I should," he replied cautiously. "You know you're not playing the game according to the rules. If you were eager to go driving in my courtin' rig you wouldn't ask me a-tall, a-tall."

"Oh, yes, I would, in such a case as this," Anna Jane explained. "You see, there is a rider on the south fork of the river who will have another fit when he hears I've been riding with a strange man. And if I should go driving in such a courtin' rig with that same man, this lad I'm telling you about would come right in off the range and behave himself."

Wendling sighed a regretful sigh. Then he indulged in a brief monologue.

"I wasn't going anywhere; I was just a-riding along," he said. "And I figured I'd stop at the little town to say good-by. Or maybe it was at the littler town I was aiming to stop. And when I came to the fork of the road I tossed a coin to decide the way. I never did see how that coin fell. So I didn't stop to say good-by at either of those towns. I've been figuring there must be a girl at the end of this trail, and yesterday when I talked to you I thought maybe ——"

Wendling shook his head sadly and sighed again.

"Poor old dear!" Anna Jane said. "It must be terrible to have such a quick-acting heart. But maybe there was something in that hunch you've been playing. Maybe there is a girl at the end of the trail. I suppose you don't know it, but Mr. Maxwell has had bad luck with most of his girls. Yes, sir! The oldest one married a store clerk." There was infinite scorn in Anna Jane's voice. "And the next one up and married a no-account homesteader. Now, if you don't hurry, Elizabeth will go and engage herself to her pa's foreman."

Anna Jane was appraising Wendling as she talked.

"You're nearly six feet tall, aren't you?" she asked.

"Six feet one and one-half in my socks," Wendling admitted.

"Then you and Elizabeth are just right for size," Anna Jane concluded. "Elizabeth stands five feet eleven; and she isn't exactly slim, either. And that's not all," she continued; "Elizabeth has an oval chin."

"What difference does an oval chin make?" Wendling demanded.

"Your chin is a square, obstinate chin," Anna Jane informed him. "Now don't argue. You know you get positively bullheaded at times. Think how awful it would be if Elizabeth had a square chin too, and you should both

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Mad With Nervousness and Fear, Goaded by the Spurs, the Stallion Raced Across the Corral and Tried to Win to Freedom in One Magnificent Leap

HISTORY IS ONE

By H. G. WELLS

DECORATION BY HARVEY DUNN

ONE hears nowadays a considerable amount of criticism of the teaching of history in schools and colleges, and numerous and various suggestions for its improvement. History, we are told, is made uninteresting or it is made gossipy or it feeds the national and racial hostilities of our fallen nature or it fails to throw any light upon the current politics of the world. For most of such criticisms a good case is to be made. Most of the trouble springs from one root: History is taught by sample and not as a whole.

The attention of the student is concentrated from the first upon the story of his own country, and often upon only a period in the history of his own country, to the more or less complete exclusion of all other aspects of the human story. But a portion of the life of our race is not to be detached in this way without serious consequences. Take for example English history as it is taught in an English school.

We begin with Celtic Britain. Enter Cæsar and a Roman host. From where? We never learn. Who is this Cæsar and why did he come? Why did he go? Why did the Romans not come again for the better part of a century? Evidently something much more important was going on elsewhere.

A little way on in the story certain Angles, Jutes and Saxons rush in—as inexplicably. Whence? Why? Later come the Danes. The history of England has the effect of something going on upon a doormat in a passage outside a room full of events, with several other doors. The door opens, the Norman kings rush out of the room, conquer the country hastily, say something about some novelty of which we have learned nothing hitherto, the Crusades, and exit to room again.

From which presently King Richard returns dejected. He has been fighting the Saracens. Who are the Saracens? We never learn. What becomes of them? We are never told. So it goes on. The broad back of history is turned to England throughout. Its face and hands are hidden and we make what we can of the wriggling of its heels.

Why and How?

THE American story is still more incomprehensible. An innocent continent is suddenly inundated by Spanish, Portuguese, French, Dutch and British, who proceed at once to pick up the thread of various conflicts—initiated elsewhere. Someone called the Pope is seen to be dividing the new continent among the European Powers. Colonies are formed. What are colonies? These colonies, in what is apparently a strenuous attempt to simplify history, break off from their unknown countries of origin. A stream of immigration begins from west and east. The American mind establishes a sort of intellectual Monroe Doctrine and declares that America has no past, only a future. From which sublime dream it is presently roused to find something of unknown origin called European imperialism wrecking the world. What is this imperialism? How did it begin?

The teaching of history in most other countries is after the same fashion. Everywhere the teachers present more or less similar histories of passages and doormats. Great events—the Crusades, the Reformation, the Industrial Revolution—come in with a bang and go out with a slam, leaving no clew, leaving our poor heads spinning. Is it any wonder if history falls back for a little human touch upon childish anecdotes about Alfred and the cakes, the peerless beauty of Mary, Queen of Scots, and King Charles and his spaniels?

The chief excuse offered for teaching history by a separate sample in this way is that otherwise there would be too much to teach.

Kant held that we ought to teach universal and not special history—teach, that is, the whole history of man; but he confessed that he quailed before the task. Lord Bryce, too, in an introduction to Helmont's Universal History has supported this idea that universal history is too vast a job to attempt. But is it really too vast a job to attempt?

Suppose other subjects were taught in the same fashion that we adopt for history; suppose we taught human physiology by just sitting down to the story of the liver, only alluding distantly at times to the stomach or to the diaphragm or the rest of the body. Would students ever make anything of physiology?

Suppose we taught chemistry by seizing upon some special group of complex substances—elastic substances, shall we say, or coal-tar products, or felspar minerals—and just drummed away at them. The student would get to just the sort of thing the ordinary student of history gets to to-day, and that is a jumble of special knowledge with no general ideas at all. He would never get down to anything simple, and he would never get out to anything like a broad vision of his subject.

After all, may it not be possible to get something, something we might call the elements of history, into such a shape and form that it could be taught in schools in the place of the indigestible broken-off lump of laws and events that is now the substance of school history?

Of course one thing must be understood clearly: If we propose to study history extensively we must not expect to study it quite so intensively; if our youth is to know something about the Greeks and Assyrians and Indians we may have to relinquish some of the minor dates in the Wars of the Roses, or some of the finer points in the claims of Queen Matilda—was it?—to the crown of France.

Let us consider what the broad outline of a universal history might be. In effect let us sketch out a syllabus of historical study on the assumption that history is really one study, only to be properly understood as a whole. We will begin with the beginning and go to the end, and plan out the shape of what an intelligent citizen in a modern country ought to know of the past of mankind. We do not suggest that the teaching of this outline of history should come in precisely the order in which we have arranged it, but we do suggest that the body of historical knowledge in the mind of an ordinary young man or woman of seventeen or eighteen could and ought to fall into this order, and that it ought to be there as one coherent and consecutive train of events.

Before Man Peopled the World

TO BEGIN with, we submit, there ought to be an account, broad but true, of the past history of the earth. We cannot see human history in its proper perspective unless we have that. There should be a clear idea of the world's probable origin, its relationship to the moon, its gradual cooling from incandescence, and some realization of the vast ages through which it spun before its crust was cool enough for the first hot rain to trickle over its surface and form the first puddle that became the ocean.

For scores and perhaps hundreds of millions of years the early rocks were forming without any trace of life.

Then life began. Of its origin and nature we have still to learn, but of its early beginnings it is now possible to tell a plain story. Scientific men have now disentangled the process of the slow creeping up of life upon the land from its first beginnings in the shallow seas of that ancient time, and it is a very curious and fascinating process to relate. Until at last when the world was perhaps three-quarters of its present age, there were creeping amphibians among the swamp forests and dragon flies in the air.

All this is now a tellable story, and so, too, is the story of the spreading of life to the hillsides in the Age of Reptiles, and how as the great cycles of climate changed from an equable warmth to extremer conditions the reptiles made way for the mammals and birds of the forests and grassy plains that followed. This is no catalogue of incoherent marvels nowadays; it has been worked out far beyond that; it is a prelude of astonishing depth and beauty to the entrance of man upon the scene, and the mind that has not apprehended it sees history flatly and poorly for the need of it.

Much has been learned now of the ancestry of man. But it is only by casual articles in the magazines that people know anything of those interesting subraces of men—men who were quite men, who made the first eoliths; and of the nearly human creatures who chipped flints and built fires half a million years ago. So vague are popular ideas in these matters that most of us are disposed to believe the suggestion of the creator of Prehistoric Peeps, that the early men of a hundred thousand years ago were chased about the world by

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FRIDAY TO MONDAY

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

WHEN Alice Lansing first offered the cottage on the beach to Dorinda for a week-end Dorinda had not been enthusiastic.

"Too chilly," she said, "and too late in the year, and everything else—you should have spoken sooner, darling. I'd have gone like a shot, last summer."

Alice said that she hadn't thought.

"That's the great vice of people with mansions by the sea to loan," Dorinda assured her pleasantly; "they don't think at the proper time."

"Well, you're an ungrateful little wretch," said Alice offendedly. "There's ever so many people would adore having it—December or not. You needn't take it if you don't want to. It won't go begging, I can promise you."

"Oh, I'm going to take it," Dorinda said sweetly. "I merely wanted to make sure you weren't feeling purse-proud and condescending. May I have anyone I like over to stay? And what about food?"

"Have the entire town if you like," replied Alice; "it's nothing to me. There are two beds and a *punk*." She added largely: "There's food enough for a dozen there already, and you can buy fresh lobsters and things from fishermen along the beach."

And Into That Hopeless Muddle, Into That Unhappy Tangle, Came Tommy Towson, Like the Good-Natured Innocent That He Was

Dorinda kissed her and said very well, that she would go out the following week-end, and that she thought she would have the Tommy Towsons and Captain Edwards over to stay.

"Don't mind if I don't ask you and Bill, do you?" she concluded thoughtfully.

"I'd much prefer you wouldn't," said Alice. "I'm not seeing much of Bill, these days. We'll be friends again by the end of the month, I dare say, but just at present he's having one of his worst attacks of feeling that I don't take life seriously enough—and until he's over it I'd rather keep out of his way as much as possible."

Dorinda grinned in a friendly little way she had, but she had wisdom enough to say nothing at all; because she knew what Alice really meant was that Bill had been neglecting her badly of late, and that she was too proud to make any engagement for him which he might not be interested enough to keep.

"Well, there's that," said Dorinda; "and thanks awfully!"

"Hope you have a wonderful time," said Alice with a trace of wistfulness.

They parted warmly.

It was a week later—Friday evening, to be exact—that Dorinda set out upon her week-end—without especial enthusiasm, but open, as always, to conviction in the matter of wonderful times.

It was ticklish work crossing the Pali, and called for very nice driving. Dorinda had not realized that the wind was so high nor that the clouds were so low, nor that the savagest kind of a storm was apparently about to break before nightfall. It had been windy in town, rather alarmingly so; but Honolulu is not a region of storms. True, Dorinda had passed an uprooted kiawe tree, somewhere along Nuuanu Street, with its naked roots asprawl in the air—but kiawes are silly trees, rooting lightly, and with a childlike recollection of their desert origin, just below the surface—and Dorinda had taken no alarm.

True, also, Mrs. Dyer, the widowed aunt with whom Dorinda had lived for all the twenty-four years of her light-hearted spinsterhood, had protested; but Mrs. Dyer's existence was mostly made up of disregarded protest, and Dorinda had smiled her down as usual.

"I'll be there before six o'clock," Dorinda had insisted calmly; "and the Towsons and Murdock Edwards are driving over from Haleiwa. They'll be there even before I will."

"In the meantime—totally alone." Mrs. Dyer had been, at the last, almost in tears.

"Oh, if that's all—I'll take Frou-Frou!" said Dorinda.

She had caught up her big white Persian cat from his burnt-orange cushion by the window, and had departed, more or less vexed with what she considered her aunt's unessential fussiness, the cat under one arm, her dark head high.

Now Frou-Frou crouched in the bottom of Dorinda's green roadster uttered a despairing groan of the sort that only the feline throat can produce, and sank his claws into Dorinda's shoe by way of making his feelings known.

"Be still, you darling brute!" said Dorinda. "We shall be out of this in just a moment—and I'll give you half my supper."

She clung to the wheel, dark eyes straining upon the curve of the road ahead; and staggering gallantly into the teeth of the wind the little car started down the steep descent, with a small foot in a white buckskin shoe doggedly manipulating the brake.

"It looks to me, Frou-Frou," said Dorinda, drawing her fine brows together in a distinct scowl, "as if we were going to make it by six o'clock all right, but also as if it were going to be uncommonly dark and unpleasant by that time."

Frou-Frou to all appearances thought so too.

"I hope that Beth Towson will have had sense enough to get a fire going in the stove, so that we can get something to eat pretty soon," Dorinda muttered. "I'm hungry as a wolf."

It was not hunger she was feeling but nerves, a fact which she would not have admitted for all the mines of Golconda, even to herself. There was in her most frivolous moments a sort of boyish gallantry, a kind of unreasoning pride about Dorinda, which would have made any such admission outright impossible. So she set her teeth together and stared into the uneasy and sinister twilight which was fast shrouding the road, while she shifted gears and maneuvered brakes with apparent calmness.

There was not another living soul in sight. Behind her the mountains went up grim and dark, with ghostly veils of grayish-colored mist about their summits. Before her the road dropped steeply. Over the rim of the low stone wall beside her were tree tops dank with moisture, tortured with an unceasing stream of wind, which flowed like water and howled in that lonely place like all the demons of a predestined hell. Far, far below, spread out like a mysterious map were the pineapple fields of Heeia, the winding road that led round the island, all the familiar outlines of beach and ocean; only the place wore now an aspect of secret menace, loneliness distilled into its most violent and terrifying essence. Frou-Frou, groaning in the bottom of the roadster, added the final touch.

"I'll be glad to get there, all right," said Dorinda grimly, aloud. The wind rising at the moment into a relentless gale tore her hat from her head and sent it whirling over the wall, to lodge in the top of a kukui tree. Dorinda proceeded with tightened lips, her hair lashing her cheeks, her hands clutching the wheel.

The turn into the Waimanalo road she accomplished decently enough. From there on the mountains sheltered her more or less until she turned off again across country, toward the beach, and met once more the full force of the storm. It was growing very dark. She had long ago switched on her lights, but in the scattered shacks which she occasionally passed, clustered along the roadside, there was only an infrequent glimmer, betokening human habitation. Dorinda opened two gates for herself, and got back into the car each time with a quickened heartbeat.

After the second she was conscious, some few yards farther on, of a noise louder than the general roaring of the storm, and she looked back, to see a huge kiawe tree prone across the way she had just come. It was sheer bravado that brought a nervous laugh to Dorinda's whitening lips.

"Frou-Frou," she murmured, "it appears that we were born to be hung."

When she drove at last into the open-doored and ramshackle garage that stood some hundred feet or more behind the Lansing cottage she was trembling in the reaction from strain.

Also a new alarm had just struck home to her.

"There's no light in the house—suppose they couldn't get here from Haleiwa! I could never get back over the Pali to-night, that's certain; I'll have to spend the night in the cottage by myself."

Even that, however, seemed less unpleasant than being out in the open, with the wind raging and kiawe trees crashing across the road.

"Let's go!" said Dorinda bravely; took her suitcase in one hand, Frou-Frou, protesting deeply, in the other, and advanced upon a low weather-beaten cottage nestled in the lee of the sand dunes.

The thunder of a heavy surf added itself to the bellowing of the wind. Dorinda, staggering a little—it was next to

impossible to stand upright—crossed an expanse of lonely darkness that was the yard. There was not a light in sight on any hand. She mentally felt for the matches, safely buttoned into her coat pocket, set the suitcase down upon the *lanai* when she reached it, found her key, and by some incredible stroke of luck unlocked the back door with her first fumbling attempt.

"Nobody home," said Dorinda. Feeble wit, but a praiseworthy effort under the circumstances.

She picked up the suitcase once more, cuddled Frou-Frou, quieter now, under one arm and felt her way across the kitchen to the big living room facing the sea. Mercifully she knew the place by heart. The living-room door was closed. She felt for and opened it boldly.

After which her heart turned over in her breast and her hands went suddenly cold. These, however, are commonplace phrases that in no way do justice to the flame and the flood of sudden terror such as Dorinda experienced. She could not have cried out to save her soul alive. She merely stood like something frozen—with Frou-Frou still under one tense slim arm, her suitcase tightly clutched in a deathlike grip, the dark hair whipped across her small white face, her dark eyes wide with fright—and waited.

There was the sickly gleam of a candle in the opposite doorway, the doorway that led into Bill Lansing's bedroom; and holding the candle, a man walking delicately like Agag.

He was not the sort of man you meet on the cover of a summer novel. His eyes were gray and cold under scowling brows; he wore a rather dirty pair of khaki trousers; no collar; a big gray sweater, indubitably past its first youth; and there was something cruel about his mouth. I give you Dorinda's first horrified impression of him.

As for her, she may well have looked a little wild, but she had her wits about her, had Dorinda! She gave one flashing thought to the bleak howling wilderness outside—no human soul to hear her if she screamed herself hoarse, no human soul to see.

Then she cleared her throat with a little rasping cough—she could hardly have spoken, otherwise—and ——

"Have you seen my husband anywhere about?" asked Dorinda.

The man set the candle down upon the table in the center of the room—he advanced that far upon seeing her—and shook his head. He seemed a little bewildered, almost annoyed

"I haven't seen anybody's husband," he answered curtly. "Do you happen to know where they keep the lamps in this place? I've barked my shins over everything imaginable looking for them."

"The lamps are in the pantry," said Dorinda stiffly. Her heart was racing in her breast like a runaway engine.

"Oh, by Jove—of course—they would be!" said the man in the gray sweater. He added, regarding her distrustfully: "Did you say you were looking for your husband?"

"He was to meet me here at six o'clock," said Dorinda, with that storied calm which a woman achieves only when lying successfully.

"Humph!" observed the interloper. "What for?"

"I beg your pardon!" said Dorinda icily. It seemed at the moment the safest reply for her to make.

Mallory Had Been Staring Out to Sea From the Open Window

"Well—it's after six now, all right," said the man, picking up the candle once more. "I'd say he stood a darn poor chance of getting here in this storm. You were going to one of those cottages up the beach, I suppose. How do you propose to ——"

Justifiable anger overcame Dorinda in a rush.

"I was going nowhere at all. I am spending the week-end right here in this house," she informed him coldly. "I dare say my husband will be along presently, and then ——"

"That's dashed funny," commented the man, "because I'm supposed to be spending two weeks here, myself, beginning to-night, and I haven't asked anyone for the week-end—that I remember."

Dorinda flushed hotly.

"The Lansings invited you, I suppose?"

"Certainly; Mr. Lansing did."

"Bill?"

"I believe that's what they call him."

"And what do they call you?" Dorinda inquired insolently. Frou-Frou under the unwitting pressure of a nervous elbow emitted a melancholy yowl.

"That's an emotional beast you've got there, isn't it?" suggested the man thoughtfully. "Why, they call me by my name, usually, which is Mallory—Bland Mallory, to be exact."

Dorinda dropped her suitcase and set Frou-Frou not too gently down upon the floor. Since the mention of Bill Lansing an unpleasant suspicion had been growing strongly within her.

"Are you the Mallory who writes plays?" she demanded.

"Ye-es," he admitted reluctantly

"And did Bill loan you this cottage for a couple of weeks?"

"He did."

They exchanged keen and unrelenting scrutiny.

"Well," said Dorinda at length, "Alice—his wife, you know—loaned it to me for the week-end. So there you are!"

"Apparently Lansing's right hand doesn't know what his left hand doeth." Mallory's eyes were suddenly not so cold when he smiled, and his teeth were very white.

"You see," explained Dorinda, "he and Alice are "

"Don't you mean they are not—exactly?"

"You know what I mean," said Dorinda frankly, and laughed herself for the first time in several hours.

"You mean that he doesn't know you're here—and she doesn't know I'm here. Oh, my Lord!" cried Mallory. "What a delicious situation!" He added zestfully: "And if your husband can't get here ——"

"My husband ——" began Dorinda, and stopped dead.

In the weirdly flickering candlelight she regarded the man across the table doubtfully. A heavy gust shook the cottage to its foundations and set the windows rattling. The wind moaned and yammered in the chimney like a soul distraught.

Dorinda turned a little pale.

"I'm afraid your husband won't get here to-night," said Mallory gently. "Where was he coming from? Town?"

"Haleiwa," said Dorinda before she could decide just how to discontinue the protective husband decently.

Mallory shook his head.

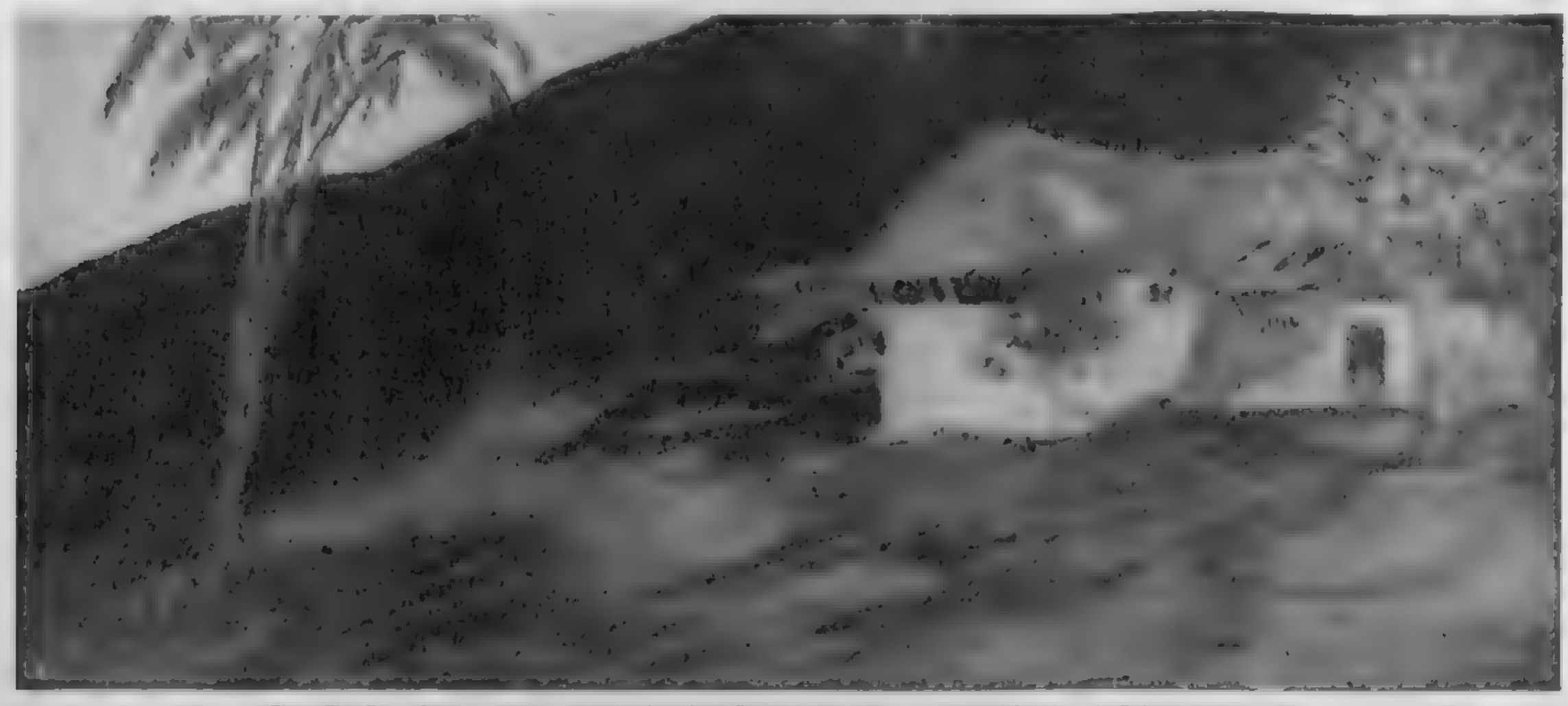
"Out of the question, then. I came over about five in a hired machine; sent it back to town after I got here; and there were trees down and bridges out along the Haleiwa road, even then. I'm afraid, Mrs. ——"

"Lane—Dorinda Lane." That was at least quite honest.

"I'm afraid, Mrs. Lane, that we'll have to make the best of things all by ourselves, you and I. Perhaps to-morrow morning the storm will be over. Meantime Lansing told me I'd find quantities of food on the place and there seem to be several rooms ready ——"

"It's raining," said Dorinda abruptly. Out of the clamor of the wind a new sound came sharply—the beat of rain on the roof, rain that fell slantwise in heavy sheets and streamed down the chattering windows

"That settles it," said Dorinda. "Suppose we look for the lamps!"



There Was Not a Light in Sight on Any Hand, and the Thunder of a Heavy Surf Added Itself to the Bellowing of the Wind

"You're my idea of a good sport," Mallory rejoined instantly.

He followed her, holding the candle high above his head and casting terrifying shadows upon the walls as he went.

About eight o'clock they sat down to supper before the big living-room fireplace, in which Mallory had built up a comforting if somewhat smoky fire. There was plenty of wood in a sort of lean-to just off the kitchen. Above a heterogeneous meal, in which corned-beef hash, johnny-cakes and hot chocolate played major parts, Mallory warmed into frankness.

"I like this place," he said, taking huge bites out of a piece of Scotch shortcake—Dorinda had found a tin of it in the pantry—"I like the sea and the mountains and all the rest of it. I like the unholy sophistication of the *haoles*. That's what they call the white people, isn't it? And I like the uncanny innocence of the natives. But I can't seem to write here, darn it!—which is what I came down for—so Lansing very kindly offered to loan me his beach place; and now I'm going to work like a fiend. I've got my typewriter in the next room ——"

"Blond or brunette?" asked Dorinda innocently. She broke into a delighted chuckle before the startled disapproval of his look. "Isn't that just the sort of thing you'd say in one of your plays? Oh, I've seen some of them in New York. You're a frightful smart-Aleck!"

"Well, upon my word!"

"But I like you," Dorinda continued calmly, "in spite of it. You're so abominably sophisticated you're almost naïve about it." She finished after a meditative pause: "I'll admit I didn't expect to find you wearing the kind of clothes you do. Really, you know, you're almost disreputable-looking. Now I'd always supposed you wrote your plays in a cutaway coat and pearl-gray trousers and a tall hat—with a gardenia in your buttonhole. They sound like it."

"Oh, they do, do they?" asked Mallory. He was grinning delightedly, with a kind of flushed excitement about his lean-featured face that was rather appealing. "You know why? You know why I'm a smart-Aleck? It's because I'm shy. Go on—laugh if you want to! I'm afraid of people—women especially—that is, I'm afraid of girls—deadly afraid of 'em. Always have been."

"You write about them though."

"I watch 'em from a distance. The only kind of woman I'm not afraid of," he assured her solemnly—"the only kind of woman I really like is a married woman."

"That's just the kind of thing you'd say in one of your plays," observed Dorinda coldly.

"But I mean it," said Mallory desperately. "See here—do you suppose if you weren't a married woman yourself, with a certain knowledge of the world, for all you're so ridiculously young-looking—you look like a Murillo angel, with that shadowy dark hair and your awfully innocent eyes; and by the way if you weren't a married woman I'd never dare tell you that in a million years ——"

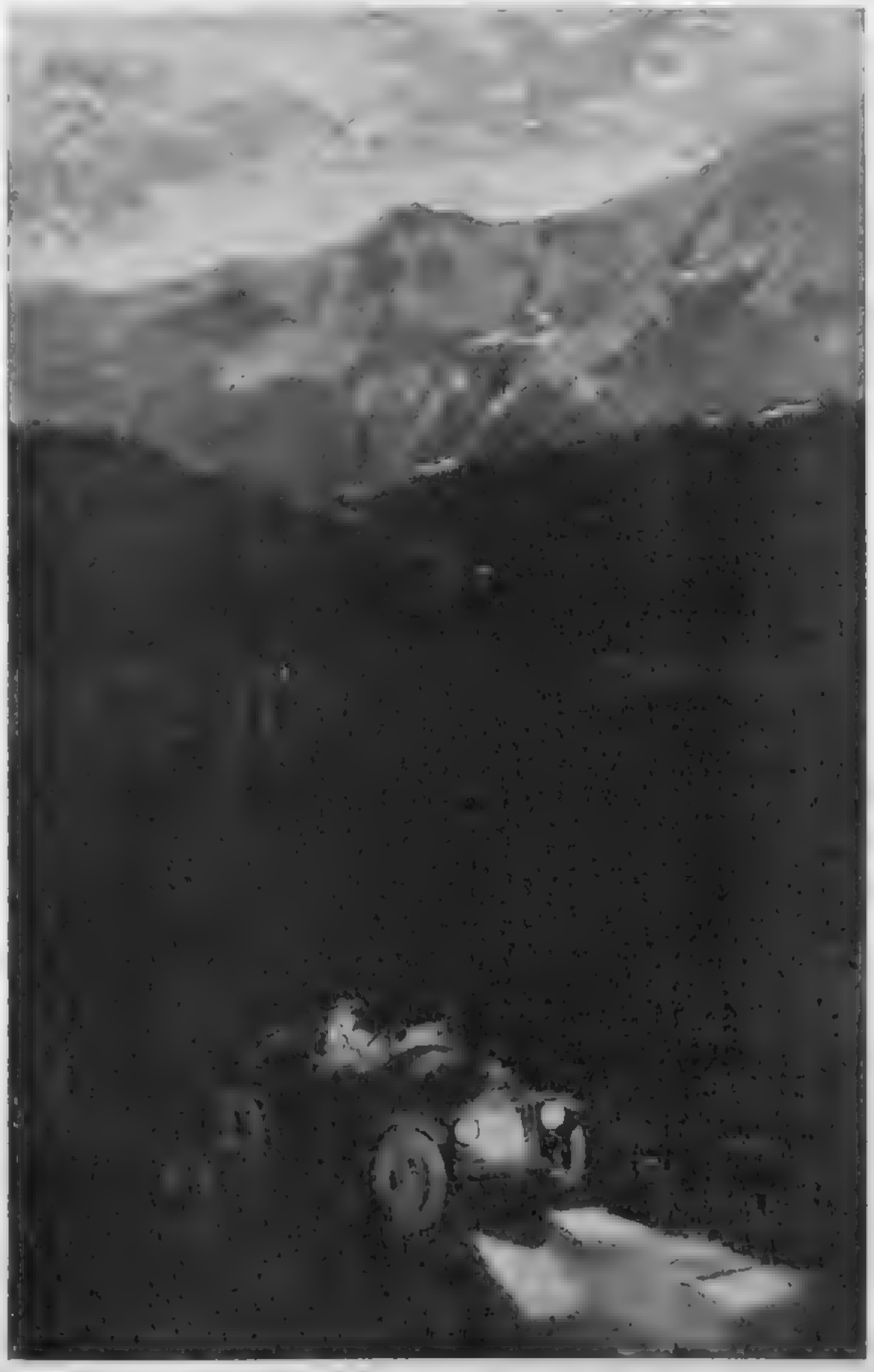
Dorinda made him a mocking bow, with her mouth full.

"If you weren't a married woman," Mallory insisted earnestly, "do you suppose for one moment we should be sitting here quietly and sensibly like this, in the midst of this extremely unconventional situation? We should not. You'd either be in tears on the couch over yonder, thinking of what people would say; or you'd be starting a tiresome flirtation, which I'd be expected to play up to and which would bore me exceedingly; or you'd be glued to the window shivering at the storm."

"I don't weep on couches," objected Dorinda, helping herself to more corned-beef hash. "I don't flirt—tiresomely; and I'm not afraid of storms."

"You see—you're married!" said Mallory triumphantly. He got up and put a fresh log of wood on the fire. When he came back to his seat he had a leather cigarette case in one hand. "Smoke?"

Dorinda had never smoked in her life, except for a lark at boarding-school orgies.



There Was Not Another Living Soul in Sight. Behind Her the Mountains Went Up Grim and Dark. Before Her the Road Dropped Steeply

"Thanks, I don't think I will," she said carelessly. "Not just yet."

"May I?"

She nodded.

"Tell me about your husband," Mallory suggested suddenly. "What's he like? Big man?"

Dorinda picked up Frou-Frou, dozing on the hearth after an ecstatic overeating, and snuggled that dazed and protesting beauty against her shoulder.

"Why big?"

"Because," Mallory explained impersonally, "there's something about a little, exquisitely turned-out person like you that always takes a big man off his feet. It must be rather like owning a Marie Antoinette fan."

"Or a dancing flea," suggested Dorinda calmly.

Mallory broke out into a big schoolboy laugh.

"You are a winner!" he admitted frankly. "However, to go back to our muttons ——"

"Are you speaking of my husband?" inquired Dorinda.

"*Pax!*" he implored her. "I'm honestly curious. What's he like?"

"Let's clear away the supper dishes and then I'll tell you," said Dorinda. Out in the kitchen she tied a big blue-checked apron over her white jersey frock, with its subtle simplicity of long slim sleeves and collarless neck, and faced him, not unexpectant of appreciation.

"I don't mind telling you," he assured her. "You do look ripping in that thing—as, of course, you know. Will you wash and I wipe 'em—or the other way round?"

"You wash 'em, if you please," said Dorinda. There was a slight touch of malice in the decision. After a moment she added: "If I weren't a married woman you'd never dare tell me how I looked."

Mallory swirled a businesslike dishcloth through a pan of soapy water.

"If you were a girl I'd know you were looking for compliments; and, by gad, you wouldn't get 'em!"

Dorinda had the grace to blush, a fact of which in that small and dimly lighted sanctuary her companion was mercifully unaware.

Outside the storm went on with unabated violence. There was something undercurrent and ominous about the booming of the surf. The rain slashed across the windows and the wind howled under the low eaves of the cottage with a vast and unrelenting melancholy.

"By Jove, this is cozy!" said Mallory suddenly.

When Dorinda began to laugh he lifted offended eyebrows.

"You know what I mean being indoors with lamplight and firelight and such, and a woman wiping dishes with you—while all that shenanigan is going on outside."

"But you're afraid of women," Dorinda reminded him maliciously. "I know you're telling the truth about that because Alice wanted to have a party for you, and Bill wouldn't let her. He said to let you alone; you were sick of being run after by petticoats."

"Not me but my sex at large," Mallory corrected, flushing unhappily. "What a girl wants of a man is matrimony. You know that dashed well. I don't altogether blame 'em—nine out of ten aren't trained to any other trade. But I don't propose to be family fodder myself, that's all. Whenever I meet a new girl and she looks me over with that 'whither-thou-goest-I-will-go' expression in her eye I—well, I duck, that's all! It may not be heroic but I'm still my own man."

"I'd say you were a very lonely man too," said Dorinda. After which she untied the blue-checked apron and took herself off abruptly.

When she came back to the living-room fire some five minutes later there was a little frown between her eyes. Mallory rose at her entrance and dragged a deep Bilibid chair nearer the blaze. He was smoking queer foreign-looking cigarettes, which he rolled himself.

"Did you run away because I—offended you?" he asked.

"I went to powder my nose," said Dorinda coolly; "but that's neither here nor there. Do you know that Alice's

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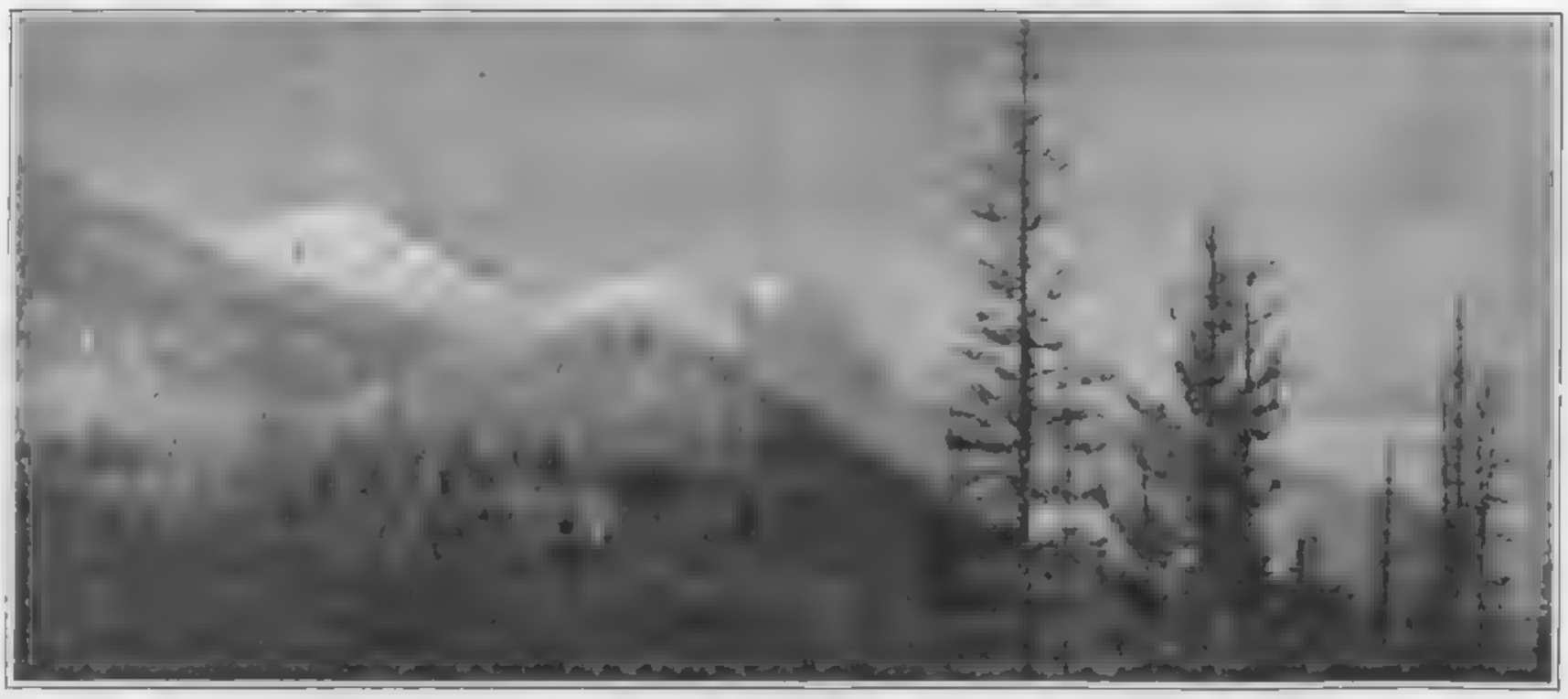
A FOOL'S PARADISE



By EMERSON HOUGH

THE Colossus of Rhodes in its day may have been the most famous statue in the world, but it is a hundred-to-one shot that it never furnished a hundredth part of the magazine motif that may be accorded to our own justly celebrated Statue of Liberty. There is a current joke to the effect that the old girl ought to turn round and look the other way; but in her heyday she has been the grandest little welcomer the world has ever seen.

We have welcomed to our shores some 14,500,000 foreign-born citizens, each of whom in popular fiction is supposed to have fallen on his knees on the steerage deck and thrown a fit of joy when he saw in the offing the sign and symbol of our great act of come-all-ye. A few millions here or there make little difference in the estimates, but surely in the past we have welcomed millions who have been our covert enemies in the late war; of whom some hundreds of thousands were more or less well-organized enemies, operating under cover for the German Government. We have welcomed millions who could not read and write in any language; other millions who cannot speak our language by ear even yet. It may be pleasure for Mr. Zangwill and others of his famous melting-pot school to reflect that, such has been the scope of our welcoming, to-day the only just classification of American citizens is twofold—those who say "Chess," and those who pronounce it "Ja." The rest of us are of very little importance.

We have welcomed Lenine and Trotzky among others, the men who began the Bolshevik movement in New York's East Side. We have welcomed a couple of hundred thousand earnest exponents of the I. W. W. idea, half of whom, according to their imprisoned leader, remain unreconciled and unterrified, more than ever opposed to organized restrictions on the part of any government. We have welcomed enough new citizens to take more than one-half of the best part of America for their own. We continue to import such citizens even in these days, when we know, or ought to know, that every new man from Europe brings a problem with him. We keep on welcoming these new troubles as though we were the America of fifty years ago.

America Unenlightened

IT IS all a question of what America really is, and on which side of the game of self-interest we really are. From their own point of view it is small wonder that the people of Europe, worn out and impoverished by war, should be turning their faces toward America to-day. It easily may be true that half or two-thirds of the late German Army would be glad to emigrate to America if they had a chance—gladly would come red handed from Belgium and France, ready for the same sort of assimilation that preceding Germans have had in this country. If they had a kaiser left to swear to they would swear their old Delbrück oath of everlasting fealty to him, and give us what allegiance they had left. That has been their course in the past, why not in the future? Are you so sure German character has changed since November 11, 1918? No doubt many millions of Turks, Armenians, Czecho-Slovaks, Jugo-Slavs, Italians, Scandinavians, and others also, would not mind taking a shot at life in America, the land of easy opportunity and of general welcome, whether to the vigorous and useful or to the dead-broke and undesirable. This is the place where freedom once shrieked when Kosciuszko fell. We fall for almost anything now. Liberty has enlightened almost all the world about America, excepting America herself.

Permit me, messieurs, to tell a little story. It is the story of James D. Smith and his dinner party. Time, to-day; place, your own home; dramatis personæ, yourself and your own family.

Smith had quite a spread that evening. He casually allowed to his good wife that they were going to have some dinner for the family; for—need we say?—it was going to be a family reunion. At seven-thirty of the evening confusion was in evidence at the front door. Smith and his wife went there to open. There burst into the place, without any greeting, a riot of human beings who were not Smiths.

"I beg pardon," said Mr. Smith, "but you are not invited to dine with us."

He assumed a certain dignity of manner, but was swept aside amid a general chorus of "Chess" and "Ja" as his unbidden guests passed on into the room where the Smith table was spread with good things to eat.

"What do you know about this, Mary?" asked Smith. "Well, I guess we'll let it go. You know my reputation, Mary—never turn a hungry man away from the door. That's what my father told me his father said to him the day he died. 'James,' said he, 'never turn away a hungry man.'"

By about this time the uninvited guests had eaten all the celery and olives, drunk all the cocktails, and were tackling the turkey after having put most of the entrées in their pockets.

"What do you know about it, Mary?" said Smith, somewhat concerned. Then, turning to his guests, he asked them if they really had supposed they had a right to eat his dinner. Half of them replied "Chess" and the other half "Ja"; but there seemed to be no doubt about the sense of the meeting.

Additional faces began to appear at the table, individuals who had drifted in through the open door. The total solid and liquid contents of the table disappeared. The unbidden guests began to make threatening gestures; began to cast glances at the bric-a-brac and the wall paper.

"But, James," began Mary, who really had some common sense, "James ——"

James raised a hand, palm outward. "Mary," said he, "let them come! It is true we did not ask them, but my father told me never to let ——"

"Your father, fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Mary. "And your grandfather, fiddlesticks also. Look at that table, James D. Smith! What I want to know is: Are you going to stand for this?"

Well, James D. Smith, are you? That is the great question of this war and the great question of this peace. Is the door going to remain unfortified? Is the table going to be a free-for-all? Is it our table or their table? Are we to have an America or simply an extended feeding ground of Europe? Is this our country or theirs? If we have got to feed them shall we feed them there or here. Are we or are we not going to put up the bars at Ellis Island?

Ten years ago these questions could not have got into print in any periodical in America. I know that out of my own experience and that of other writers. They will not be welcome now to more, or much more, than one-half of the people of America. Half of us have been attending strictly to the business of annexing the wealth of America. The other half—the American half, that half which easily could be and always ought to be the ruling half of America—has been living in a fool's paradise.

We have all of us been supposing that the America of the past was the America of to-day and of the future. No one has had courage to raise a voice against this pleasing deception—pleasing alike to the busy and to the deceived citizens of the United States. Ten years ago such an article as the recent one in this periodical suggesting that we bar immigration for ten years would have been met with iciness. If it had got into print it would have been received with a fury of execration from every self-seeking politician and every self-seeking foreigner within and without our gates.

That this particular writer, or any other writer, may claim an Americanism dating back to pre-Revolutionary times has nothing whatever to do with this case. What does have a great deal to do with it is the fact that this particular writer is in a singularly fit position to say something about the Americanism of America as it actually is to-day. Without any pride or any modesty I think I can call it doubtful whether there is any man in America, in or out of government employment, in a position to know more about the inside feeling of Americans toward America than I do myself. This is a matter not of race or family, but in large part of accident.

The Revelations of the Files

THE public may be more or less familiar with the fact that the American Protective League, amateur auxiliary of the Department of Justice, numbered some 250,000 loyal Americans, who took an oath of loyalty to the flag in connection with their duties of investigating German espionage and propaganda in this country. This league existed in all the larger and in many of the smaller communities in every state and territory of the Union. It had national headquarters in Washington. At the headquarters' office there were received reports of all the hundreds of chiefs, who in turn had received hundreds of thousands of reports from their operatives in every rank of life in America. It was not unusual in some of the larger centers for a chief to have in his files the records of two, three or four hundred thousand investigations, each of which might carry the reports of several operatives. In all, the league looked into more than three million cases for the United States Government.

The total mass of this documentary evidence was never read by any one officer even of the league itself, and never was all of it read by any of the officials of the Department of Justice, who all were busy in accumulating and sifting evidence of their own in cases wherewith they were immediately connected. It became necessary for me in the course of certain professional duties to go through a vast mass of this documentary evidence, and this was done with such thoroughness as the limitations of time for certain months, and the twenty-four-hour limit of the day left possible.

That was the pulse of America, the greatest reflex America ever has known. Since it never has been the privilege of any other man in America in like extent to lay ear to that or a similar pulse of America it is believed that the foregoing statement, made not in any boasting manner, is a simple and rather enlightening truth. It certainly is not a truth that can leave any loyal American very happy.

Just at this time the news dispatches are full of sudden threats of a soviet government in the United States, threats of the overthrowing of the American republic and the substitution of a Bolshevik republic which shall administer laws more in accordance with European ideas as to the division of the spoils. What that means to your home, your property, your womankind, you perhaps have not really paused to think. Russia and Germany are far away in your belief. But are they far away? No. They are here. Russia and Germany are inside our borders. We have invited and welcomed them.

The war censorship sat hard on American free spirit, and there did not lack many who thought that the Espionage Act ought to have been repealed when the Armistice was

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RUINS — By Elizabeth Frazer

WHEN I first arrived in Belgium, traveling by motor from Paris through the devastated regions of Northern France, the sharp contrast between the two countries struck me with almost the force of a blow. Even the very air of Belgium seemed different, more joyous, vigorous, alive. In Northern France the imprisoned people of the occupied zone, who for four long years have suffered under the iron heel of the German régime, are still a long way from being recovered. There hovers about them a strange sad apathy, a listlessness, a stoic resignation, and above all a visible reluctance to plunge once more into the brisk cold current of everyday life. Nor do they want, these poor battered puppets of a relentless destiny which has tossed them from wave peak to wave peak of disaster, to be grabbed by the scruff of the neck by too strenuous well-wishers and tossed out into that same big cold hurrying stream of personal endeavor with the brusque admonition to sink or to swim.

No, they do not want that—at least they do not want it right away. They do not want to be hustled and speeded up as if they were sizzling and crackling with live dynamic power. The hardships which beset their life in starting afresh—after four years of slavery—to them loom mountain high. They are full of negations, fears, hesitations. They want things done for them. They are curiously like convalescents broken by a long wasting sickness who are content to sit very still in the sunshine and not to raise a hand or a foot.

Difficulties of Reconstruction

BUT necessity, that rude policeman on the beat who keeps us all on the move, has approached, and laying a harsh hand on their slack shoulders says: "Come on now! Life's no hospital or park bench. Snap out of that. Beat it!" And so they are beginning to move on. But the depression, the flatness of their spirits, the apathetic waiting for something external to shape the current of their destiny are salient characteristics of these poor children of the north who have lost literally everything. They are the inhabitants of that strip of Northern France which for four years was under the roar of the guns, with the tide of battle rolling back and forth until villages were reduced to powder and the country razed flat as a table.

There are miles upon miles of this sinister smitten landscape, its bleakness only accentuated by the occasional sight of a hardy old man and his wife trudging along the snowy road with packs of straw strapped to their bent backs for mattresses. They are the argonauts, the pioneers in this vast home-rebuilding enterprise. You wonder how on earth they are going to survive in that collection of tottering skeleton ruins that was once a village. No community life. No stores. No clothes. No means of transportation. For food they will have to tramp fifteen or twenty kilometers to the nearest ravitaillement center. And yet there they are on the road—going home! You wave your hand in salute to their invincible hardiness of soul. But these sturdy pedestrian home comers are rare exceptions in this particular portion of the landscape. Most of the dispossessed of this region are still housed and fed in barracks. Most of the villages are as dead and cold as the ruins of the Roman Forum—and not half so beautiful. Here were no great architectural splendors. No priceless art collections. They were nothing but plain humble little hamlets of plain hard-toiling peasants. The houses were destroyed and the simple brave hardy folks who owned them were also destroyed. The graveyards of the men I had seen at Soissons, Champagne, Verdun, row upon silent row. Here were the graveyards of their homes, village after village, as dead as the men. The only difference was that the soldiers had been buried underground while these ghastly mutilated wrecks still remained exposed to view.

Sometimes it was only a handful of houses, a former cozy little hamlet tucked away in a fold of the hills; but so absolute was the destruction that the gaze, saturated with scenes of desolation, failed to take it in. It was the French officer who accompanied us who would point it out, saying dryly: "That once was a village of men."

Sometimes it was a large town, of originally ten or twenty thousand, now a demolished mess, façades crushed to powder, church steeples lying smashed in the street, whole blocks of houses disemboweled by a single projectile or replaced by a monstrous hole in the ground. Here, too, you caught sight, on the outskirts of such towns, of an ancient couple or two, peering out from their shattered casements with faded rheumy eyes like gentle gray old ghosts. These were those who had remained through all the hell of bombardments, attached to their little houses like snails to shells.

There was more of this kind of scenery. And more. And more and more. And at last—so soon does the mind become sated by mere flat external spectacles of horror—I began to feel welling up inside of me a vague irritation against all these graveyards of gaping mutilated specters of what had once been human habitations for being so monotonous, so repetitional, so drably, blankly, impassively the same. I wanted them to get better or I wanted them to get worse—or I wanted them to be blotted clean off the map. Those mutilated corpses of towns, with their stark immobility, their contorted postures, their shattered members lying rigidly outstretched on the pavement, began to get on my nerves. They had the same stiff fixity, the same grotesque sprawl that one notes in a human corpse frightfully mangled by a shell.

At the beginning of the trip I had started in methodically to take down the name of every destroyed hamlet and town we passed through, together with a brief record of its state of destruction, with some vague idea I suppose in the back of my head of finally adding up all these separate units and thus arriving at a notion of the grand total of devastation. And so I should, had I kept at it long enough—say a couple of months or so—and had I been traveling parallel to the axis of destruction instead of cutting almost directly at right angles through the zone. But at the moment that little factor escaped my observation.

Accordingly I set down a list of towns that had been completely destroyed; then another list of those that were only partially destroyed, terrifically knocked about, but still habitable—some day. At least, portions would be habitable. One has got to be scientific and exact about these things! Then another list, not of towns, but of hamlets, that were practically demolished. Then another list of hamlets completely blown to perdition, wiped out, with not even a name, not even a ruin high enough to nail a signboard on. Nothing save a powdery heap of bricks or a clutter of dark red tiles sunk into the earth like patches of blood.

I had heard of men blown to pieces in battle and unrecognizable, even their identification plates gone. Here were their counterparts in hamlets. The lieutenant, searching his map, murmured doubtfully: "It might be A—— or it might be B—— It's hard to say."

Scenes of Desolation

THESE nameless ones I put into a list all by themselves and called them X. But presently I gave it up. It was too much like trying to count the volume of water in a reservoir by means of an eye dropper. And so I contented myself with staring out upon the bleak slaughtered landscape, rendered even more dreary by a thin coating of frost which lay like a silver veil over the fields, as if Nature herself had joined in the deadlock against this unfortunate land.

Thus we rolled through stricken disemboweled cities; not a plume of smoke from the tall factory chimneys. Not a step on the pavement. Not a citizen or even a prowling dog in the deserted streets. The chief thoroughfares mowed down. The adjoining portions like a vast shooting alley with houses instead of clay pigeons for targets. Noble old trees cut down because they hampered artillery fire. Other trees dead, decapitated, some standing, some broken or plunged into flat lagoons of stagnant water. Bridges smashed. Canals broken open to inundate the fields. Railroads demolished. Wells defiled. Not a center where one could take a train, or eat a meal, or sleep, or purchase supplies for miles and miles. Yes, it was all dead. Very dead. Dead and frozen hard.

Reflecting on all this deadness it seemed to me that as matters stood Germany, commercially at least, had won the war with France. During the war certain German commercial potentates had

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The Belgian Advance Guards at Düsseldorf, Ready to Repulse Any Attack — *General Michel, Commanding the Belgian Army of Occupation*

Above—Belgian Machine Gunners in the Trenches in Occupied Germany, Overlooking the Rhine

Alice Through the Working Class

By CORINNE LOWE

ILLUSTRATED BY THELMA CUDLIPP GROSVENOR

MR. LEWIS CARROLL never had to verify the existence of the Red Queen and the Mad Hatter and all his other charming conversationalists. He simply made unreal people real. A story based upon the modern radical movement in New York involves the converse of this performance. One can hardly persuade the reader who has been safeguarded from teacup Bolsheviki to believe in the reality of these people. Yet it is all true. To-day there are certain groups of our leisure classes who are sympathetic with Bolshevism. As someone said of Robespierre, these parlor Bolsheviki are much more in love with their theories about the people than they are with the people. Nothing more dangerous, however, than the fanaticism of the purely intellectual. And in this story, based upon the spoken and printed word of some American sympathizers with Bolshevism, I have tried to suggest that the grotesque may sometimes become truly sinister and that a very real danger to our national life lies in the fact that Bolshevism has become almost a fad.

It Was a Full Minute Before Her Guest Realized That It Was Military Brushes With Which Belinda Waged Her Toilet

EVEN to the resident of New York the evenings here never seem friendly. Instead of coming out—each light to tell of somebody's home-coming after work—electricity falls impersonally as the rain or the snow. Here lighted windows seen from a distance are like flakes of gold drifting softly against the big dim office buildings and apartment houses; and the Madison Square Tower becomes at night a trunk of stone to which cling patches of moist blurred yellow.

As Miss Alice Sunderland, of Duluth, rode down Fifth Avenue for the first time her heart tightened with the lonely miracle. Time and space had stopped for her, and while the lights fluttered down over the dark spaces it seemed to her that the world had caught its breath and was going to hold it forever. That was New York. It was because she had so completely lost sight of personality that she discovered with such a start the young sailor who sat opposite to her here on the rear seat of the bus top. Her chariot had just lurched forward toward the Flatiron Building and she was turning about for one last look at the golden-flaked square when she saw him sitting there with his hands thrust deep in the pockets of his pea-jacket and his face turned from her toward Washington Square. There was something so familiar about that profile—the deep-set eyes, the straight nose, the mouth which, in spite of smiling upward curve, showed a soul turned somberly upon itself—that Miss Alice felt as if she had waked from dreams of Alps and stars to meet the dented alarm clock on her bureau. Why was his face so familiar?

And then at last she knew. The profile over there was exactly the same as that of Michelangelo's statue of David. A carbon copy of David's head had been selected by Alice long ago to make her room at home look cultured. Since that time she had come to love the brooding undistracted beauty of God's loved young warrior, and though she hardly ever glanced at the Perugino angel and the Botticelli Madonna installed at the same time as David she was always deciding that those serious eyes of his must be bluey-gray.

Sometimes when reading she would look up quite suddenly at the pictured profile. "Oh," she would whisper wistfully, "if you would only look around—just once! But you're not that kind, are you, Side-Face David? It's only what you see—inside yourself—that counts with you."

Remembering how confidential she had been with the framed face on the wall Miss Alice flushed. All of a sudden she recalled the beauty and costliness of her brown coat with the nutria collar, that she was only twenty, and that every mirror version of her eyes was the same—deep gold and deeply placed under long black lashes. Yet the sailor opposite her seemed not to have collected any of these statistics. And gradually the girl began to feel something trying in the unreciprocal attention. Being snubbed by the David of the bus was after all somewhat more trying than the indifference of the David on the wall. And it was with quite an unreasonable pang that she finally wheeled her feet back from the aisle and her gaze toward the tapering lights of the avenue.

Meanwhile the bus, freed from the traffic of upper Fifth Avenue, was running along unevenly as some big gawky biped. It was now stopping at Fourteenth Street, and the girl from Duluth forgot everything else in the numbing realization that Mrs. Dudley Searles Bennington lived only a short distance away. When finally the bus neared the northern side of Washington Square she did not even notice that the sailor opposite had risen and was preceding her down the spiral stairway.

They were both nearing the bottom of the stairs when the big gawky biped gave a sudden convulsive start. With a little cry Miss Alice felt herself thrown against something hard as hickory. And just as she realized what had happened to her the sailor, whose broad shoulders had stopped her fall, wheeled about and encircled her with his arm.

"There. All right, aren't you?" she heard him ask.

Very stiffly Miss Alice nodded her head. And before he released her she realized triumphantly that even the most inveterate side-face has its human curiosities.

A moment afterward she was running up the steps of one of those old-fashioned houses on the north side of Washington Square; and as she reached the top, as she rang the bell she was saying to herself breathlessly, "I always knew his eyes would be bluey-gray."

But the woman who answered the door brought her back to Mrs. Bennington. She was one of those New York maids who look as if they took off their faces every evening and sent them to the laundry along with their aprons. Now as she admitted Alice the starched blankness of her whole appearance deepened the sense of remoteness which had been gathering in the girl ever since she began her ride down Fifth Avenue.

Standing on a rug that seemed to have an undertow of even more velvet softness and beneath an electrolier brought from some Florentine palace, Alice watched the maid ascend the stairs to announce her arrival. There were portraits placed in each wainscoted panel of this stairway, and to the girl from Duluth those high-stocked and crinolined Benningtons of another day were the last amazing confirmation of a most amazing situation.

Indeed the story of her coming was a strange one. Three years before this Miss Alice had been a stenographer in the wholesale-grocery house which employed her father as salesman. Here she had not been content with typing. Neither had she been with her family. Every evening after work she used to shut herself up with the Michelangelo David and the other cultured carbon prints and read the best books. As a result she began to feel discrepancies between papa—who would appear sometimes at the dinner table without his coat—and the most sensitive of Mr. Henry James' heroes.

By the time Alice was eighteen she was confirmed in certain objections. She hated her mother to answer the front door in even the cleanest of white aprons; she shuddered to hear her uncle talking about "elegant" dinners. And as for papa, oh, how she could have loved him if he had only worn spats and a cutaway!

All this meant of course that Miss Alice was afflicted with the literary temperament which generally goes with an absence of literary production. By and by, however, she did come down with literature. The first time she saw Nazimova she wrote "An Appreciation," which was printed in one of the local papers and subsequently led to her employment as society reporter.

It was while she was thus engaged that the first copy of The Squall fell into her hands. This magazine was got out in an attic in New York, and the artist who did its covers always went in for ladies and gentlemen with knock-kneed eyes. The cartoonist who drew the double pages inside was equally prejudiced. To him a man with a bank account was always evil and draped in watch chains, and the workingman was invariably virtuous, lean and unjeweled. As for the literature itself, both articles and verse gave a thorough grounding in the three R's—Russian, Red and Radical. To most folks The Squall would have sounded like intellectual colic. To Miss Alice, however, it was a first revelation of the wider outlook. Almost at once the inevitable happened. She began sending in vers libre to The Squall.

The first two of the codes that she mailed were refused. They were doubtless still corrupted by the old theory that words should make sense. Finally, however, the little society reporter struck her gait. It was in appreciation of her first published efforts that she received a letter from Mrs. Dudley Searles Bennington, the noted New York society woman.

"You!" began this missive. "Your full-skinned satin prose ecstasy has filled me with terror. Each word of

yours is a worm to crawl out and feed upon every damp, slimy thing in the soul's rank comfort. Worms—more worms—dainty, wriggling, omnivorous!"

Without having any idea of the identity of her patron Miss Alice continued the worm service, and soon there appeared in The Squall the following filled order:

When I feel the touch of you, your arm curving about me,
I feel pampered and spoiled like the dainty moon that must have a pillow of sky;
And then I ask myself, Who am I that I should have the touch of your arm?
[*Hush. Now I know. It is to ease myself of the wolfish X-ray that prowls between you and me*
And will soon tear away all this poor lunar upholstery.]

A word must be inserted right here as to the authority of Alice's written word. She knew nothing whatever of an arm curving about her. Various experiments in that direction attempted by the sporting editor of her paper had been resisted just as indignantly as if Miss Alice had written blank verse instead of free. All the way round, in fact, you mustn't be too hard on Alice. She was really a nice little thing who was only trying to be fashionable. And while some do it with a curling pin she went at it with a curling pen.

Immediately upon the appearance of this masterpiece the great thing happened to her. Mrs. Bennington wrote to her to come to New York.

"Ah, my dear," her letter had commenced, "if Baudelaire had known Roentgen he, too, might have written words eating as your own. But he did not and it has remained for you to pierce the hard, sly briefness of earthly passion. You must come to me, Alice. Your soul blows out to me from afar. But ah, how pitiful to trust always to the gusts. Come, my sister! Pour upon me the steady sapience of your wise seeing spirit."

And then in the postscript—that asylum to which the soulful commit all of a bleakly practical turn—she had added: "I am getting you a position as assistant to the editor of a woman's page. It will pay you twenty dollars a week—a sum which will free the poor body so that the soul may give strength to the one meaningful movement of our age."

Without knowing exactly what the one meaningful movement of the age really was and with only the curiosity regarding New York which troubles most young souls, Miss Alice now stood here amid the portraits of famous Benningtons. In order to reach New York she had taken out the one hundred and fifty dollars which represented her account in the savings bank. Some of this had gone for clothes, some for her railroad fare, and sixty-three dollars was now all that she had to bridge over the time until Mrs. Bennington should get her the position as assistant woman's-page editor.

Perhaps as she waited here in the great silent hall she may have felt some little sense of the frailty of that bridge. At all events the eyes now fixed on Richards Mothwaite Bennington, New York senator during Van Buren's administration, suddenly filled with homesick mist. With all her heart she wanted to be away from here. She wanted a Duluth six o'clock with the lights coming out all along Superior Avenue—each one an extra friend; she wanted her own feet to be turning into the little house where the smell of frying potatoes greeted her from the hallway. No, it wasn't a bit strange. Even little girls who write about wolfish X-rays are often taken unawares by a middle-class feeling.

It was only a moment after this that she was following the mute white-aproned maid up the stairway. Each footstep was deadened by the carpet underneath, and as she moved there crept over her a feeling of doom in this thick luxurious quiet. Why, this was the way Beauty must have felt as she wandered through the deserted magnificence of the Beast's palace!

As if in answer to this thought there came from above a sudden ferocious bark.

"Hush, Trotzky! Be quiet!"

Above the dog's continued barking, above the ridiculous pounding of her own heart, Alice heard the beautiful hand-tooled contralto.

She was now at the bend of the stairway, and beyond the white and black of the maid's uniform she saw the figure on the landing. At first glimpse Alice knew that Mrs. Bennington was thirty-five and beautiful; at second, that she wore a flowing silken robe of pomegranate red and that her dark hair was cut about her ears after the fashion of young men of quattrocento Florence. The order of observation was really an unusual tribute to Mrs. Bennington.

"Sister! Comrade! At last!" The stops of the contralto voice were lovely as, folding the girl from Duluth in her arms, the New York society woman drew back her head for one long look of mating soul with soul.

Alice felt that an island of feeling had been prepared for her, but somehow she could not get away from the mainland. And as the other finally released her the only words she could find were very far from starry:

"It's awfully good of you, Mrs. Bennington ——"

At the sound of those words Mrs. Bennington bent back like a hollyhock chilled by the breeze.

"What!" cried she in a whisper. "Not Mrs.—from you, Alice! Surely not from you!"

"Belinda then," the girl corrected herself with a flush.

"Ah, that is better," replied Belinda gayly. "Comrades all now, aren't we? None of the ridiculous titles made by shopkeepers to show they are not honest laborers."

An instant afterward Alice seated herself on a chair in her new-found comrade's sitting room just as Trotzky, the big chow which had barked at her, resigned himself to the Chinese rug of black and gold on the floor. It was a big room, this, and dedicated to the modern theory of decoration which says that a coal scuttle is beautiful if it only scuttles a good deal. All the furniture was black, but there was much color—orange and red and deep blue—introduced through silken hangings and cushions. The bric-a-brac was also more or less bric-a-black, and the one alien object in the place was a big portrait of a mid-Victorian belle now draped in two flags of gory red.

"Ah," cried Belinda, following the girl's glance to this orphan decoration, "you've noticed her, I see? Dear old Grandaunt Evelyn Tuthall! Expressive—oh, what, Alice? Pure Victorian. Married when she was eighteen and never got over it. Children and husband—that was all life ever meant to her. Wait just a minute, will you, comrade?"

Alice watched the other dart through the orange hangings. What was this strange land in which she had found herself? Was Mr. Bennington—no, Belinda—the Red Queen; and would she wake up all of a sudden to hear her father saying, "This is an elegant steak, mother"?

She had time for some such dazed speculation before Belinda came back—this time with something in either hand. She suddenly began thumping on her head with these implements. Yet it was a full minute before her guest realized that it was military brushes with which Belinda waged her toilet.

"There's this to be said for her, though, Alice," continued Belinda, looking up again into the eyes of the erring crinoline belle on the wall. "She was an aristocrat." Thump, thump with military brushes on the short locks. "And of course they're not to be compared to the middle classes for real viciousness. Tell me, my dear"—and for a minute she ceased activities to look deeply into the other's eyes—"your father is a laboring man, isn't he?"

"No," answered Alice weakly, already conscious from The Squall of the shortcomings of her birth; "he's just a salesman."

It was plainly a blow to Belinda, but she struggled for self-control; and at last the real sunniness of her nature revealed itself.

"But your grandfather, Alice!" she cried. "Yes, yes, I know! There is something in your writing that makes me see him—hairy-armed, deep-chested—bringing up the treasure of the earth with pickax and shovel."

Alice let it go at that. She was sailing under false colors and she felt a little mean when she thought of her mother's father sitting in his livery stable and being so proud of the son who had become a veterinary. Still, her father's father had been a baker, and though that was not officially—in spite of the complaints of various customers—bringing up the treasure of the earth the thought somewhat quieted conscience.

Meanwhile Belinda had gone back to her own labor with the hands. It was as she finally laid away the military brushes that she first voiced a little pained wonder.

"My dear," she asked somewhat diffidently, "of course you must follow your own heart, but do you think—well, is it just the right kind of support to give the movement—I mean, your wearing—them?"

"What do you mean, Mrs. Bennington—I mean, Belinda?" faltered Alice uneasily, looking down first at her shoes and then at the edge of her coat.

"Pins!" hissed Belinda. "How can there ever be real freedom when half of our population is engrossed with putting up hair? Oh, really, my dear, it just isn't right—it isn't like you! Here, let me get them out."

And with a series of quick movements she undammed that flood of thick long hair.

As it rolled down over the nutria collar—brown with unexpected streaks that were amber as Alice's eyes—Belinda bent over her victim.

"Why not tonight?" she urged softly. "I did it for Dorothy Benton last week, you know. I won't let you catch a glimpse of it in the waste-paper basket. That, after all, is what gives one the worst turn."

Helpless dismay had been creeping into Alice's eyes. It was still gathering when suddenly the door

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The Introductions Were Brief.
"This is Dorothy Benton, and Alice, and Hildegarde, and Harry. Now—Your Name, Comrade, if You Please?"

ALL ON STAGE—By Kathleen Howard

HEY, Bill! Look at your leg there! What in ——'s the matter with it? Bring her down a little!"

This doesn't mean that Bill's manners are bad, nor does it mean Bill's flesh-and-blood leg; it means a wooden-and-canvas one, an integral part of the imposing scene which has just been set up with infinite pains on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. It is almost time for the soundproof curtain to rise, leaving only the big golden hangings between us and the audience. Everything is undergoing the last critical inspection before thousands of eyes are turned loose upon us.

Between this particular evening and the day of the preceding year when the score of the opera was submitted to the Metropolitan powers as a possible novelty lie many months of expert labor. The story of those months may perhaps be of interest.

One must give something; so much is clear. What to give is not nearly so clear. Many things must be considered: The size of the opera house; the American taste—a thing even Charles Frohman is said to have found difficulty in judging. How much more difficult for foreigners to gauge correctly! Then can it be cast? Are the necessary singers on the already large roster, or can they be obtained?

Finally the choice narrows down to one opera. The designer of the scenery is chosen and the libretto and score are sent to him. He studies the book and the music and consults with the stage manager. He submits sketches to the technical director, who discusses them with the general manager, Gatti-Casazza. The cost is figured as nearly as possible; there are more consultations as to exits and entrances; how the scenery can aid in making the action most effective—a most important point, of which the possibilities are not always fully realized; and finally perhaps miniature settings are made and set up, exactly like little stages.

Geraldine Farrar in La Reine Fiamette

Then come weeks of work. It is generally done in the summer, and when the opera house is the workshop the orchestra chairs are floored over, great dustcloths hung from the boxes cover all the stuffy red velvet and gilding, and the place resounds with the hammering and bustle of a carpentry shop.

Casting the Opera

ON THE stage flats of canvas are spread, some being painted, some in the hands of sewing women. Upstairs in the foyer, where the ballet practices in winter, are huge canvas back drops and walls, all flat on their backs.

Then—mysterious proceeding—the opera is cast. This requires a most special talent. You must not think a certain singer will be good in a part, you must know it. Mistakes of course are sometimes made, but surprisingly rarely, when one considers how comparatively limited the material is and how strong the personalities of the singers. No matter what combination of dancer and singer the composer and librettist have created, nor what dramatic and heavily orchestrated phrases they may have given an otherwise lyric personality, the manager has just the same well-known faces and forms of his singers to choose from and furbish forth anew.

Of course you will say, here the dramatic talent and technic of the singer ought to come in; but suppose he or she hasn't the great gift of versatility?

Audiences are much more exacting in this respect than they used to be, and those who constantly hark back to the vanished glories of our opera house and go to hear a performance with their minds full of the thoughts of other days might suffer rude shocks if those other days were suddenly thrust upon them at the rise of the curtain. I am not speaking of the singing of other days, for all of us would like to sing with the vocal cords of Melba, or Malibran, or Plançon, but we didn't pick out our own; they were just handed to us.

But does anyone realize that the proverbial fat prima donna has quite disappeared from our stage? Look at the photographs of some of the world's most famous singers of days gone by, and imagine what our critical and emaciated box holders would say on seeing these mountains of flesh at their kittenish antics as Marta or Butterfly; and yet such things were.

The casting is finally done with due regard to the many elements that enter into it, and a second one is also selected, so that in case of illness no change need be made in the repertoire. The scores, or parts of scores, copied in beautiful manuscript, are distributed to the several singers.

Some night as you are sitting before your long mirror making up, a new rôle is handed in at the door. You sign for it, give it a moment of keen inspection and lay it regretfully down. It is always a moment with a thrill in it, for it may be the part you have waited for so long, the part that is to add permanently to your reputation. It is more apt to be the usual elderly person or a variant thereof if you are a mezzo, as I am, but it is always interesting and stimulating. You put it down among the grease paints and powder boxes, ready to pick up at the first free moment. It falls on the floor once or twice, and you put it on a chair. A visiting prima donna with a few moments to fill in before she goes on the stage comes in to chat, and sits on the new rôle; from which treatment it emerges with dog's-eared corners when the lady leaves you. It takes much self-control to let it alone, when you are just dying to see how it lies for the voice, and whether it is "fat" or "lean." However, you go on with the work of the evening. At last between the acts, after you have changed, you have a chance for a dip into it. You see a good bit here, a good bit there. Then a fine dramatic bit. But what is this? Cut? This really grateful bit? It can't be! You vow to make a strenuous protest to the maestro.

When the evening's work is finished you go home with the score under your arm. What you want to do is to sit down and read it through thoroughly; but the thought of to-morrow's ten-thirty rehearsal sends you prudently to bed.

During the rehearsal next morning you find yourself still wondering about your new opportunity; and on discreetly sounding out two other contraltos you find they also have received copies. Mentally you weigh them in the balance against the idea of the part you have gleaned from your hurried inspection of the night before, and wonder who is really to sing the rôle and who is to be understudy. As, however, this point is not decided sometimes until the maestro has heard two or three voices in the rôle you must go to work just the same. It is hard to bring the same enthusiasm to bear upon your study if you know from the beginning that you are understudy; but it pays to do so, as illness or other unforeseen happenings often change the plans, and the rôle becomes yours.

The Hurry Call

AS AN instance of this a recent happening may show how these things come about. Last August I was sent, as were two or three other singers, the rôle of Fatima in our prospective production of Oberon. Being rather bored by some weeks of idleness I learned the rôle in a couple of weeks, and then put it aside to be taken up later if I found that I was really to sing it. On finding, however, that another new singer was to do it, and that two more were to be rehearsed for it, I realized that my chances of singing it were zero, and so did not open the score again.

Many weeks later, after Oberon had been given many times and the other mezzo had been found quite satisfactory, she was suddenly taken ill. I did not know of this, but if I had I should have been quite tranquil, as I knew an understudy had been prepared in case of emergencies. On that Wednesday morning I had just put some soft sour-cream gingerbread into the oven, when the phone rang. I went to it.

"Miss Howard? Please come down to the Metropolitan at once. You may have to sing Fatima in Oberon to-night."

I gasped, called someone to watch the cake, hunted out my score and flew down to the house. Mr. Bodanzky, the conductor, was waiting for me just inside the door, reminding me once more of an eagle waiting for its prey—to me he always looks like a great bird as he hovers over his orchestra, keenly alive, swooping with the swirl of the music, his throat palpitating like a bird's throat.

"At last, Howard!"

It was perhaps fifteen minutes since they had phoned. We went up to the ladies' parlor with the accompanist, and there I tested my memory. Of course I made mistakes, but after an hour Mr. Bodanzky said he was going down to tell them I would sing, and I might stay and run it over with the patient accompanist.

The stage manager came up, and as I sang he showed me the stage positions as well as possible in a room. The wardrobe mistress came to see me; she had just about five hours to buy material and make three new costumes. I had my choice between having a stage rehearsal called for two o'clock with full cast or going home to rest. I chose

the latter; rather a fresh Kathleen trusting to her wits than a worn-out voice and a confused memory of many directions, thought I.

That night just before the curtain went up on every scene my nice colleagues showed me what their stage positions would be, and where I was supposed to be in the different situations, and the performance ran smoothly to its close. It is great fun to do a stunt like that, but you are apt to be a little weary the next day. The gingerbread, however, was burned.

I never heard what happened to the other contralto—those questions are quietly ignored at the Metropolitan.

This sort of thing may happen at any time, and it is with the thought of such evenings in your head that you finally settle down to look over your new rôle at the piano. You play all your own part first, skipping the others, and perhaps making pencil marks against the name of your part wherever it occurs, to facilitate study the next time. After you have gloated over all the good bits and skimped the ensembles you dive into your easiest chair, make a big lap, and settle to a thorough reading of the libretto. As you do so mental pictures form themselves, and from that minute the character begins to take shape and you see her in silhouette and costume. You can't really judge of a part by this musical study of it alone, for afterward in the stage rehearsals the character may prove to have a real personality that can be brought out in the dramatic action and whose most effective moments are not in the score at all.

Preliminary Study

EVERYONE studies in a different way; personally I always play a part for hours without singing, except just occasionally in half voice. When I am familiar with all the music in this way I go through it from memory to see how much of it has stuck. Then I polish up the weak places and get someone to play for me while I work my voice into it or it into my voice. In this way the voice is not fatigued and the rôle is thoroughly learned.

One day you get a white slip calling you to a room rehearsal with an assistant conductor. He shows you approximately the tempi that the conductor has shown him, and if you need it he will go over it with you as often as is necessary. If you are known to be musically accurate, however, and safe to let alone, you may dispense with this form of rehearsal and wait for the first ensemble rehearsal.

This is generally held in the ladies' parlor, on the second floor of the house. There is a grand piano in the middle of the room, and we all stand round it to sing our parts or sit on chairs against the walls, awaiting our turn. The piano chair is never high enough for the accompanist, so the pile of paper towels on the table is always solemnly transferred to the player's chair, and back again to the table at the end of the rehearsal.

The maestro stands beside the accompanist and beats time as he will on "the evening," only without a baton. The first rehearsal goes slowly. Cuts must be made, many things discussed. This note is too high; can it be altered? That phrase is beyond the chosen interpreter's range; can it be "pointed"—that is, rearranged to suit the singer's voice? You beg for the restoration of the cut in your part; you are told it does not exist in the partitur. How it got into the score is a mystery.

As you sit on the sofa awaiting your turn someone asks you a most interesting something, and you start buzzing about it, with one eye on the maestro to see how much he will stand. You gradually forget him and grow quite excited by the choice bit your neighbor is telling you and are gently invited out into the hall by the maestro, "where you may be undisturbed." That is, some nationalities invite you gently, some brusquely; it is all a matter of geography. You withdraw to the red corridor and hear muffled exclamations from the press room. You look in; a thrilling game of poker is in progress.

The men, who are waiting for their cues, which may be heard through the wall, are slapping down cards and dollar bills on one of the little tables provided for the gentlemen critics' use in the evening. One of them, a young Italian, is winning; it is always so, they tell you. His smile grows, also his pile. All languages are used, and it is queer to hear our good old poker expressions ejaculated in Italian. Just at a lucky moment the tenor is heard in the next room, voicing the cue of the winning player. Up he gets, equally eager for poker game or rehearsal, quickly passes to the next room, and you hear his sonorous and dignified bass booming through the wall.

The game goes on without a moment's pause.

"Queek! Queek! *C'est à moi*"

Another player throws down his hand, and a representative of another nation slips into his place. The big Russian, perhaps, takes charge of the cards, and will brook no interference. The language changes, but not the game. It really makes a delightful afternoon, filled with thrills, and not a dull moment.

Sometimes, if it is a new opera, Mr. Gatti will come strolling into the rehearsal room and remain an hour or so.

After the ensemble rehearsals and when the maestro thinks it is in a condition to be transferred to the stage the first stage rehearsal is called. Then begins the really interesting part, at least for me. You are about to give legs and a body to your brain picture and your sound picture.

Supposing we take our recent production of La Reine Fiamette.

All On for the First Act

THE singers gather in the little room off stage that does duty for a greenroom. Unfortunately we have no real greenroom, which fact I always deplore, as I have spent so many interesting hours in them in Europe. That is where you really get to know your colleagues and where the comradeship of the stage is born. However, we have only what was once a dressing room, and being hampered for space behind stage must put up with it. You ask each other how you are, beg a bonbon, yawn a bit, as it is probably only ten-thirty in the morning.

The call comes "All on stage, please; first act." You go on stage, and if you have nothing to do just at first you take a chair on the edge of the stage with your back to the house. In a row with you sit our well-beloved, marvelous chorus master; the prompter—American, French or Italian, as the case may be; the stage manager, and the conducting maestro. Discussions begin, and last from then to the performance.

Most of the scenery is in place, and in this we are very fortunate at the Metropolitan, as expense is not spared in this department, and we know almost from the first where our doors and windows are to be. In Europe the first

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The Stage Set for the Second Act of La Reine Fiamette

SIMONETTA

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"Have I Told You That Though a Man May Love a Woman in Ten Thousand Ways I Love You in Ten Million?"

VI (Continued)

SIMONETTA was looking at Thurston curiously. Her lips, which instantly made him think that her blood must be crimson honey, were slightly parted, as though she would and yet would not smile. Her cheeks had the texture of petals and a thousand other suggestions of blossoms. Her eyes were not gemlike, because they were not hard and cold, but soft and warm—as if the firmament had been compressed on some blue noon of May until it was like a clay of sapphires, sun-hot and deep-hued and plastic. And from all of her came the message—as if every pore and cell in her body had a thrush throat and were singing away at him; singing of one thing!

He gazed at her in silence, making an effort to coördinate his thoughts: She was his and not his, as he was hers and not hers. He knew she could not vanish, and yet he exquisitely feared it. Death thenceforth could mean but one thing—her absence!

He felt the urge to give, while he yet lived. Wherefore he dropped on one knee and took her hand in his. And he said to himself, in English, as though his prayer had been answered: "'He creates the love to reward the love!'"

During long years Browning's words meant nothing at all to him, but now he bowed his head in gratitude until his lips touched her hands. She withdrew them gently. He rose to his feet, unable to speak again.

Then she asked—in her voice!—in English: "You are an Englishman, sir?"

"No," he answered; "I am your slave. And you are Simonetta?"

"Yes."

"And the portrait ——"

"It has gone from its place. You have bought it?"

"Thank God! Yes."

"You have bought it, thinking ——" She paused.

He said: "Pardon! I bought it, knowing."

She looked troubled.

"Messer Inglese"—she was speaking now the language of Florence of the fifteenth century—"I hear and I do not understand. What is the important errand that Francesco tells me brought you to this house at this hour?"

He answered her in English—that the servants might not understand:

"It was not an errand. It was your voice of the other night. I feared you had been dead these four hundred years—and here I am, speaking to you in my own tongue!"

He paused, his eyes full of wonder and delight.

She explained:

"Every day, during two hours, Miss Marsland speaks. And I read her twenty pages. I commence when I was—oh, so!" She measured eighteen inches from the floor. "But never I spoke to—anyone!"

She paused, and even by the flickering yellow light in Mariuccia's room he saw the red flame in her cheeks. Cheeks! She turned away her eyes.

"Don't do that, I beg, Simonetta!—I mean, signorina," he entreated.

"Don't do what?" She stepped back in alarm.

"Look at me so; and then not look at me so."

She smiled tremulously and shook her head. A hopeless language, English!

He said musingly: "The portrait shows the same face as the Venus, but painted from life; while the Venus obviously was not ——"

"Yes; but that was because ——" She stopped and put a finger to her lips, child fashion.

"And when you came out of the night and told me, in fifteenth-century Florentine vernacular ——"

"Yes; but that was because ——" Again she caught herself.

He went on as though she had not interrupted:

"You said 'From on high I beheld thy kind deeds ——'"

"I meant from my balcony," she explained shyly.

"And I understood—from heaven!"

His face was flushed and his eyes were bright with eagerness. She saw that he was one of those men who reveal their warrior ancestry merely by breathing; a knightly fighter, on whose face was that look of cleanliness which is interchangeable with truth and loyalty; a man to die with, therefore a man to live for—the kind of man that, in all countries, women take for a foreigner.

And it was this man who now said to her: "So when I again saw the portrait I whispered to it: 'Speak to me, Simonetta—with thy lips!' And then the portrait spoke to me—in the voice of that night."

He was looking at her. But she shook her head and muttered "No, no!" to some unspoken thought of her own. Then almost helplessly, with the helplessness of a child intending not to be a child, she said: "Sir—you—you are ——"

He could see she wished to put an end to danger by making him cease to talk to her of herself.

Instead, he said in a low voice: "Usually I ask: 'Simonetta, do you understand me as clearly as I understand you when you look at me?'"

She looked into his questioning eyes, her own wide with ten thousand fears and ten thousand doubts—and ten times ten thousand certainties! And then, still looking, always looking, she shook her head and again breathed, "No, no!"

Thurston knew that not he but his love would win—not her, but her love. Loving her as he did he wondered why she did not glow like the night.

She would not look at him, so he said: "I fear, I fear you cannot understand! But surely you can see, signorina. Let me call you Simonetta. Every time I say signorina you go away ten million leagues."

She instantly grasped at the excuse:

"Even your name I do not know."

"Geoffrey Thurston, of New York, an orphan, thirty-one years old. My mother died when I was eight; and my father ——" He paused.

"He was kind to you?" she said anxiously.

"He was very busy collecting old paintings, and my childhood consisted of journeys from dealer to dealer. Since he died, ten years ago, I have been alone. I never had brothers or sisters, uncles or aunts. It has seemed a very big world to be alone in."

"Oh, sir, I—I—I am so more than sorry."

Her eyes were bright with unshed tears, and her voice was so sympathetic that Thurston felt sorrier than ever for himself when he thought of the thirty-one years he had wasted.

He told her very simply: "When one is alone in the big world, among so many people, one thinks, thinks, thinks—always of the darkness."

"I—oh—oh, sir!"

She spoke with such distress that Mariuccia rose and went to her protectingly. But she pushed the old woman aside that she might see Thurston's face when Thurston spoke. And Thurston said:

"Do you wonder that, having found what all men seek, I rave about your portrait?"

"Rave?"

Evidently she did not know the meaning of the word; and she had understood all his other words so completely she did not wish to miss that one.

"That I am delirious!"

She blushed vividly. But as she did not speak he persisted: "Do you not believe?"

"I—I do not know," she answered helplessly. Her eyes that listened never left his eyes that talked.

"To which church do you go?" he asked abruptly.

"To Santa Maria Maddalena de' Pazzi."

"I would go there with you when you go, if I may."

"Are you of our faith?"

"Yes. And I would explain that your nurse here, who is eating me with her eyes, will tell you a curious story about a treasure to be discovered through me. I wished to hear again the voice of the lady of the night who told me not to buy the portrait; therefore I came to see the old woman's foster child—hoping. I shall reward her abundantly ——"

"You must not give ——"

"Pardon me! She is old; she loves you, and I would have her forgive the trick I played her in order to see you." He was very anxious that Simonetta should not think he was capable of lying. He went on apologetically: "I knew she did not like strangers, and I was very anxious to tell you—what now I fear to tell you. You will not be angry?"

"You will not tell me anything that will make me angry," she said, like a queen who is very young.

"If you will say that you will see me to-morrow night ——"

"Oh, no! Oh, no!"

"With Mariuccia here, you are well guarded."

"My name has been spoken," instantly interjected Mariuccia, her eyes full of distrust.

"Be silent, thou!" said Thurston sternly. "Thy duty it is to see that no harm comes to her, and never to speak to me without my leave. . . . You see," he finished in English, turning to Simonetta, "she watches and listens."

"Yes; she does." And Simonetta smiled. Then the smile went and a blush came.

"To-morrow night I would have you permit me to tell you about the portrait."

"You must not come, Mr. Thur-Thurs —— It is a difficult name."

"Perhaps Geoffrey is easier."

"Oh! It is not possible, sir!"

"Please look at me," he begged.

She obeyed before she thought of not obeying. Presently she turned away her gaze. She had read the message of his eyes, and now feared that he might read in hers that she had read it. She looked to the right, to the left, to the floor, seeking to escape the knowledge of his knowledge. And Thurston, seeing she had seen, instantly felt that prudence was unworthy and reticence unforgivable. His love must plead for him. Honesty lay in yielding to the impulse to tell her the truth, whatever the consequences. He saw her through a mist. His throat was so dry that it made his voice husky.

He drew close to her and murmured: "Oh, Simonetta, I love you!" She shook her head and would not look at him. "I cannot hide it. See!"

"Im-impossible, signore!" She spoke gaspingly.

"With all my heart and soul I love you, Simonetta."

"No, no! You do not love me!"

"I do."

"Not me—my portrait."

"Not your portrait—you!"

"You should not—speak—like this—to me, sir." But it was not a command; it was an entreaty.

"No; I should be praying—as one prays to the Madonna when one is very poor and very unhappy.

"When I return to my room I shall kneel before your portrait and say the only prayer I shall never forget—your name! And ——"

"Oh, that is terrible to say!" she cried.

But it was not horror at his blasphemy that filled her eyes with tears, or fears for his eternal soul that made her face grow pale and her lips tremble.

"Simonetta, give me permission to give you everything—my name, my honor, my life. Shall I wait for you to reflect? Or shall I ask your father to-morrow for your hand in marriage?"

"No! You—I —— You do not know me!"

"You say that to me when it is to you that I have told my ten thousand wishes? Who is it that does not know you? I?"

He looked at her, his soul in his eyes. She nodded twice slowly, her eyes fixed on his. Presently she drew in a deep breath and put her hand on Mariuccia's shoulder, as though to steady herself.

"Think of everything I have told you, Simonetta," he begged, knowing that then she would understand.

"Of everything?" She looked at him shyly.

"I dare not hope you will think of the things I have not told you!"

"How can I if you have not told me?" she asked; but with her eyes she asked much more.

Thirty-one years of love hunger answered her:

"Have I told you how beautiful you are and how I love all the beauties of your beauty? Have I told you that though a man may love a woman in ten thousand ways I love you in ten million? Have I told you I dread being too near you, knowing that if I touch you I shall die of happiness? Have I told you ——"

"Sir! Sir!" She shook her head violently.

"What is it, my heart?" solicitously asked Mariuccia.

But Thurston in a calmer voice, speaking slowly, as though he was weighing his words, said to Simonetta: "I know that your God is my God, and to-night I shall pray to Him that you may love me. In this life I shall love you, every day more and more. And after this life—oh, my love, I shall have all eternity to love you in! Simonetta, to-night, before you sleep ——"

"To-night I shall not sleep!"

And she went out of the room very quickly.

"To-morrow night!" he called after her.

Then he turned to himself, as it were, and began to think. He felt exalted by the thought that not only had he told her his love but his love had grown incredibly in the telling of it. He therefore knew that he knew her intimately. He had lived too long in Italy not to be logical in the matter of emotions. Italians do not suddenly discover that what they consider friendship is in reality love. When love comes to them they know it is love and nothing else, whether it comes with the first glance or after an hour's conversation.

His love was the one fact. Sage Anglo-Saxon reflections on the untrustworthiness of sudden emotional caprices were beside the mark. He had hungered these many years. Now at the feast he proposed to eat his fill, wisdom or no wisdom.

"What said you to my Simonetta, foreigner?" asked Mariuccia fiercely. Her black eyes gleamed banefully. You would have been willing to swear that her right hand clutched a dagger hilt.

"I could not tell her all," answered Thurston tranquilly. "It was not for her child ears. She will go to Fiesole on a day and at a time that I shall designate. You will not leave her alone—not one moment. From your house you will bear your find to the Madonna, and then your wish shall come true and you will smile. And twenty-seven years hence, when Death comes in, slow and polite, you will smile; and also when Saint Peter bids you enter, and when you find your ultimate chair beside your guardian angel. To Simonetta you will say only that I have promised to find your happiness for you in your house. And now, as a mark of respect—this!" And he gave her a twenty-five-lire note.

She prudently held it to the light. Perceiving that it was more than a month's wages she began to thank him; but he interrupted:

"Bad luck treads on the heels of too many thanks. Cease! Come, Francesco!"

Thurston followed the old man to the street door. There he said: "Your young mistress slightly loosened one finger. Here it is. To-morrow night I shall come at the same hour. I must speak with her alone. Find the way."

"Mother of God! You ask me ——"

"Throw away that voice. Do your thinking to-night, so that when I come to-morrow evening no time may be wasted. And—Francesco?"

"Signore?"

"You will be outside, by the door, within call—in case the signorina should require anything of you. Thus no harm will come to her."

"To-morrow night, excellency!" said Francesco happily.

As Thurston went out into the street the old man raised his right hand after him; and then as if suddenly paralyzed he kept it in the air and inspected the fingers. He did the same with the left hand.

"By Painting From Life He Gained What No Copy or Imitation Could Possibly Give Him"

VII

ON THE next day Thurston was busy from sunrise to sunset. In the forenoon he went to the Church of Santa Maria Maddalena de' Pazzi, not far from Vespe's house. Then he motored to Fiesole, had his noon meal there, returned to Florence, and at teatime called on Vespe, with twenty-five thousand lire in bank notes in his pocket.

Francesco opened the door for him in silence, but his eyes cautioned and his pursed lips warned—the one unmistakable mute warning: "Don't talk!"

In the salon Vespe awaited him. From being a more or less eccentric man playing a puzzling game in the matter of a fifteenth-century portrait the old man had become the father of Simonetta, to whom Thurston must make a more or less embarrassing explanation some day. Therefore it behooved Thurston to be pleasant. He said: "Good afternoon, signore! I have come to settle the least important part of my debt to you—the financial."

"Good afternoon! Of course I am not blaming you," said Vespe irritably, blaming no one else. "I don't think it is your fault. I cannot blame you."

"Blame me?"

(Continued on Page 65)

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 3, 1919

Double-Tracking a Mind

A FINE one-track mind has happened before in American politics. In writing the Declaration of Independence Thomas Jefferson did a master's job. His second term as President is a different story. When it was a question of indicting autocratic power and stating democratic principles in general terms no man in the world excelled him. In a grapple with stubborn unphilosophized facts he failed. There was a juncture in the development of America when Jefferson's generalizing, philosophizing literary talent was immensely useful. There were other situations in which the goods to be moved were mostly over on the other track and he was not useful. He was not a Lincoln.

When Woodrow Wilson was a leading candidate for the Democratic nomination for President the opposing Democratic press pictured him in a resplendent silk hat, the shiniest of shoes, expansive shirt bosom and kid gloves—as a legend in the cartoon informed you. At any rate those habiliments were more familiar to him than Lincoln's patched homespun. He got his democracy by reading and reflection, not by mingling with the crowd at the village post office. If like Lincoln he had been thrust into a hard but genial, a rough-and-ready but not stunting, pioneer struggle for existence very likely his mind like Lincoln's would have developed another track—the one by which the world gets its living—and he would have had the same solid sense of vulgar realities. His academic life denied him that advantage.

He was singularly fortunate in finding the rarest opportunity in modern history for the exercise of his specialized abilities. The League of Nations is by far the most beneficent political principle that has appeared since Jefferson's pen started the American experiment in applied democracy. Mr. Wilson's guidance toward it deserves the admiration of contemporaries and will have that of posterity.

By the one-eyed rule of party politics, if the League of Nations is trade-marked Woodrow Wilson and you accept that, then you must accept everything else bearing the same trade-mark—which accounts for a good deal of the opposition to the league. It is a silly rule. The great Revolutionary spokesman for democracy half ruined the country with his foolish embargo. The great spokesman for democracy in the world war had fairly to be driven into an efficient organization for carrying on the war. That phase of the affair was over on the other track.

To nonpartisan eyes the President's faults are as open as his virtues. They show continually in his appointments. By preference, whatever the job, he picks the man whom he would like to sit down and talk with on general political and social principles. Training and bent incline him to amiable, well-bred, college-educated theorizing, with only incidental attachment to realities. The academic mind often inclines that way, much as an amiable man sitting on the fence would like to have the farmer plow in circles instead of in rectangles. The experiment would be very interesting to an observer. The pedagogic mind is often an unbending mind, and Burleson's sad wire entanglements in the telegraph and telephone line, run back to another presidential fault—as Europe has discovered, Mr. Wilson is a stubborn person.

Any man's virtues take care of themselves. It is his faults that need wrestling with. We could wish to see the President working at a second track. One was offered to him. War finally sent to Washington men of a type different from that to which Mr. Wilson turns by preference—men whose mental energies fill freight cars rather than white paper. It is by that track that the world gets its corporeal living and moves physical objects.

The nation at war had to have those men's skill and experience in practical affairs. Some of the President's post-war appointments suggest that he regards the need of skill and experience in practical affairs as merely a war emergency, now happily over with. That is a fault with which the President ought to wrestle.

As we sense it the country, though admiring his leadership in the formulation of general ideas, is decidedly doubtful about him as a practical administrator and as a guide in the matter of applying general ideas to concrete facts; in short, as a man of practical affairs. On that side he should build himself up. Even against his inclination he should turn to men of practical affairs. There are specially weighty reasons just now.

Everybody who can read a newspaper knows that though four millions died to resist Prussia the world is not safe for democracy. An enemy as determined as that personified by the Kaiser, and more ruthless, is in the field. It frankly calls itself dictator. Not only political democracy but the fundamental guaranties of orderly civilized life disappear where it sets its foot. We did not get rid of Prussianism by meeting it with a sickly grin of propitiation and trying to find out how to coax it into being good. We shall not get rid of Bolshevism that way. We want to stand foursquare on the firm old ground of democracy, order, respect for every valid contract and every other person's sanctioned right. Nobody whose ideas play fast and loose with that proposition ought to get any more countenance or preferment than pro-Germanism got a year ago. We want the same hundred-per-cent loyalty to our honest, debt-paying democratic faith that we demanded when our troops were at grips with the Kaiser.

Along with loyalty to social stability goes the question of practical efficiency. Half the world is in an economic welter. The material wreckage of the war must be made good. There is little use presenting a League of Nations to a world half of which cannot get shoes. Never before in modern times has there been such need for the production of physical goods. We want men who know how. We want to stimulate the knowing how, emphasizing its importance. A Kant or a Hegel might well stop philosophizing just now in order to celebrate practical efficiency and the skill and experience by which it is attained. Practical-minded experience is what the United States Government ought to be diligently seeking now.

Talking Nonsense

ONE of socialism's pet parrot phrases is that governments in the United States and Western Europe are run by capitalists for the benefit of capital. It is another bird than the parrot that cannot see in the daylight. If socialism were not similarly afflicted it would long ago have perceived what complete nonsense that phrase is. Time was when capital's influence on government decidedly outweighed the influence of labor. The weight is just as decisively in the other scale now, and everybody who can see straight knows it.

A further contemporary fact in England is that labor outweighs government itself, and government knows it. When it comes to coercing, labor can coerce government with far greater success than government can coerce labor. A powerful combination of unions has been laying down the terms on which basic industries shall operate, and government has been casting about for the best compromise it could make.

In the United States two years ago railroad capital took one position before the Government and railroad labor took another. We know which won. As against socialism's silly talk about Wall Street running the country—or Lombard Street in England's case—the question is whether another great interest is not able, and quite as selfishly, to impose its arbitrary will on the country.

The Home Market

THE balance of trade in our favor since the beginning of 1915 amounts to about fifteen billion dollars, and every month adds to it. For more than four years, while working more efficiently than ever before, nearly all our surplus production over the sustenance of our own population has gone to Europe and been sold there on credit.

Never was there such a situation before in international trade. Never did international trade contemplate any such situation, for the general rule has always been that international trade should about balance. After we have bought coffee from Brazil and silk from Japan, and sold wheat to England and threshing machines to Russia, the books should come out about even; and so with every nation. It has always been a complicated scheme of barter in which the exchanges of commodities about canceled one another. A colossal net balance in favor of any one nation is something that never developed before.

The artificial state of foreign exchange shows how extraordinary the situation is, and experts are puzzled to know how this debt to the United States can be paid. That does not necessarily imply the least doubt as to the debtors' solvency. England, for instance, is as solvent as the United States; yet the problem of getting a value of six or seven billion dollars from England to the United States is one for experts to puzzle over. Sending that much gold is out of the question. It does not exist. We don't want any six or seven billion dollars' worth of English goods over and above the goods we shall be sending to England in the normal course of trade. Finally, of course, it must work out through a shifting of credits; yet it is a puzzling problem.

In other quarters a question of solvency may arise. All continental Europe is in a parlous state, prostrated by war, dislocated, disagreeably threatened with anarchy.

For nearly four years a great part of the surplus production of American energy has flowed there, and to the coldly calculating eye of an expert credit man the swollen account would now appear in a condition somewhat below A1. Yet in all probability the account must be further extended, because Europe will lean heavily on us for reconstruction.

When a prudent investor with a large income finds he has on his hands a big and growing investment that is not quite A1 he trims the ship by putting in stuff that is unquestionably A1.

The United States ought especially to be exerting itself right now on the domestic account—overlooking no possibility of developing the home market; going energetically ahead with necessary railroad betterments, intelligently planned waterway development, good roads, sound land reclamation; in short, piling up the unquestionable A1 American investment.

Farm Costs

THE Department of Agriculture is undertaking to find out the exact costs of production on farms. There are three methods—one by accurate bookkeeping on the farm; another by personal interviews with farmers; a third by mailed questionnaires. But all three of them come back to the same thing—an accurate record of cost of production kept by the farmer himself. Without such a record, his replies to oral or written questions cannot be conclusive.

A great part of farm production still goes by guess. If a year's operations show a net balance on the right side the farmer is satisfied. Very often he cannot tell what a given product contributed to the balance or whether it really contributed anything. In that case he is only guessing as to whether some other product, requiring no greater investment of land and labor, would not have yielded a better return. Accurate farm-cost accounting is not a difficult or burdensome matter. A farm without an accurate set of books is not equipped to take the best advantage of its opportunities.

The Department's undertaking will be valuable in proportion as it is representative. The more accurate farm books it can consult, the more surely it can answer various questions of great importance to agriculture. A time is coming when a farm that cannot show an accurate record of its transactions will be as out of date as a farm with a wooden plowshare.

Need Not Wait for Congress

IN SOME fashion or other the railroads are to be handed back to private management; and, whatever the exact fashion may be, private management is going to be faced with the most difficult problem railroad managers have ever had on their hands in this or any other country.

Freight and passenger rates have been increased twenty-five per cent or more. Other prices will be falling. Any further important increase in rates under private management will be fairly out of the question. Meantime these increased rates are not producing net revenue sufficient to keep the roads in a solvent and progressive condition. Many items of operating expense will fall if prices in general fall; but the big item—and the cause of the larger part of the total increase in operating costs—is wages, and it is not likely that wages will fall.

The Government must practically guarantee a minimum return on the capital invested; but a minimum return will not solve the problem. That only means keeping the roads from going backward. The exigent problem before private management will be to reduce operating expenses to the last possible penny without impairing efficiency.

All the best railroad talent in the country should be studying that problem now as never before. When private management takes the roads in hand again it should be able to say, with complete assurance, that there is not a superfluous ounce of fat on them.

LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE soul of journalism is disinterestedness. But neither as a principle nor an asset had this been generally discovered fifty years ago. Most of my younger life I was accused of ulterior motives of political ambition, whereas I had seen too much of preferment not to abhor it. To me, as to my father, office has seemed ever a badge of servitude. For a long time, indeed, I nursed the delusions of the ideal. The love of the ideal has not in my old age quite deserted me. But I have seen the claim of it so much abused that when a public man calls it for a witness I begin to suspect his sincerity.

A virile old friend of mine—who lived in Texas, though he went there from Rhode Island—used to declare with sententious emphasis that war is the state of man. "Sir," he was wont to observe, addressing me as if I were personally accountable, "you are emasculating the human species. You are changing men into women and women into men. You are teaching everybody to read, nobody to think; and do you know where you will end, sir? Extermination, sir—extermination! On the north side of the North Pole there is another world peopled by giants; ten thousand millions at the very least; every giant of them a hundred feet high. Now about the time you have reduced your universe to complete effeminacy some fool with a pickax will break through the thin partition—the mere ice curtain—separating these giants from us, and then they will sweep through and swoop down and swallow you, sir, and the likes of you, with your topsy-turvy civilization, your boasted literature and science and art!"

This old friend of mine had a sure recipe for success in public life. "Whenever you get up to make a speech," said he, "begin by proclaiming yourself the purest, the most disinterested of living men, and end by intimating that you are the bravest"; and then with the charming inconsistency of the dreamer he would add: "If there be anything on this earth that I despise it is bluster."

Decidedly he was not a disciple of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Yet he, too, in his way was an idealist, and for all his oddity a man of intellectual integrity, a trifle exaggerated perhaps in its methods and illustrations, but true to his convictions of right and duty, as Emerson would have had him be. For was it not Emerson who exclaimed, "We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds"?

II

IN SPITE of our good Woodrow and our lamented Theodore I have quite made up my mind that there is no such thing as the ideal in public life, construing public life to refer to political transactions. The ideal may exist in art and letters, and sometimes very young men imagine that it exists in very young women. But here we must draw the line. As society is constituted the ideal has no place, not even standing room, in the arena of civics.

If we would make a place for it we must begin by realizing this. The painter, like the lover, is a law unto himself, with his little picture—the poet, also, with his little rime—his atelier, his universe, his attic, his field of battle—his weapons the utensils of his craft—he himself his own Providence. It is not so in the world of action, where the conditions are directly reversed; where the one player contends against many players, seen and unseen; where each move is met by some counter-move; where the finest touches are often unnoted of men or rudely blotted out by a mysterious hand stretched forth from the darkness.

"I wish I could be as sure of anything," said Melbourne, "as Tom Macaulay is of everything." Melbourne was a man of affairs, Macaulay a man of books; and so throughout the story the men of action have been fatalists, from Cæsar to Napoleon and Bismarck, nothing certain except the invisible player behind the screen.

Of all human contrivances the most imperfect is government. In spite of the essays of Bentham and Mill the science of government has yet to be discovered. The ideal statesman can only exist in the ideal state, which has never existed.

The politician, like the poor, we have always with us. As long as men delegate to other men the function of acting for them, of thinking for them, we shall continue to have him.

He is a variable quantity. In the crowded centers his distinguishing marks are short hair and cunning; upon the frontier, sentiment and the six-shooter! In New York he becomes a boss; in Kentucky and Texas, an orator. But the statesman—the ideal statesman—in the mind's eye, Horatio! Bound by practical limitations such an anomaly would be a statesman lacking a party, a statesman who never gets any votes or anywhere—a statesman perpetually out of a job. We have had some imitation ideal statesmen who have been more or less successful in palming off their pinchbeck jewels for the real; but looking backward over the history of the country we shall find the greatest among our public men—measuring greatness by eminent service—to have been while they lived least regarded as ideals; for they were men of flesh and blood, who amid the rush of events and the calls to duty could not stop to paint pictures, to consider sensibilities, to put forth the deft hand where life and death hung upon the stroke of a bludgeon or the swinging of a club.

Washington was not an ideal statesman, nor Hamilton, nor Jefferson, nor Lincoln, though each of them conceived grandly and executed nobly. They loved truth for truth's sake, even as they loved their country. Yet no one of them ever quite attained his conception of it.

Truth indeed is ideal. But when we come to adapt and apply it, how many faces it shows us, what varying aspects, so that he is fortunate who is able to catch and hold a single fleeting expression. To bridle this and saddle it, and, as we say in Kentucky, to ride it a turn or two around the paddock or, still better, down the home-stretch of things accomplished is another matter. The real statesman must often do as he can, not as he would; the ideal statesman existing only in the credulity of those simple souls who are captivated by appearances or deceived by professions.

The nearest approach to the ideal statesman I have known was most grossly stigmatized while he lived. I have Mr. Tilden in mind. If ever man pursued an ideal life he did. From youth to age he dwelt amid his fancies. He was truly a man of the world among men of letters and a man of letters among men of the world. A philosopher pure and simple—a lover of books, of pictures, of all things beautiful and elevating—he yet attained great riches, and being a doctrinaire and having a passion for affairs he was able to gratify the aspirations to eminence and the yearning to be of service to the state which had filled his heart.

He seemed a medley of contradiction. Without the artifices usual to the practical politician he gradually rose to be a power in his party; thence to become the leader of a vast following, his name a shibboleth to millions of his countrymen, who enthusiastically supported him and who believed that he was elected Chief Magistrate of the United States. He was an idealist; he lost the White House because he was so, though represented while he lived by his enemies as a scheming spider weaving his web amid the coil of mystification in which he hid himself. For he was personally known to few in the city where he had made his abode; a great lawyer and jurist who rarely appeared in court; a great political leader to whom the hustings were mainly a stranger; a thinker, and yet a dreamer, who lived his own life a little apart, as a poet might; uncorrupting and incorruptible; least of all his political companions moved by the loss of the Presidency, which had seemed in his grasp. And finally he died—though a master of legal lore—to have his last will and testament successfully assailed.

Except as news venders the newspapers—especially newspaper workers—should give politics a wide berth. Certainly they should have no party politics. True to say, journalism and literature and politics are as wide apart as the poles. From Bolingbroke, the most splendid of the world's failures, to Thackeray, one of its greatest masters of letters—who happily did not get the chance he sought in parliamentary life to fall—both English history and American history are full of illustrations to this effect. Except in the comic opera of French politics

"The Gentleman Will Take His Seat," I Answered. "No Point of Order is in Order When a Lady Has the Floor"

the poet, the artist, invested with power, seems to lose his efficiency in the ratio of his genius; the literary gift, instead of aiding, actually antagonizes the aptitude for public business.

The statesman may not be fastidious. The poet, the artist, must be always so. If the party leader preserve his integrity—if he keep himself disinterested and clean—if his public influence be inspiring to his countrymen and his private influence obstructive of cheats and rogues among his adherents—he will have done well.

We have left behind us the gibbet and the stake. No further need of the Voltaires, the Rousseaus and the Diderots to declaim against kingcraft and priestcraft. We have done something more than mark time. We report progress. Yet despite the miracles of modern invention how far in the arts of government has the world traveled from darkness to light since the old tribal days, and what has it learned except to enlarge the area, to amplify and augment the agencies, to multiply and complicate the forms and processes of corruption? By corruption I mean the dishonest advantage of the few over the many.

The dreams of yesterday, we are told, become the realities of to-morrow. In these despites I am an optimist. Much truly there needs still to be learned, much to be unlearned. Advanced as we consider ourselves we are yet a long ways from the most rudimentary perception of the civilization we are so fond of parading. The eternal verities—where shall we seek them? Little in religious affairs, less still in commercial affairs, hardly any at all in political affairs, that being right which represents each organism. Still we progress. The pulpit begins to turn from the sinister visage of theology and to teach the simple lessons of Christ and Him crucified. The press, which used to be omniscient, is now only indiscriminate—a clear gain, emitting by force of publicity, if not of shine, a kind of light through whose diverse rays and foggy luster we may now and then get a glimpse of truth.

"II

THE time is coming, if it has not already arrived, when among fair-minded and intelligent Americans there will not be two opinions touching the Hayes-Tilden contest for the Presidency in 1876–77—that both by the popular vote and a fair count of the electoral vote Tilden was elected and Hayes was defeated; but the whole truth underlying the determinate incidents which led to the rejection of Tilden and the seating of Hayes will never be known.

"All history is a lie," observed Sir Robert Walpole, the corruptionist, mindful of what was likely to be written about himself; and "What is history," asked Napoleon, the conqueror, "but a fable agreed upon?"

In the first administration of Mr. Cleveland there were present at a dinner table in Washington, the President being of the party, two leading Democrats and two leading Republicans who had sustained confidential relations to the principals and played important parts in the drama of the Disputed Succession. These latter had been long upon terms of personal intimacy. The occasion was informal and joyous, the good fellowship of the heartiest.

Inevitably the conversation drifted to the Electoral Commission, which had counted Tilden out and Hayes in, and of which each of the four had some story to tell. Beginning in banter with interchanges of badinage it presently fell into reminiscence, deepening as the interest of the listeners rose to what under different conditions might have been described as unguarded gayety if not imprudent garrulity. The little audience was rapt.

Finally Mr. Cleveland raised both hands and exclaimed, "What would the people of this country think if the roof could be lifted from this house and they could hear these men!" And then one of the four, a gentleman noted for his wealth both of money and humor, replied, "But the roof is not going to be lifted from this house, and if anyone repeats what I have said I will denounce him as a liar."

Once in a while the world is startled by some revelation of the unknown which alters the estimate of a historic event or figure; but it is measurably true, as Metternich declares, that those who make history rarely have time to write it.

It is not my wish in recurring to the events of five-and-thirty years ago to invoke and awaken any of the passions of that time, nor my purpose to assail the character or motives of any of the leading actors. Most of them, including the principals, I knew well; to many of their secrets I was privy. As I was serving, in a sense, as Mr. Tilden's personal representative in the Lower House of the Forty-fourth Congress, and as a member of the joint Democratic Advisory or Steering Committee of the two Houses, all that passed came more or less, if not under my supervision, yet to my knowledge; and long ago I resolved that certain matters should remain a sealed book in my memory.

I make no issue of veracity with the living; the dead should be sacred. The contradictory promptings, not always crooked; the double constructions possible to men's actions; the intermingling of ambition and patriotism beneath the lash of party spirit; often wrong unconscious of itself; sometimes equivocation deceiving itself—in short, the tangled web of good and ill inseparable from great affairs of loss and gain made debatable ground for every step of the Hayes-Tilden proceeding.

I shall bear sure testimony to the integrity of Mr. Tilden. I directly know that the Presidency was offered to him for a price, and that he refused it; and I indirectly know and believe that two other offers came to him, which also he declined. The accusations that he was willing to buy, and through the cipher dispatches and other ways tried to buy, rest upon appearance supporting mistaken surmise. Mr. Tilden knew nothing of the cipher dispatches until they appeared in the New York Tribune. Neither did Mr. George W. Smith, his private secretary, and later one of the trustees of his will.

It should be sufficient to say that so far as they involved No. 15 Gramercy Park they were the work solely of Colonel Pelton, acting on his own responsibility, and as Mr. Tilden's nephew exceeding his authority to act; that it later developed that during this period Colonel Pelton had not been in his perfect mind, but was at least semi-irresponsible; and that on two occasions when the vote or votes sought seemed within reach Mr. Tilden interposed to forbid. Directly and personally I know this to be true.

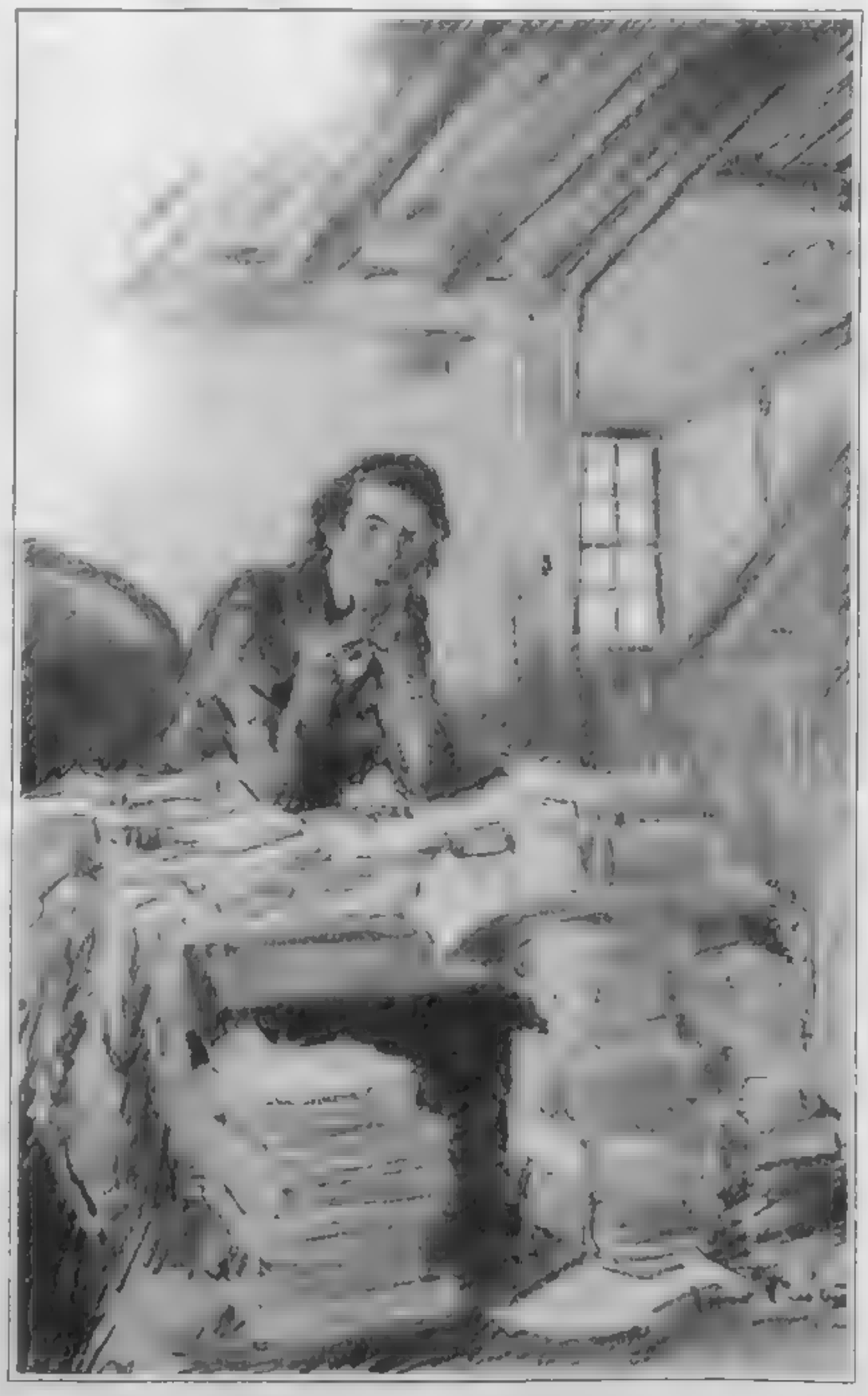
The price, at least in patronage, which the Republicans actually paid for possession is of public record. Yet I not only do not question the integrity of Mr. Hayes but I believe him and most of those immediately about him to have been high-minded men who thought they were doing for the best in a situation unparalleled and beset with perplexity. What they did tends to show that men will do for party and in concert what the same men never would be willing to do each on his own responsibility. In his Life of Samuel J. Tilden, John Bigelow says:

"Why persons occupying the most exalted positions should have ventured to compromise their reputations by this deliberate consummation of a series of crimes which struck at the very foundations of the republic is a question which still puzzles many of all parties who have no charity for the crimes themselves. I have already referred to the terrors and desperation with which the prospect of Tilden's election inspired the great army of officeholders at the close of Grant's administration. That army, numerous and formidable as it was, was comparatively limited. There was a much larger and justly influential class who were apprehensive that the return of the Democratic Party to power threatened a reactionary policy at Washington, to the undoing of some or all the important results of the war. These apprehensions were inflamed by the party press until they were confined to no class, but more or less pervaded all the Northern States. The Electoral Tribunal, consisting mainly of men appointed to their positions by Republican Presidents or elected from strong Republican states, felt the pressure of this feeling, and from motives compounded in more or less varying proportions of dread of the Democrats, personal ambition, zeal for their party and respect for their constituents reached the conclusion that the exclusion of Tilden from the White House was an end which justified whatever means were necessary to accomplish it. They regarded it, like the emancipation of the slaves, as a war measure."

The nomination of Horace Greeley in 1872 and the overwhelming defeat that followed left the Democratic Party in an abyss of despair. The old Whig Party, after the disaster that overtook it in 1852, had been not more demoralized. Yet in the general elections of 1874 the Democrats swept the country, carrying many Northern States and sending a great majority to the Forty-fourth Congress.

Reconstruction was breaking down of its very weight and rottenness. The panic of 1873 reacted against the party in power. Dissatisfaction with Grant, which had not sufficed two years before to displace him, was growing apace. Favoritism bred corruption, and corruption grew more and more defiant. Succeeding scandals cast their shadows before. Chickens of carpetbaggery let loose upon the South were coming home to roost at the North. There appeared everywhere a noticeable subsidence of the sectional spirit. Reform was needed alike in the state governments and the national Government, and the cry for reform proved something other than an idle word. All things made for Democracy.

Yet there were many and serious handicaps. The light and leading of the historic Democratic Party which had issued from the South were in obscurity and abeyance, while most of those surviving who had been distinguished in the party conduct and counsels were disabled by act of Congress. Of the few prominent Democrats left at the North many were tainted by what was called Copperheadism—sympathy with the Confederacy. To find a chieftain wholly free from this contamination, Democracy, having failed of success in Presidential campaigns not only with Greeley but with McClellan and Seymour, was turning to such Republicans as Chase, Field and Davis. At last heaven seemed to smile from the clouds upon the disordered ranks and to summon thence a man meeting the requirements of the time. This was Samuel Jones Tilden.



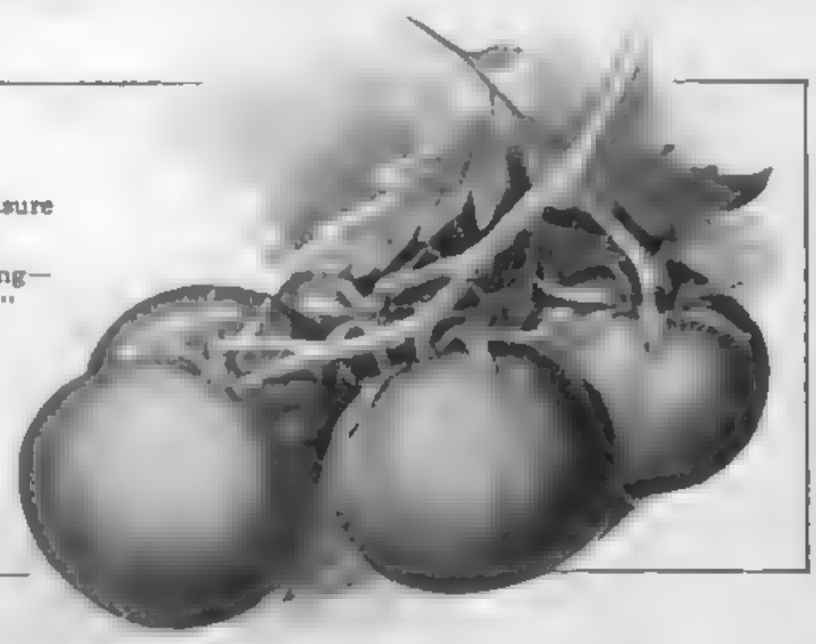
The Painter, Like the Lover, Is a Law Unto Himself. With His Little Picture—the Poet Also With His Little Rime

To his familiars Mr. Tilden was a dear old bachelor who lived in a fine old mansion in Gramercy Park. Though sixty years of age he seemed in the prime of his manhood; a genial and overflowing scholar; a trained and earnest doctrinaire; a public-spirited, patriotic citizen, well known and highly esteemed, who had made fame and fortune at the bar and had always been interested in public affairs. He was a dreamer with a genius for business, a philosopher yet an organizer. He pursued the tenor of his life with measured tread.

His domestic fabric was disfigured by none of the isolation and squalor which so often attend the confirmed celibate. His home life was a model of order and decorum, his home as unchallenged as a bishopric, its hospitality,

(Continued on Page 56)

"Double good measure of vigor and pleasure
In Campbell's "Tomato" you find!
Sustaining, inviting, all critics delighting—
It strengthens both body and mind."



You get double quantity and double value

Every can of Campbell's Soup gives you double the quantity of satisfying soup. And every spoonful is nourishing food.

When you consider the quantity, the quality, the beneficial effect on digestion and health—you'll say there is no better food-value on the market than

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It has an energy value of its own.

In the ripe red Jersey tomato nature blends tonic acids, sugars, organic salts which strengthen digestion and aid the body processes of nutrition. In this wholesome soup these valuable properties are combined with other sustaining materials, so that it is distinctly nutritious as well as tempting.

Served as a Cream of Tomato it yields fifty per cent more energy than milk.

Beside its own nutritious qualities, its influence on digestion makes other food yield more nutriment.

This fact makes it an important feature of the meal, an important means of health and good condition. There could be no value more vital than this.

Order this appetizing soup from your grocer by the dozen or more, and have it right at hand.

Vegetable-Beef Soup—a new Campbell kind

Delicious vegetables and selected beef combined with a rich stock, making a soup remarkably hearty and substantial. A meal in itself. Try it.

21 kinds **12c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

THE INVISIBLE PYRAMID

By MILDRED CRAM

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL STAHR

CLARICE HAYES woke one morning at ten o'clock. The pink-and-white bedroom was dark. Outside, in the depths of the apartment-house well, a disillusioned negro janitor was tossing ash cans

Another day.

Clarice turned over, rose on one pointed elbow, pounded the heap of embroidered baby pillows which had supported her aching head, kicked off the pink satin coverlet and groaned. The telephone was ringing, buzzing like a trapped beetle beneath its lace-and-satin disguise.

"Shut up!" Clarice said feebly. Then she reached out and brought the swaddled offender to the bedside.

"Hello! Who is't? . . . Hello, Hazel. . . . What's that? . . . Home? Who told you so? . . . To-morrow? Oh!"

Suddenly she clapped the receiver into its hook and sat up in bed, clasping her arms round her knees and burying her face in them. Her pet dog, a weak-eyed spaniel with a crushed nose, trotted into the room, sat down dejectedly and began to whine.

"You Don't Have to Come. I'll Send You Enough to Get Along On"

Harry was coming home. Harry Hayes, the best husband a woman ever had—generous, indulgent, devoted. Clarice raised her head and stared at Toto, her pale-blue eyes almost as lachrymose as the dog's.

"Harry's coming," she said. "Oh, the wonderful old slob!" She got out of bed and gave Toto a gentle kick with the tips of her toes. "Now run along into the kitchen, Toto-Woto; mamma's going to dress. And stop howling for breakfast. Run along now; there's a good baby."

Toto ran, his plumed tail hanging dejectedly, his claws rattling against the hardwood floors. He retreated to the kitchenette and cowered forlornly beneath the ice box with his tearful gaze on the door. Clarice switched on all the pale-pink lights and contemplated herself in the triple mirror of her real bird's-eye-maple dressing table.

"Gee," she whispered, "you look like a hag!"

She didn't—not quite. Clarice was twenty-five officially, and thirty-one in the privacy of her own soul. She was pale, blond, fragile, almost pretty in the deep-rose glow of the shaded electricity. Sunshine might have told a different story.

"He's coming home," she said, "and I look like a hag. I'll get a wave and a manicure. That hat I saw at Claire's. Some sleep to-night. I'll phone George. Guess I've been dancing too much."

She stayed a long time in the tub, thinking, enjoying the strong fragrance of bath salts and scented soap. Harry was coming home. Hazel had heard. Why hadn't he written his wife instead of his old-maid sister? Wanted to surprise her, she guessed. That was like Harry—always up to tricks. Nothing could change him—not even war. No one had ever tripped Harry. She remembered the day they "got" him—that little card and the summons. Harry had read it aloud to her at the breakfast table.

"Well, I guess I'm stung."

She had laughed. "You! They'll never take you. You can't live in the open air. What d'they want of a dance artist? You make me laugh."

Harry had said nothing. Before he went out he wiped the talcum powder off his cheeks, rubbing his slim white fingers over the long line of his jaw as if he wanted to erase something else—his tango smile, perhaps. Clarice laughed at him again. Then her eyes had softened.

"You're thin, Harry," she said, "but you've got a grand figure. No wonder the women are crazy about you."

A month later he was gone. His job at Churcham's had been handed over to a younger man, a slim little Argentinian with tiny feet and coal-black eyes. The women who rustled into Churcham's at tea time—middle-aged ladies in kolinsky capes, pale girls expensively dressed, empty-eyed devotees of the expiring cult of the dance—looked in vain for Harry Hayes, the tall, inscrutable, blue-jawed, fabulously elegant "professional." The draft had got him, they said, as if Harry had been legally murdered by an unscrupulous government. War? War didn't exist in Churcham's. Waiters scurried between the close-packed tables, bearing trays full of bottles and glasses. The air was perfumed, heavy with dust and cigarette smoke and many breaths. On the polished square of the dancing floor the stone-eyed Argentinian one-stepped, tangoed, waltzed, drifting up and down like a sweet-smiling faun. The orchestra thumped and gurgled. The crowd laughed or sat silent, inert, expressionless.

Harry Hayes had gone. He left his wife all the money he had.

"Take care of yourself," he told Clarice. "Treat yourself right. I'll be home before long; maybe before the damned Army's through with me. I'm going because I've got to."

The last she saw of him he was tramping away with an awkward squad of rookies, carrying his suitcase, still wearing his elegant high-waisted belted overcoat, a mauve silk muffler and patent-leather shoes with suède tops. He blinked in the strong spring sunlight. Harry Hayes was cellar-born and cabaret-bred; he was a Broadway hot-house plant, colorless as a fern that grows in the dark, graceful as a woman, vain and spoiled. He never went to bed before three or woke before noon. He drank without enthusiasm, as he breathed. Women, in his opinion, were sloths and parasites. His only conception of pleasure was to do someone—not an easy accomplishment in a world of wise citizens. His ambition was to star in comic opera, the center of a blinding spotlight which would follow his faultless grace to the tumultuous applause of swell New York. He was crafty, suspicious and stupid. But he had one virtue—he spent every cent he earned as he mounted the slippery ladder from a Tenth Avenue dance hall to the gilded luxury of Churcham's. Mostly it had been spent on the fragile Clarice.

She got out of the tub, stepped into a pair of pink satin mules, wrapped herself in a fourteen-ninety-eight negligée and clattered into the kitchenette. Toto's tail flapped morosely in greeting.

"Was mamma's tootum hungry? Bad mamma. Its daddy's coming home from the bad old war. Here's some nice canned salmon for the baby."

The baby sniffed, wept and crouched to eat, its pink ribbon bow very much askew. Clarice ate daintily from the ice chest—a coffee roll, a glass of beer and some cheese. Then she went back to the deep-pink glow of the bedroom and dressed. Clarice had her daily schedule; it had not changed for twelve years. She belonged to the aristocracy of idleness. She sewed not, neither did she spin.

At noon, when the factory whistles were greeting the sun at the zenith, a casual negress came to dust and sweep. Principally she talked, leaning on the broom, while Clarice creamed, powdered, rouged, brushed, polished and clothed herself before the triple mirror. Toto, greatly crestfallen, was given to the hall boy and exercised before the flamboyant portals of Highridge Hall, upper Broadway, taking his precarious breath of freedom surrounded by howling children on roller skates, baby carriages, hoops and hurtling ash cans.

At two o'clock Clarice was ready. She paused to tell the hall boy that Mr. Hayes was coming home, kindling an Ethiopian smile for her pains. Then she went downtown. In the booth of a Broadway hotel she telephoned George.

"Not to-night. Honest. Harry's coming home." Inwardly she was tired, but she smirked into the receiver, making her eyes sparkle. "Go on—you'll find someone else. I'm an old lady. . . . Honest. . . . Don't let Harry catch you sayin' that."

She went out into the crowded street, undulating, her skirt very tight, her spats very white. Her nose was Alpine under its mantle of powder. She wore—oh, poetry of Manhattan!—a leopard-skin coat. The price of it had left a microscopic balance in the bank, but Clarice had not worried about that—money was easy. There were ways, known to her kind, to live on nothing—credit, installments, borrowing, moving from apartment house to apartment house, leaving a succession of mystified butchers and bakers. The coat gave her a sense of luxurious well-being; she liked the feeling of the silky fur, the warm collar turned up round her face, the jaunty swing of the unbelted back. She went into a hairdressing shop, into an atmosphere warm and cloying, flavored with brilliantine and singed tresses. Before a mirror framed by lights she was waved by an animated Frenchman with smooth fat hands, very deft, very mannered. He talked to Clarice while he rattled the hot irons and inserted them beneath the thin, faded gold strands of her hair. He said things that were expected of him—she was growing much more *jolie* all the time, so young, so very *chic!* Clarice listened, staring into the mirror with pale-blue eyes.

"I want it high, like Ferguson's—you know."

"I know, madame."

(Continued on Page 30)

Spoke Maryland to Oregon

"YES, Oregon, as I eat your apples and salmon, and build with your lumber, I often think how fine it must be way out there with lots of virgin land. Life must be simple and big, good friend!"

"Bigness is of many kinds," said Oregon as the two lit OWL Cigars. "Why, you're a self-made giant, Maryland, with your big manufacturing plants. And you're some little grower of garden stuffs, too—with all the canned tomatoes, corn and peas that leave your doors."

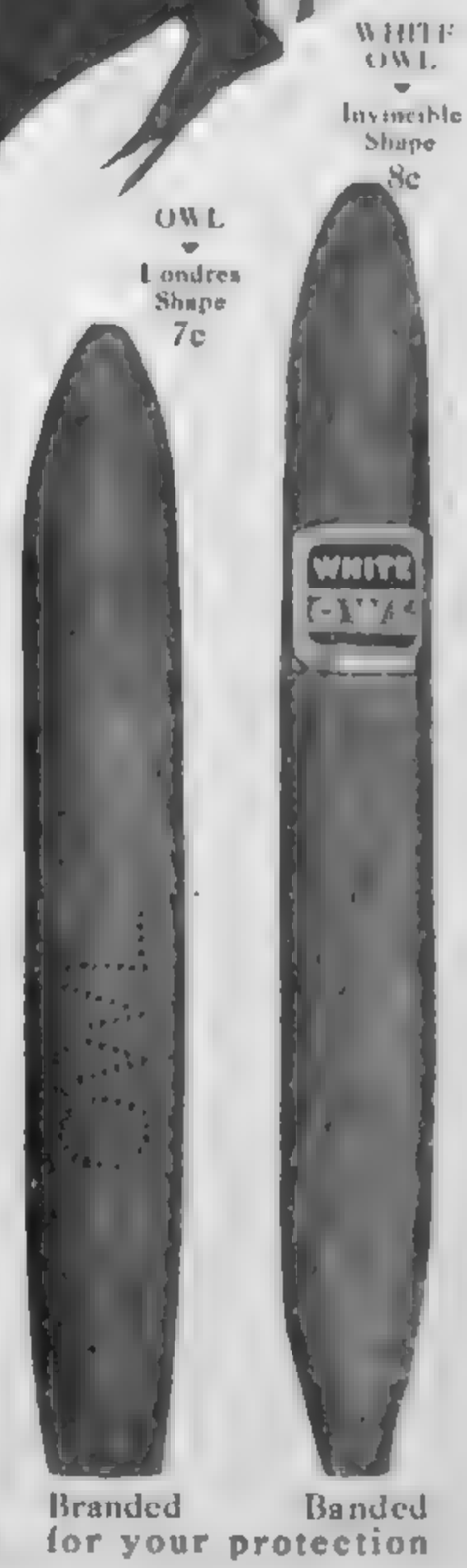
T T T

OWL and WHITE OWL are highly popular in Maryland and Oregon and every state between. Try OWL or WHITE OWL—either or both—they're very apt to be exactly the kind of cigars you want!—*So dependable*.

DEALERS:

If your distributor does not sell these dependable cigars, write us. GENERAL CIGAR CO., INC., 119 West 40th Street, New York City

TWO DEPENDABLE CIGARS



OWL 7c white OWL 8c

(Continued from Page 28)

"Now be sure not to show my ears!"

"No, madame."

Finally it was done, a structure held in place by a myriad invisible hairpins, scented with heliotrope brilliantine, and finally, for safe-keeping, caught and preserved behind a net. Then Clarice surrendered her hands to a girl, who cut and buffed and tinted them. All the while she thought of Harry—not what had happened to him, what he had thought, suffered, conquered; but whether or not he had been true to her, how he looked, whether Churcham's would take him back again. Perhaps he had picked up some new dances in Paris.

Clarice glanced at her hands and smiled. The nails were rosy pink, shining like celluloid and very pointed. On the first finger of the right hand a large diamond ring sparkled with a sort of conscious ostentation—it was more than a diamond; it was an advertisement of prosperity.

She walked northward again to Churcham's and invaded the manager's office. It was four o'clock and Clarice was beginning to come to life; she was never quite awake until sunset. She brought into the manager's office an air of scented and powdered well-being, a fixed smile which meant "I have money in the bank. Don't try to patronize me." And the manager, who understood this unspoken language of the Rialto, guessed shrewdly that Mrs. Hayes had about fifty dollars in the world and that she intended to ask a favor of him. He leaned back in his chair, shifted his cigar slightly, closed his eyes and grunted.

"Harry's coming home," she said. "He made a hit in Paris."

"With who? Pershing?"

Clarice laughed, and a sudden sharp fear pierced her heart like a pain. "I guess you'll be glad to have him back, Mr. Cohen."

"I dunno. The women aren't dancing so much since the war."

"You're joking."

"Ask anyone! That Wop from Argentine has been twiddling his thumbs for a month."

"The war's over."

"Yeh." He opened his eyes and glanced at her shrewdly. "And living has begun. Perhaps you don't get me. It's this: There won't be any more tango teas. That was part of our trouble. Well, it's cured—or almost. If you love Harry Hayes, Clarice, you'll shoot him dead before you let him come back here."

Clarice went out again into the late-afternoon brilliance of Broadway. Harry not dance! The poor old fool! A blazing movie house swallowed her, and faithful to her daily rites she sat through an hour of animated photography. Bill Hart. The plains. The sweeping, rhythmic lines of galloping horses. Great white clouds and mountains swimming in light. She watched, and was stirred; perhaps because there was a vague fear in her heart—fear that Harry might be different when he came back. Like that man on the screen, perhaps—rough and decent. Not Harry! He couldn't be like that! She remembered his white hands, his smooth-shaven powdered cheeks, the fixed tango smile which had worn little creases at the corners of his mouth, his blue-black hair, polished like a patent-leather shoe, his elegance, his melting eyes, the big gold ring on his little finger. She remembered how he used to look at women—old women, young women—with a sidelong look. She remembered how she had hated watching his white hand on their backs as they danced, the way his sleek head bent down to theirs. She remembered how he used to handle their purses, their muffs, their fans, with little delicate touches that were like caresses.

The orchestra crashed. Bill Hart dashed out of the picture into a sunset sky, holding a girl on his saddle. The vision faded. A tenor sang Pal o' Mine in a thin falsetto. Then war pictures—big guns with belching snouts, explosions, black blots against a torn sky, men sweating, suffering, laughing, dying. A flag. More men, marching before a general standing immovable, like a statue, his hand to his cap. More guns. Wheat fields lashed with invisible steel tongues, darting, burning, killing. A broken roof.

Clarice got up, grabbing her fur coat and hat, and plowed her way to the aisle. "Oh!" she said under her breath. "Oh! The war's over! Why do they keep on showing us ——"

She steadied herself by powdering her nose before a mirror at the back of the theater. Her cheeks were burning and she knew that she was pretty, pretty enough to ride on a man's saddle into a sunset sky—as pretty as Bill Hart's leading lady.

She went out into Broadway again with shining eyes. It was dark. She drifted downtown, catching the glances that were thrown at her with a skillful impersonality. Suddenly she was quite happy. She liked the very pavement of that familiar street; she liked the flashing, bursting electric signs, the crowded trolleys, the procession of taxicabs, the theater lobbies, the neat, powdered, hurrying chorus girls. Warmth. People. It was all she cared for, all she knew. It was life. She went into a hotel and sank into an upholstered chair in the long narrow lobby, swinging one white-spatted foot with careless indifference. Sitting there she watched the crowd and was covertly watched by several restless, eager gentlemen who paced the lobby like caged hyenas. She stared at the women's clothes. Once, with a deep pang, she was envious of a sable coat which passed slowly, outward bound to a limousine. At half past six she stuffed herself into a Broadway car and went home. The daily rites were done; she had burned incense to the deity, the god Manhattan.

The hall boy grinned as he opened the elevator door. "Mistah Hayes upstairs," he said.

"You're crazy."

"No'm. He came in about foh o'clock. Got an awful cut on his cheek. Guess a German must have blimmed him. Yes'm."

Before her door she began to tremble. She did not ring the bell but fumbled blindly in the depths of her purse for the key. Then she waited, leaning against the wall, fighting for breath. Finally she opened the door.

Harry was sitting on the green velvet sofa in the parlor. Directly above his head a cluster of electric lights burned like calcium. She saw a scar on his cheek, fiery, crooked, disfiguring. She saw his eyes, not sleepy, but wide open, curiously penetrating. She saw his hands, hanging between his knees—brown, stiff, utterly transformed. He was thin, but somehow he bulked larger in that uniform.

"Hello," he said. And the smile he gave her was twisted.

"Harry!" She flung herself down beside him, put her arms round him, kissed him. "Hazel said to-morrow ——"

"We got in earlier."

"Why didn't you write me?"

She Remembered the Day They "Got" Him—That Little Card and the Summons

He touched the scar on his cheek. "I've been sick. Place called Noyon. I was there five weeks. They took out some of my face."

"How d'you think I look?"

"You? Great."

"Is that all? Can't you say something nice?"

"I've been hungry for you."

"That's better." She spied Toto crouching under the table, tears running down his crumpled nose. She picked him up and kissed him. "Did it see its daddy? Its daddy's home again. Kiss him, Toto-Woto."

Harry made a violent gesture. "Take him away! Put him somewhere before I throw him out of the window."

Clarice carried Toto into the bedroom and dumped him on the baby pillows. Then she switched on the lights and took off her hat, humming Smiles under her breath. Harry did not follow. In the sitting room there was absolute silence, as if the man in khaki had vanished. Clarice faltered, dabbed some powder on her nose and went hurriedly back. He was still there, staring straight in front of him with those curious wide-open eyes.

"What's the matter with you?" Clarice demanded. "You act like a funeral. A person'd think you weren't glad to get home. What's eating you? I kissed you, didn't I? I'm not kicking because your beauty's spoiled. I've been waiting, haven't I, while you sported round France doing as you pleased? A whole year. No one's askin' me how I got along, I notice. No one cares. I could've starved. Can't you say something?" she finished breathlessly.

Harry got up. Very deliberately he fished in his pocket for a box of cigarettes, took one out and lighted it. Clarice, watching him with fascinated eyes, saw the miracle that had been wrought. He had used to light a cigarette with a sort of dainty precision, flicking it against the palm of his white hand, puffing it with half-closed eyes, then quickly, with an impatient gesture, tossing the match away. Now he held the cigarette between thumb and first finger, turned inward against his palm. The match burned to his finger tips, then he let it drop, still lighted, to the floor.

"I'm telling you," he said.

"Well," Clarice remarked, suddenly afraid to look at him. "Shoot. I can stand a lot."

He told her—slowly, doggedly, fixing her with his unfamiliar eyes. His vernacular was strange to her ears, used to the patois of Churcham's and Tenth Avenue—words had crept into his vocabulary that she could not understand. The man sitting on the green velvet sofa was not Harry Hayes. The tango smile was gone—erased by that ugly scar. He no longer lounged, but sat heavily, immovable, like a creature made of stone. His patent-leather hair, shaven close to his poll, glittered no longer. He was an alien, a stranger—a being both formidable and mysterious. Something had happened to him; he was no longer hers.

Many things had happened to him. He tried desperately to describe the cataclysm. In camp he had been a conscientious trouble-maker. He had spent a good deal of time opposing discipline with all the obstinacy and cunning he possessed. It was the lieutenant he hated. One of those dudes. Fellow named Weyman from California. Rich. He had driven his men without mercy, night and day, week after week. He was never tired, even when his rookies staggered under the pace he set. One of those whippersnappers with cool eyes and a level voice. Harry thought that Weyman picked on him with special venom; he hated the lieutenant with slow helpless fury, hate that filled his lungs, pulsed in his veins, blinded him, sickened him. He was sore, bruised, utterly fagged, as if every muscle in his body had been snapped in two. He crawled into his blankets at night and whined like a dog that has been kicked.

Then one day he woke to a sense of power in himself. His languid body was reënforced with steel, flexible as bamboo, quick in response to the commands of his mind. The fever was gone. He could have broken the whippersnapper with his hands, but he didn't want to.

Clarice snickered. "Were you afraid of him?"

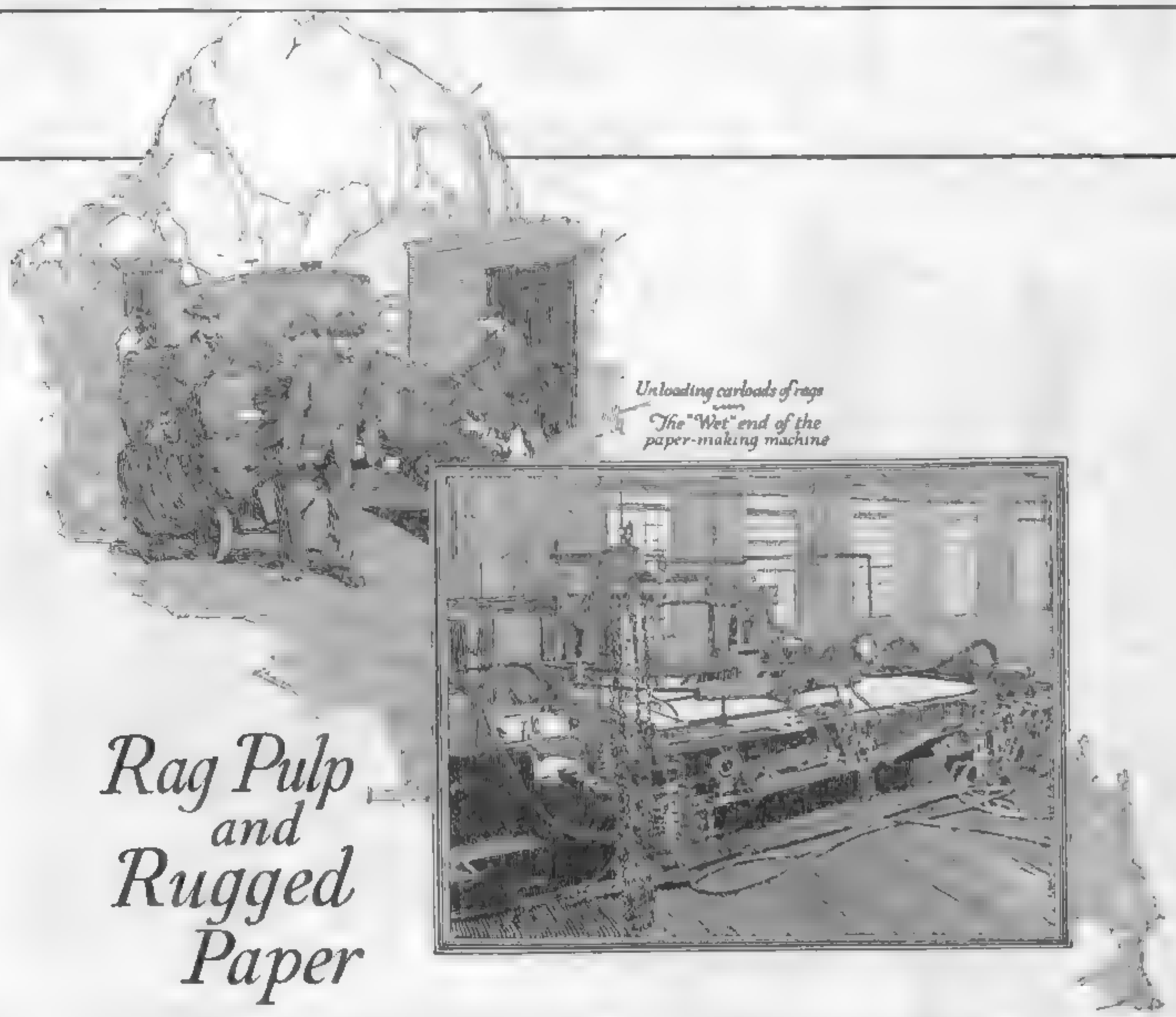
"No!" His answer frightened her into silence. "I was afraid of myself. D'you understand?"

She did not understand. She sat on the piano stool, one hand on her hip, the other smoothing the faultless waves of her Ferguson coiff, taking out and putting in the tiny invisible hairpins, patting the artful curls over her ears. Outwardly she listened. Inwardly she was sick with fear, a nameless sense of irreparable loss. What had happened to him?

He tried to make it clear. He had learned how to handle a rifle. He wanted praise from the whippersnapper—had waited for it like a dog waiting for a kind look. He got it when it was coming to him, when the job was done.

Weyman took them to France. There it was the same thing all over again—beating the body into a given mold—day after day, week after week, following that tireless, cool-eyed whippersnapper until the men dropped in their tracks and slept the sleep of the dead. Then Paris. Then a long hike toward the Front. More waiting. Then hell. Hell that Clarice would never know. Hell that had set Harry Hayes definitely apart, a being tortured, tried, consecrated. Weeks of it. Lying in wheat fields, flat on his belly. Fighting through tangled forests against a sleet of bullets and steel fragments. Swallowing gas. Being hungry and

(Continued on Page 82)



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VIVE LA BULL PEN

By W. R. HOEFER

He hasn't got no uniform;
He's just a poor recruit.
He calls the second looeys "Kid,"
And even can't salute
He cries for mamma all the time
And hollers for his chow,
But—
He's gonna get what's comin',
He's gonna get what's comin',
He's gonna get what's comin',
[illegible]
He's in the bull pen now.

MICKEY, the portly, rotund, jolly mess sergeant, mopped his dripping brow as he softly sang. It was a wicked day, the thermometer was close to 120 degrees and the heat from the two cookstoves made the bull-pen kitchen cruelly hot. Yet he cheerfully hustled about the kitchen inferno preparing mess for the eleven hundred new army recruits who had arrived in camp that morning.

The bull pen, as all army officials know, is really the Depot Brigade, the receiving station where the newest recruits spend their first few days in camp pending their examinations, personal interview and transfer to a permanent army unit. But the Depot Brigade, as all army privates know, is just the plain old bull pen. Its occupants are the jokes of the Army, the rawest kind of rookies, fresh—frequently exceedingly fresh—from civil life, still in civilian clothes and without the slightest knowledge of military routine. Flynn, the Military Police, who had stepped into the kitchen for a cool drink, drained his glass of limeade, wiped his mouth with the sleeve of his khaki blouse and grinned broadly.

"I see you got about a thousand more of them civilians chucked in on you, hey?" said he. "They're some warm bunch of babies, too, I'll say. I see one bird salute Captain Clark with his left hand; and another bloke, in a checked suit and a gray derby hat, calls old Colonel Hengler 'Hey, old sport,' and bums him for a cigarette. Part of 'em come down from New York, and they're some fresh crazy flock of civilians, I'll tell the world. They don't know no more about army etiquette 'n a catfish knows about crocheting sweaters, and they think reveille and taps 're something to eat. I see one fresh guy ask Major Jennings to help him put up his tent, and then just to prove he's ackchully a real, honest-to-goodness army guy he pulls a nice snappy salute on a Y secretary. Why dontcha get a transfer to a regular outfit, Mickey?"

"I'll stick to the old bull pen," answered the big mess sergeant.

He gazed out over the bull pen, a sizzling desert of white tents, white sand and white sun, with its hundreds of rookies toiling or resting in the intense heat, tired, perspiring and uncomfortable looking, and yet for the most part full of a naive enthusiasm; and he smiled.

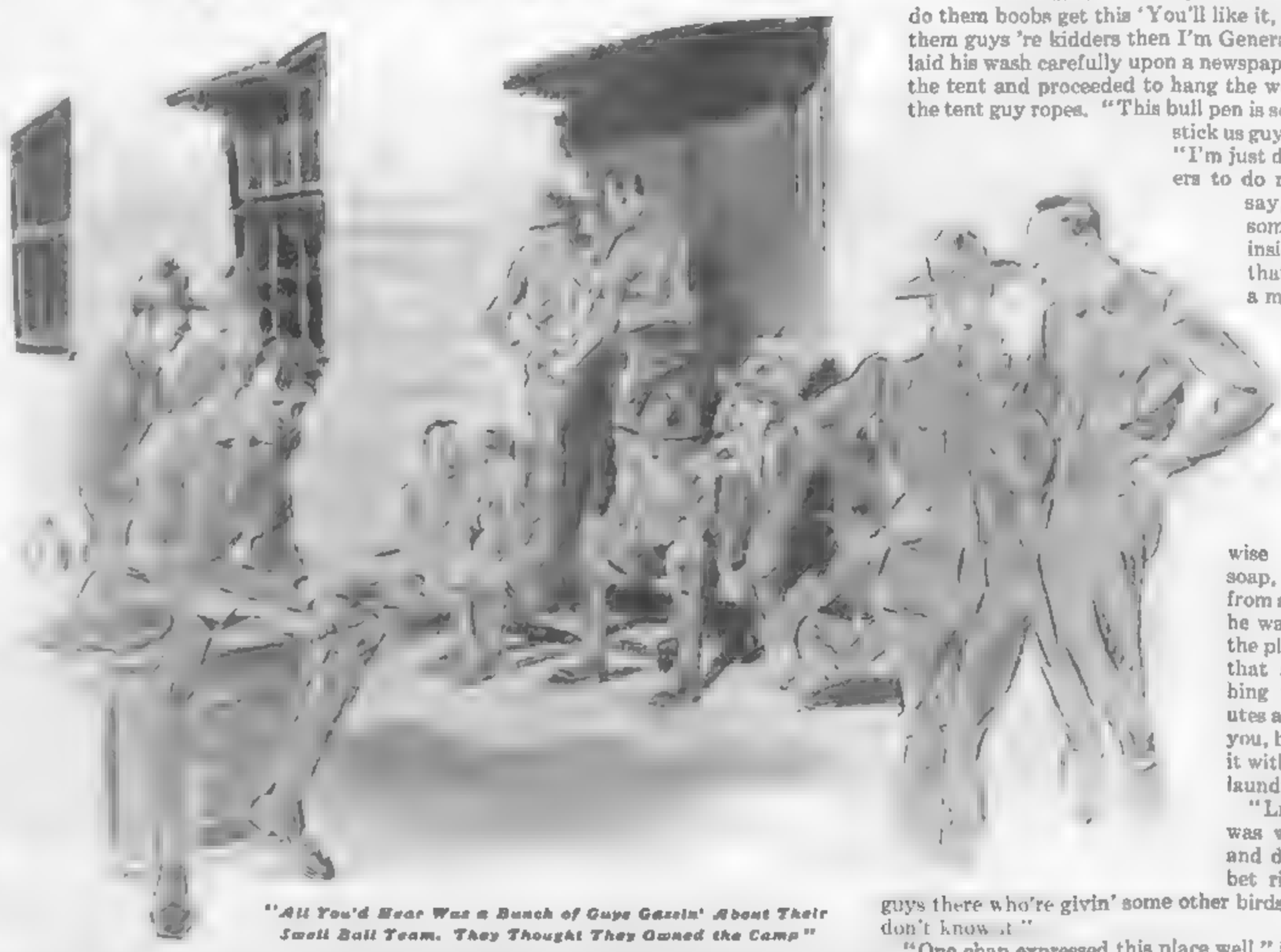
"Joe," said he, "you heard tell of this here melting pot, where the Dagos an' Jews an' Irish an' Armenians an' English an' Russians an' Scotch an' Finns come in an' get all melted up into good Americans? Well, the old bull pen is the meltin' pot of the camp."

"It's a melting pot, I'll say. It's so dog-gone hot here that this Hades place would make a nice cool summer resort after being here," said the M. P. "The bull pen's a wart on the face of this camp."

"The bull pen is like this here hash I'm makin'," said the rotund mess sergeant with dignity. "Everything goes into it. There's bankers an' farmers an' lawyers an' plumbers an' doctors an' hash slingers an' artists an' bricklayers an' opera singers an' ball players an' ribbon clerks an' prize fighters an' actors in it. An' it's like one of them rummage sales.

"You can get anything out of it. Them boys 're gonna be majors an' K. P.'s an' corporals an' sergeants an' second lieutenants an' everything. You can even get mess sergeants an' M. P.'s out of it right now."

"And I can also get some lads from there right now that'd fit pretty nice in the guardhouse," retorted the M. P.



"All You'd Hear Was a Bunch of Guys Gassin' About Their Swell Ball Team. They Thought They Owned the Camp"

"Well, as I said, you can always get anything you want outa the old bull pen," said Mickey; "an' don't you forget it."

"I won't," flung back the M. P. as he was leaving. "I might want a coupla good lawyers to clean out the guardhouse or a coupla high-class bankers to manicure my horse."

The rookies, meanwhile, were absorbing their usual meed of joking and ridicule. Every passing uniformed mortal seemed possessed of a mad unreasoning mirth which was expressed in various ways. Officers politely smiled or rudely grinned at the toiling rookies. Noncoms gave vent to boisterous laughter or indelicate comment, and plain buck privates, many of them not long removed from a like situation themselves, stopped to release jubilant gibes and proffer sarcastic advice. And the phrase "You'll like it, buddy," was the burden of the jokers' refrain.

"You'll like it," chorused the remount boys as they spied a batch of perspiring rookies struggling with a tent. "You'll like it, buddy," sang the motor-truck contingent as the bull-pen recruits wrestled and struggled at grubbing stumps. "You'll like it, fellows," sang the gang from the barracks as they stopped to watch the ten greasy wights scrubbing the big G. I. cans in the hot sand under the boiling sun on their turn at Kitchen Police. "You'll like it. Where yo'-all from?" shouted each heavily loaded outfit of overseas lads, marching at route step on their way in from a hike. And "You'll like it, you poor boobs," gleefully roared the training, service, casual, graves registration and every other unit that happened to be represented in passing the pen.

"You'll like it, you'll like it, you'll like it," mimicked Pop Watson, one of the rookies, his second day in the pen. "All those fellows know is that stale stuff. Can't they get up anything new to joke a fellow with?"

"Aw, they gimme a pain!" said Red McVey in disgust. "If I couldn't think of anything more original than 'You'll like it, buddy,' or 'Where yo'-all from?' to kid a guy with I'd quit the Army and knit socks with the girls."

Pop was a lawyer from Syracuse, in civil life, and usually capable of great restraint. Red was a taxi driver from New York City, and usually even-tempered. But they had just spent a trying three hours at policing the company streets in the sizzling sun and their tempers were as short as their army records. Their opinion was fully shared by Scuff Joyce, a tent mate who arrived at that moment from the showers with an armful of dripping clothes he had just washed. Scuff was a ball player by profession, and his remarks were apt to be a bit volcanic and to the point upon occasion, perhaps from a too close association with the crisp American style of bleacher humor.

"You birds said a forkful," snorted Joyce. "Where do them boobs get this 'You'll like it, buddy' stuff? If them guys 're kidders then I'm General Pershing." He laid his wash carefully upon a newspaper spread outside the tent and proceeded to hang the wet garments over the tent guy ropes. "This bull pen is some flossy hole to stick us guys in," he grunted. "I'm just down to the showers to do my washing, and say, you gotta be some scrapper to get inside the place, it's that crowded. About a million guys there, all trying to wash themselves or their clothes. I hadda lick four guys to get near enough to the water to wash my socks. Some wise mug swipes my soap, which I loaned from another guy when he wasn't lookin'; an' the place is so crowded that after I'm scrubbing for twenty minutes a guy says 'Thank you, buddy,' and beats it with my pile of clean laundry.

"Like a rummy I was washing his stuff and didn't know it. I bet right now there's guys there who're givin' some other birds a bath and they don't know it."

"One chap expressed this place well," interrupted Watson, filling his pipe. "He said the pen was the last stop this side of hell."

"He missed it by two stations," retorted McVey. "It's the first stop the other side of hell. All the heat and sand in the world 're crowded in this place, and the Subway is as roomy as the Sarah Desert compared to it when it comes to crowds. These tents 're built for five guys, and we got twelve in ours already. You gotta line up for everything you get here, and you don't get anything you line up for except stung. Just when you got a minute to yourself and start to do a little bunk fatigue the dog-gone top kick blows his whistle, and some gunman yells 'All out!' You line up for your grub, you line up for details, you line up for your cots, you line up to give in your pedigree, and I guess we'd hafta line up to die. They line up the whole bull pen to pick out one guy for the woodpile, and they stand us up for three hours in the sun to find out if there ain't a guy named Evans in the pen, and is he Rosco Evans, the blacksmith from Oklahoma, or Vincent Evens, the stenographer with flat feet, who's in limited service. Then when chow time comes you dassent get too near the kitchen or they stick you on K. P., and you dassent get too far away from the kitchen or you don't get any seconds on grub. But all that stuff ain't so bad at that. We're in the Army now, if we ain't got any uniforms. There's only one thing gets my nanny real bad."

"And that's reveille at five-fifteen A. G. in the morning," grinned Eddie Gentry, a young Chicago broker who had joined the group. "When I think of my little old bed at home at nine o'clock in the morning I almost weep."

"Nope, it ain't the abbreviated flop," said Mac.

"It's trying to fit eight million fellows into a shower that was built for six people," suggested Watson.

"It ain't that. That's good army training," said McVey. "If you can stick with that crowd long enough to wash a shirt and six socks it's equal to licking seventeen Germans. It gives the Army a line on how good you can scrap."

"It's the grub. You gotta inhale it on the fly to get enough," offered Joyce.

"The grub's O. K. and Mickey's one swell mess sergeant. And if you can eat and sprint fast enough you can always get seconds," answered Mac. "And if you're foxy you can stick your mess kit in the middle of a flock of guys washing theirs and some bird is sure to wash yours for you and not know it. It ain't any of them things. It's the way everybody tries to kid the bull pen."

(Continued on Page 34)

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(Continued from Page 32)

"You expressed it," agreed Joyce. "Just because we blew down here a couple days ago and 're still in our civilian clothes they all think they got it on us. This bull pen's the funniest darn place the rest of the camp ever saw. When it comes to humor, Frank Tinney's a undertaker compared to it. Each guy stops and hasta rubber at the bull pen and stick some cheap josh into us. We get it morning, noon and night; breakfast, dinner and supper; working, loafing and playing ball. There's a coupla veteran soldiers, right now"—Joyce nodded toward the next row of tents—"I s'pose they been in the Army almost three weeks, and just because they got their uniforms it gives 'em a license signed by old General Dupey hisself to stop right here and try their hand at kiddin' us."

The two privates indicated by Joyce saw the group about the tent and approached. They stopped and grinned.

"Hello, you civilians ——" began one.

"Oh, we'll like it!" snapped McVey in disgust. "Come on. Spring it. Ask us where we're all from. Tell us we'll like it. We know the whole song by now—words and music."

"Wait'll you get your 'knocks,'" said the other one in uniform.

"Aw, lay down and die!" retorted Eddie Gentry.

"Wait'll you get the needle. They stick it right through your arm," chuckled the other.

"Oh, go back to your regular job and sell ribbons," snapped Pop Watson.

"Wait'll you get examined."

"Aw, button up your mouth and dry up."

"Wait'll they stick you in the remount, manicuring mules."

"Aw, go to the infirmary; your brains 're sick."

"Wait'll you ——"

"Say," roared Scuff Joyce, "do' you two hicks think you're kiddin' us? We're in the bull pen, yeah; and it's funny, ain't it? It ain't. And we ain't got any uniforms, have we? And that makes you two ribbon clerks laugh, don't it? Well, lemme slip you two lads an earful: Right now I bet you ain't been in this man's army a week longer'n what we have."

"Why, you poor red-headed mick," retorted the larger of the two, "I've stood at attention longer'n you been in service, and I done more time in the guardhouse 'n you're gonna do in this Army."

"Oh, you'll like it, fellows," sang the two, and went off grinning.

Pop Watson made a gesture of mingled rage and despair. "There you are," said he helplessly. "Everybody takes a crack at us."

"Never mind, bo. We got only a few more days in the pen," said McVey.

"Gosh, but I'd like some way of getting back at the rest of the camp if we are here only a few days more," said Gentry. "The bunch of wise Ikes."

And then, while the bull pen toiled and sweated and fumed and fretted, Joe Flynn, the M. P., paid Mickey, the mess sergeant, a visit that afternoon.

Dodging a greasy K. P. who was entering the kitchen with a gunboat of hot water and side-stepping another who was leaving it with a dishpan full of potatoes and a weary look, Flynn sat down upon a sugar barrel, mopped his dripping face and sighed deeply. There was fire in his eye and anguish in his soul.

"Mickey," said he wearily as he lit a cigarette, "you said you can get anything out of this here bull pen you want."

"Anything," agreed the mess sergeant stoutly, "except a snappy salute or a furlough. If you bumped off some poor buck private for not salutin' a shiny brand-new second looey I can dig you up a undertaker to plant him; an' if you need a sky pilot to save your hard-boiled sinful soul I can get you a minister. We got a guy in this here old bull pen who wiggles his ears an' pulls his neck outa joint in vodeville in civil life, an' another bloke who writes his free verse for the magazines when he ain't writin' his old man for money. We got one boy who can play the violin somethin' scandalous, an' another lad who's the best crap shooter this side of Africa an' the Tenth Cavalry. Or maybe you want a lad who can make a jury of gunmen an' hard-boiled top sergeants weep just by spillin' 'em a earful of sob stuff in a courtroom; or a guy who can ——"

"No, I don't want none of them blokes," answered Flynn. "Could you get me some ball players?"

"Ball players?"

"Ball players," answered the M. P.

"Sure I can," said Mickey; "all kinds of ball players."

"I want just one kind. Good ones. Darn good ones."

"I can get you dog-gone good ball players. But why do you hanker after ball players, Joe? You M. P.'s got the champ ball team of the camp."

"Not any more" sighed Flynn, "since yesterday."

"What!" The mess sergeant dropped the big frying pan he had been holding, in his astonishment. "You M. P.'s ain't been licked!"

"Yep," grunted the other dolefully.

"By who?"

"By the Thirteenth Training Company. Thirteen's a unlucky number—for us."

"Oh, well, what's bein' trimmed once? You boys can play 'em again an' grab off that there camp championship again," consoled the optimistic Mickey.

"It ain't the lickin' we mind so much. It's the rummies who give it to us," groaned Flynn. "They're so bloomin' cocky about it. They're a fresh, sassy bunch of guys anyway, an' now they got a ball team that ain't been licked you can't hold 'em. They started out and beat the Motor Truck team 5 to 3. When they done that they kidded them lads every chance they got. Then the Development Company played 'em and was licked 11 to 1. That made the Trainin' outfit worse'n ever. They called the Development lads hop-heads and spavins and dinks just because they're in a Development outfit. So then they went after the Medical Trainin' gang—beat 'em 6 to 0; trimmed the Office Service lads 9 an' 3; and got the Instructors Number 1 by 8 to 2. So about that time the other companies sicked the Remount team onto 'em just to keep 'em quiet. The Remount's got a regular bunch of ball tossers, an' they had Red Harrigan of the Cleveland team pitching too. But Training Thirteen got a few breaks an' they trim them mule wrastlers 4 an' 3. Then by the time they had beat up that crack infantry team that was here before they sailed for France, an' stuck a lacing into the fast O. T. S. boys, with Buck of the Pirates in the box, you couldn't hold them guys."

"Got all swelled up with this egotistic ego, hey?" said Mickey.

"All of that. Why, they thought they owned the camp. You'd go into a Y hut an' all you'd hear was a bunch of Training Thirteen guys gassin' about their swell ball team. Go into the K. of C. an' you'd get the same dose. They started callin' the rest of the camp the Dizzies. Gosh, they got gay. And so fin'ly a committee comes up an' explains the whole business to us an' asks us won't we please get our team of hard-boiled Military Cops an' trim them Training Thirteen guys up right an' take the swelling outa their heads an' bring 'em back to normal. Well, we was glad to do it for 'em. We hadn't been beat since we been in camp. We beat up a bunch of big league all-stars with Lefty Dodge in the box, an' we been camp champs so long that everybody laughs when some boob mentions a game with us. So we just naturally agreed to lick them guys as a favor to the camp."

"An' what happened?" asked Mickey.

"Why, the whole camp come out to see us give them Training boys a lacing," said Flynn with a wry smile. "All over the camp you'd hear the boys telling each other to be sure not to miss the game. They'd sicked the crack M. P.'s onto 'em, and at last Training Thirteen was gonna be trimmed right down to their right size. There was an awful mob out to the game. A bunch of officers brung their girls in from town an' every guy who wasn't in the infirmary or the guardhouse was present to see the hard-boiled M. P.'s stick a good sound walloping into that fresh Training outfit."

"And ——" queried Mickey.

"And," said the M. P., "they licked us. Oh, yes, we had three men away. Doyle was home on a furlough, Laymann was in the base hospital with the flu, and Griesen was in town. But we didn't worry about that. We figured to outclass 'em anyways. It was a swell game—went eleven innings—an' they sneaked the winning score over fin'ly on a squeeze play. The count was 2 to 1. We didn't have our reg'lar outfit against 'em, but they got a nice smooth ball team, at that. I gotta hand it to 'em."

"So I s'pose they started right in kiddin' even you M. P.'s," suggested the mess sergeant.

"Kiddin' us! Why, it's got so fierce we dassent even have the face to pick 'em up in town if they're busting regulations," groaned the M. P. "The minute we warn 'em they're bustin' a regulation like takin' a A. W. O. L. or are getting too gay an' threaten to stick 'em in the guardhouse they tell us we can't beat 'em on a ball field an' hafta get even by taking advantage of our positions as cops. There's no livin' in the same camp with them guys any more. If one of us M. P.'s passes 'em on the street or near their barracks they bust right out laughin'. You can't pinch a bird for laughin', an' if we say anything they slip us back a bundle of sassy repartee."

"So now I s'pose you want the old bull pen to cough up a ball team an' play 'em," said Mickey.

"You named it," answered Flynn. "I doubt if you can get a gang to beat 'em, but you claimed you can always get anything out of the bull pen. Anyway, it's the only chance left. They beat everything in this whole dog-gone camp but the bull pen."

"I'll do it," said the mess sergeant. "Them Trainin' lads been joshin' my boys even worse'n what the rest of the camp has. The boys 're all so sore now they're just pining an' aching to beat up someone, an' I'll turn 'em loose on poor old Trainin' Thirteen."

"If they can only put it over on 'em," sighed the M. P. doubtfully. "The whole camp's been yellin' to get the bull pen after 'em. And it's the last an' only chance we got."

"Joe," said the big mess sergeant, "how often have I gotta tell you that you can always get anything outa the old bull pen you want? Anything!"

II

THAT same afternoon, leaving the cooks in charge of the kitchen and mess, the mess sergeant stepped over to confer with Major Murcheson, in charge of the bull pen. The latter had a sneaking fondness for the genus rookie, especially when it was in as raw a stage as the bull-pen kind. He asked a few searching questions and then gave his approval of the sergeant's plan.

"But we'll have to get this sanctioned by headquarters," said the major. "We can send a team over to the ball grounds easily enough, but it's quite irregular to allow practically the entire bull pen out of detention, even for a couple of hours. We'll see what Major General Dupey thinks of it."

Mickey's heart dropped down into his number twelve army shoes. "I guess there's no chance then, sir," faltered the mess sergeant.

"Why not?" asked the major.

"Why, the general, he's such an old grou —— I mean he's so darn stern, sir, an' he don't understand those boys. He won't let 'em go."

"Well, let's see, anyway," replied the major.

Down to headquarters the pair went. The old commanding officer readily gave his consent for a team of ball players to be issued passes out of detention to the ball grounds, but shied immediately at the suggestion that the remaining rookies not on company duty be allowed to go over also.

"But this has developed until it's quite a big thing, sir," urged the major. "The entire camp is interested, and it seems no more than fair to the Depot Brigade boys to have their rooters there too. You know what army rooting is, sir. It helps tremendously, and those boys ought to have all the show they can get in the game."

"No, no. It's quite out of the question," snapped the old general testily, his white mustaches bristling.

"But, sir ——" began the major insistently.

"No. I'd like to allow it," broke in the old commander, "but—but—why, dammit, major, it isn't regulation! It's against all military precedent."

Major Murcheson rose to leave, disappointment in his clean-cut face.

Then the big mess sergeant stepped forward, stiffened, clicked his heels together and saluted. The jolly look was gone from his broad face and there was grimness there instead. "Sir," he began respectfully.

"Well?" snapped the old general.

And the big mess sergeant poured forth a torrent of words before he could be checked:

"You don't understand this thing, sir—it's only fair to them lads, they been joshed an' kidded so much—the bull pen always is—an' it's only giving them a square deal to let 'em get back at someone. The whole dog-go —— I mean the whole camp wants to see this Trainin' club beat, an' they don't think any gang can do it, sir; but my boys can—I know they can do it—the new lads always come in the bull pen homesick an' tired, an' they always look so foolish an' like such a lotta tramps in their dirty civilian clothes they come down in—an' of course they can't even salute right an' don't know army ways, but they're game, sir," thundered Mickey. "You gotta say that, they're game. The old bull pen is always dead game, an' they can wallop this smart-Aleck Trainin' outfit just as sure as they're gonna have beans at mess to-night, sir. An' you can always get any kind of guy you want outa the old pen. When they get transferred outa the pen to regular outfits they get snappy an' military, like all the rest; they make swell soldiers—but when they're in the pen they're just a special type of homesick, enthusiastic, lonely boy—they never was just like that in civil life an' they'll never be just exactly like a bull-pen rookie again. An' just this once, sir, I'd like to see my bull-pen boys getta good square even break at the rest of the camp."

The big mess sergeant stopped abruptly and seemed to realize his temerity. He turned to go.

"Just a moment!" thundered the general.

Mickey turned, prepared for anything, from confinement to company street to court-martial for being disrespectful to an officer—and the commanding officer at that.

The major general's grizzled, handsome, military old face softened and the ghost of a smile played about his lips.

"These boys of yours—they've been joked a good deal; they're sort of the—er—the funny spot of the camp?"

"Always, sir. Every new lot that comes down gets this fun made of them."

"And you think that it's possible, perhaps, to collect a baseball team from them that could er—a-humph—wallop this other team?"

"Easy, sir. I bet right now we could get a whole team of big leaguers outa the pen. You can always get anyth ——"

"But," interrupted the general, "they will have no opportunity to practice. In a few days they'll all be transferred out of the—ah—the bull pen."

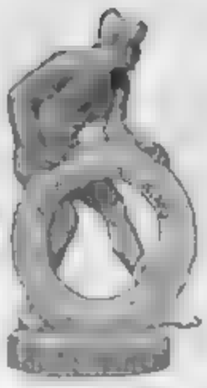
(Concluded on Page 127)

The Same "Shoulders of Strength"

"SHOULDERS OF STRENGTH" as a means of reinforcement is an age-old principle. Through centuries it has proved its worth. Builders in long gone feudal days depended on the buttress to brace the walls of strongholds they put up. The modern engineer employs the buttress to brace big buildings, bridges and the like.

AJAX ROAD KING

MORE TREAD ON THE ROAD



"Shoulders of Strength" are those buttress-like supports that brace both sides of the tread of Ajax Tires. In the above big section of the Ajax Road King, note how the massive tread is braced—built out—by these sturdy Shoulders of Strength. This feature gives the Ajax Road King its great stamina—its amazing resistance to wear on light, medium or heavy cars. Shoulders of Strength, an exclusive Ajax feature, give the Road King more strength where strength is needed. They put more rubber where it should be—more tread on the road. They add many miles to the life of every Ajax Tire.

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— the Kitchen Cabinet that saves miles of steps

"The Hoosier will help me to stay young"

"RETAIN your youthful energy and girlish appearance," is the wedding-day advice of thousands of Mothers. As they look back over the years, they realize that woman's charms soon fade and her health often gives way when drudgery methods rule her days.

But in Hoosier homes, daughters know the miles of needless steps and hours of wasted time that this scientific kitchen helper saves. They honor it for the service it has rendered the "little Mother" who has been able to give more freely of her time to a happy comradeship with her children.

The bride from a Hoosier home will have a Hoosier. It will be numbered among thoughtful wedding gifts or be first on her list of household needs. Other brides should know what the Hoosier means. And millions of tired Mothers should also learn how the Hoosier reduces kitchen work and frees them from burdensome labor.

The Hoosier merchant is anxious to demonstrate this automatic servant. Will you go and see the many models now? Also send to us for "New Kitchen Short Cuts"—a book every housewife should have. If you don't know the name of the local Hoosier store, be sure to ask us.

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"New Kitchen Short Cuts" includes many practical suggestions for bettering kitchen work as well as complete information and illustrations of all Hoosier models. Send for *your* copy now.

What We Learned About Wood

By ANTHONY M. RUD

Administration Building of the Forest Products Laboratory. The Organization Occupies This and Nine Other Buildings, All on the Campus of the University of Wisconsin at Madison

THE man from Madison, Wisconsin, felt a surcharge of hostility in the convention atmosphere when he rose to speak. All the eloquence, argumentative power and resource of the Baltimore delegation had been thrown in support of the three-nail policy. All the preceding speakers had declared themselves for a continuation of the same scheme for holding packing boxes together. Among the hundred-odd canners, box manufacturers and wholesale grocers, assembled in joint committee, perhaps a few might listen without prejudice. Most, however, would be thinking of the changes his proposal would necessitate in the nailing machines, and not of the advantages he portrayed.

Straightforwardly he quoted the findings of the Forest Products Laboratory, telling the delegates that boxes made to standard specifications would stand up in service far better if held with six nails to the edge than if nailed with only three.

Back came the quick question: "How many actual tests on these particular packing boxes have been performed by your laboratory?"

"Four hundred and twenty-six in total."

The Baltimore canner smiled broadly.

"That sort of evidence scarcely should be admitted," he said. "My firm has been using these boxes for years; we have shipped upward of thirty million, and we know exactly the service a box will give."

That seemed to clinch the matter. The convention adjourned, making no recommendation for a change in existing practice. The Forest Products expert had wasted his time, it seemed.

Several of the box manufacturers had said nothing in convention, however. Immediately afterward these men summoned the delegation from Baltimore and asked that one hundred Number Three can boxes, nailed in regular fashion, be shipped to Madison for comparative test. The Forest Products representative was notified that he should prepare for a buffeting tournament, in which the stamina of the respective containers would be demonstrated. He was delighted, for he knew just what his big compression-on-edge and hazard machines would do to boxes held by three nails to the edge.

Without a qualm as to the outcome of the tests the Baltimore men assented. It was not until some of the boxes were actually dropping and sliding round in the hazard machine that any of them evinced a desire to hedge.

The Results of the Test

THE machine—which, with its smaller nephew in the laboratory, is unique is a mechanism constructed to give a box, in ten minutes, all the hard knocks the container might normally receive on a freight or express trip of one thousand miles. It is a hexagonal wheel, revolving vertically. On the inside faces ridges of wood and metal project, with here and there a sharp point, made to do the same damage to a box that might be accomplished by the corner of another packing box. Each time the wheel revolves the box being tested drops six times, a meter keeping accurate count of the thumps. Each box of the same size put in gets identically the same treatment; so it is fair to all. In the tournament arranged by the Forest Products expert the three-nail boxes came off a decisive second best. A few turns of the wheel at low speed spilled their contents, the edge joints proving to be far too weak. The boxes held by six nails stood more than twice the racket; while the demonstrations of seven and nine nail containers were even more impressive.

At the conclusion of the tests even the Baltimore delegation expressed itself unanimously in favor not only of using six but of adopting seven nails for a box edge as common practice! The Forest Products expert was delegated the task of rewriting the specifications to be used henceforth. The service rendered to industry in this case is a fair example of the manner in which the Forest Products experts solve any container problems presented to them. When such a problem rises they either possess comprehensive data gleaned from the hundreds of thousands of timber tests they have made or they are prepared to secure experimental data immediately.

Boxes Held by Three Nails to the Edge Proved Too Weak. This No. 3 Can Shipping Case Stood Eleven Thumps Before its Contents Spilled. The Photograph Shows the Inside of the Big "Hazard Machine" Used for Box Testing

Just after the United States entered the war the Ordnance Department decided to let contracts for $3,000,000 worth of containers for overseas shipping. The published specifications called for white-pine boxes of definite sizes to be used for packing shell, powder, guns and other *matériel*. The notice urged that bids be submitted immediately, as there was pressing need for the boxes. Two weeks after the specifications had been sent out the Ordnance Department—in a condition of excitement closely approaching panic—summoned the aid of the Forest Products Laboratory. Not a single bid had been received!

In studying the situation and specifications it was found at the laboratory that two main factors kept the box manufacturers from submitting bids: First was the scarcity of white pine, and second was the fact that the box sizes mentioned were such as to require the sawing of new lumber for the work. The plan in use up to that time had been radically different; waste ends of lumber had been utilized for boxes by all the manufacturers. The Forest Products Laboratory rewrote the specifications, substituting a group of woods—hard maple, dogwood, holly, wahoo, yellow buckeye, witch-hazel, rhododendron, mountain laurel, haw, orange wood, torchwood, mastic, yellow cedar, Sitka cypress, red cedar and piñon—for white pine, though not outlawing the latter. Then it designed new boxes for the war *matériel*, making these of sizes that could be cut from waste lumber. When the new specifications were published the Ordnance Department received bids by return mail.

Real Money Savers

THROUGH the case of the white-pine boxes the work of the Forest Products Laboratory won increased respect from the Ordnance Department, and late in 1917 an agreement was reached whereby many of the container problems of this Department were submitted to the laboratory.

Immediately results began to show. The laboratory demonstrated the advantage of using cement-coated nails instead of wooden screws for rope-handle cleats on ammunition boxes. They tested and redesigned most of the boxes used by the department, strengthening and improving—in most cases without raising the cost of the individual container.

Some of the boxes were found to be space wasters. In redesigning one destined to carry 140 pounds of cannon powder, for example, fourteen per cent cargo space was saved. Cargo space just then was costing the Government six dollars a cubic foot.

A school for government packers was established, and more than three hundred men were trained in the construction and packing of overseas containers. One of the men so trained redesigned a box being used for overseas shipment while at the laboratory. His new design was snapped up; it saved $50,000 to the Government on the first contract alone, and more than $100,000 in freight in six months of use.

Other striking examples of how money was saved by redesigning boxes are many.

In one case a container intended to hold thirty one-pound cans of saddle soap was refashioned with a saving of forty-three per cent. On the first shipment, 3,000,000 pounds, the Government is said to have saved $414,000.

Another crate to carry two Browning automatic machine rifles with their equipment was made over with a saving of twenty-eight per cent. This amounted to $5.37 in cargo space, which sum, added to forty cents saved on the lumber in each crate, put $5.77 in Uncle Sam's pocket every time two of the guns went overseas—and for months the shipments exceeded 900 guns a day.

A full third of the total space necessary for packing United States army rifles, 1917 model, was reclaimed by the new box designed by Forest Products experts. This saved $1,500,000 each time a million Enfield-Springfields crossed the Atlantic.

Just as the laboratory solved the puzzles of the can shippers and the Ordnance Department it now stands ready to conquer the shipping-container problems for all private businesses that care to consult its experts. The points of nailing strength and space efficiency only hint at the many phases to the question. How many shippers know that the strength of their package is dependent directly upon the percentage of moisture in the wood at the time it is nailed? How many have taken into consideration the psychology of stevedores in building export boxes?

Saving Space on the Cars

BOTH of these points—the two showing how divergent are the investigations at the laboratory—matter immensely. If a box made of wet wood is nailed and then shipped to a hot arid country the wood shrinks. This leaves large spaces round the nails, and the box loses at least a quarter of its total strength.

On the docks at St.-Nazaire, France, a few months ago stevedores were unloading packages from the United States intended for our boys in France. When one of the workers found a package that looked as if its contents might suit him an accident occurred. He tripped over a pile of rope—or his own Number Twelves, if no better obstacle offered. The box he carried landed on end; and if it proved weak in construction—well, the supposed recipient of the consignment was in hard luck that day. This incident explained fully why many of our boys waited in vain for the presents mailed them by fond relatives over here, and also showed how much unexpected stress boxes have to stand at times.

In ordinary freight handling, employees are not so apt to allow this sort of accident. The precaution has to be observed, however, of making the boxes of the right size and weight to facilitate handling, not dumping. It is human nature to lift a small, relatively heavy package from car to platform. It is just as natural to allow a bulkier box to drop the three or four feet intervening.

For the express purpose of finding just the sort of fiber container that would give the best shock insulation, strength and the least liability to being thrown from the car to platform the Westinghouse and General Electric Companies recently smashed up $4000 worth of lamps in experiments at the Forest Products Laboratory. Containers that eliminated more than half the accidents and breakage were discovered by this means.

For the two months preceding the signing of the armistice—during which period overseas shipping containers designed by the Forest Products Laboratory had been used, in the main—the Government losses caused by breakage and box failures had been reduced to fifteen per cent of the amount suffered previously on shipments to France! A large percentage of this saving must be credited directly to the work of the laboratory.

What the work of these experts may mean to industry in the United States is indicated by estimates made by Dr. A. W. Bitting, secretary of the National Canners' Association, and Col. D. W. Dunne, chief ordnance inspector of the Bureau of Explosives. According to figures given out by these men an average saving of thirty-five per cent can be made on all package shipping! This means that in times of stress on the railroads when car shortages loom, more than a third more packages can be carried in the space now given over to this branch of freight shipping! It means also an enormous saving for individual businesses that are willing to concede the Forest Products Laboratory the ability to assist them—in most cases without charge.

Colonel Dunne advances the suggestion that if Federal control of railways continues for a few months longer freight packages of efficient design may be introduced universally. The same purpose might be accomplished as easily through the instrumentality of the Interstate Commerce Commission, however. The reason for placing the responsibility upon either Government or the Interstate Commerce Commission lies in the fact that it would be business suicide for one railroad or group of roads to attempt to dictate to shippers—even to the manifest pecuniary advantage of the shippers themselves. The road or group of roads simply would find their business transferred to their less scrupulous competitors.

Though the results achieved in box designing are bound to save money for every United States business man who ships goods in any sort of container, this is only one phase of the Forest Products Laboratory's usefulness. It was interested in doing things with boxes simply because boxes are made of wood, of paper or of fiber obtained from wood. Likewise the laboratory is interested in every other use for wood, its products or properties; work of research character is carried on constantly with the view of utilizing every last bit of value in the raw material and of eliminating the criminal wastes usual in the manufacture of wood products.

As an example of this may be cited one of the unsolved problems on which experts of the laboratory are now working. Stated tersely in the words of the director: "A ton of dry wood yields only nine hundred pounds of dry sulphite pulp for paper. The rest is lost in the waste sulphite liquor. Can't we do something with that other fifty-five per cent?"

Sooner or later the experts of the laboratory will do something. A means will be found either for increasing the pulp yield immensely or for utilizing the waste with profit in some other direction. In any event, success in this investigation will mean a big drop in the cost of newsprint paper.

Nine years ago the Forest Products Laboratory was established as one of the three branches of research of the United States Department of Agriculture's Forest Service. It occupied one rather small building, was assigned an annual appropriation of only a few thousands of government money, and could have been overlooked rather easily amid the important and expensive bureaus of the Department.

On November 11, 1918, its organization had grown to consist of 450 persons. It had spread out to ten separate buildings and was receiving $700,000 a year appropriation for its experimental research work. In magnitude it ranked and now ranks with the greatest industrial research laboratories, whether Federal, private, domestic or foreign. Only Canada, of all other countries, possesses an institution similar in organization and purpose; this, though much smaller, is patterned after the Forest Products Laboratory.

At the start the laboratory began quietly to collect a mass of data on wood and its properties, about which little has been written in any publication. Hundreds of varieties of native woods were studied, and all points concerning which it was possible to imagine a future application were tabulated. This work was of immense importance. If the laboratory did not know the elementary properties of all the materials it is to handle each set of experiments conducted would suffer huge handicaps. In order to build an airplane propeller in the great emergency it would have been necessary to go back and begin with mahogany under the microscope, instead of merely looking to files for accurate data.

Practical Problems Solved

THE reason why little was said of these preliminary experiments was because intense practicality was demanded of the laboratory always, and though the experts know just why a complete file of information on Sitka spruce would be of assistance in building a speed scout airplane no definite problems had presented themselves for hundreds of the varieties of wood studied. With all this out of the way, however, the laboratory is ready to be judged by the most pragmatic tests the public wishes to apply. For several years it has been ready to talk turkey on any subject within the fields of lumbering, timber physics, timber mechanics, wood preservation, products derived from wood, wood pathology, and pulp and paper. Thousands of practical problems have been solved for private business and for the Government, and scores of original improvements in processes have been perfected and donated to the public. In this time of reconstruction the laboratory wishes to be remembered by business men as established to give any information relative to wood, its uses and products that it possesses, free of charge. In addition to this service it offers facilities for the solution of special problems that require experimentation. Where this experimentation is made on a problem having wide application no charge is made. If the work done benefits chiefly the particular business that brings up the problem an apportionment of the cost of experimentation is made, the laboratory standing part and the business firm the rest of the expense. Withal, the arrangements are much more generous than could be secured from any organization working for private gain.

Upper Left Corner Shows Honeycombing Resulting From Casehardening. Upper Right, Tests for Casehardened Boards. Note Cupping When Resawed in the Casehardened Material. Center, Collapsion in Redwood Due to its Plasticity When Hot. Lower, Warping of Gum Boards When Air Dried and When Steamed if Not Held Rigidly While Drying

When America found it necessary to build war airplanes the War Department called upon the Forest Products Laboratory for information relative to the strength and desirability of various woods for this work. From more than 300,000 tests made previously upon 130 possible varieties of wood the laboratory immediately furnished a table of strength values at fifteen per cent moisture. With this table went a comprehensive summary of the relation between strength and density in the different woods, the influence of defects, and the laboratory's recommendations in regard to the relative suitability of Sitka spruce, Douglas fir, Michigan birch and many others. Spruce was shown to be the best material for airplanes.

Immediately a howl of protest rose from certain lobbyists in Washington. One individual had gone to the capital to tell everyone the virtues of Western yellow pine. Another expected to convince the powers that were that birch from Michigan was the ideal airplane wood. It developed, however, that the production of both the yellow pine and the birch was to be shut down by the Government as nonessential, and that the agents at the capital simply were attempting to develop the first government market that offered. Since wood for airplanes was needed they tried to sell the Government yellow pine and birch for that purpose. Needless to state, the report of the Forest Products Laboratory was accepted and used by the Spruce Production Division immediately.

Now that the ban of war secrecy has been lifted partially it is permissible to tell what followed. It was found right away that there was practically no seasoned spruce stock in the United States suitable for airplane manufacture! To air-dry green spruce stock three inches thick, such as is necessary for airplanes, requires one to two years. Obviously this process was far too slow. Owners of lumber kilns all over the country therefore wrote in, recommending this or that process for getting the lumber out in a hurry.

(Concluded on Page 93)

Just a little Lysol in a shaving cream

and the wonderful change it made

Lysol is a disinfectant made to prevent infection. It is used in homes, in offices and hospitals. Maybe it is used in your home now. *Ask your wife.* Wherever there is sickness or danger of infection, Lysol should be used.

The danger of infection from shaving is particularly great. The lather is *rubbed in* with the brush and fingers, either of which may be contaminated. Cuts frequently occur while shaving.

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When you shave with Lysol Shaving Cream, you prevent infection. You kill the germs that may have blown on your face or gotten there from hands, gloves, or in a thousand other ways.

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The sense of security from infection that you get from the use of Lysol, Lysol Shaving Cream, and Lysol Toilet Soap is especially reassuring when there is sickness in the home, or when mild or serious epidemics are rife.

Price, 25c a tube

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Lysol Disinfectant
Three sizes, 25c, 50c, $1.00

Lysol Disinfectant
In bottles, 25c, 50c, and $1.00

A 25c bottle added to five gallons of water makes five gallons of powerful disinfectant.

Lysol Shaving Cream
In tubes, 25c

Not just another shaving cream, but one unlike any other because of its antiseptic quality.

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Does all that a good soap should do, and in addition is antiseptic and healing.

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NAUGHTY BOYS

(Continued from Page 4)

as a world it was too perfect. I came to believe that no boy of ten or twelve would ever have so good a world to himself under just those enchanting auspices. And I still mistakenly believed this until those dreaming boys of Russia revealed to me that my imaged world of freedom was a very practicable, a very realizable world if boys could only use grown-up methods.

Supposing that no real boys would ever have the enterprise and the strength to practice these methods, I beheld Russia. And there persisting children are making of their world precisely what I wished to make of mine. They are free to take of candy and toys as they list; free to enter deserted banks and take loads of money. Better still, they have real printing presses and can print their own toy money, millions and millions of sheets of it. They make it in quantity production. What lots of fun they must have turning out that wealth, because money will buy anything, won't it? And if you can print a lot of money you are rich, are you not? So these Russian boys have reasoned. They get ever so many thrills out of this toy money they print.

And another thrill they have that was not mine. My world was magically depopulated. It never occurred to me to save a few school-teachers and fathers and keep them in a game preserve. The children of Russia are ahead of me there. They not only have all the fun of burning and looting but they can take some good sharp sticker knives and go out and get a fine mess of bourgeois any morning before breakfast. They have only to march a few vodkas in any direction, and there their game will be, and they can set the house afire after they have fixed the inmates right. I admit they are having more fun than ever I did in that lonely world of mine. I suppose by this time there is hardly a Bolshevist home that hasn't a good bourgeois head mounted over the fireplace in the smoking room.

But they are older boys than I was; physically older. If the conditions under which I lived had kept me forever a boy, no matter what my years and physical strength, there would eventually have been some real fires and slaughterings and lootings in my town, because you can't keep a boy's mind in a man's body and not have trouble. That is the kind of trouble Russia is having. Under conditions that actually were the evil conditions I thought I endured, the Russian boy had to stay a boy in mind. Then suddenly he found himself a man in strength, and his boy's mind began to direct that strength with a boy's lively imagination.

The Indelible Yellow Streak

I am not surprised at what he has done in Russia. I am not sure he has done even so many charming things in the way of violence as I could have thought of if I had stayed a boy of twelve and grown up with him in body. I think he has been pretty decently moderate considering the faults of his upbringing. Also I am heartily in sympathy with him in all his deeds of murder and burglary and his childish game with the press that prints money. He is having a good time but he has earned it. And I heartily wish he would hurry up and kill off everyone that it's any fun to kill, including himself. He is doing it rapidly; and now famine and disease are helping, for there has happened to him what would have happened to me in my ideal world—he has consumed the stocks of candy and ice cream, and there is no one who will make any more, for all are free.

You see, there is nothing much to be made of a boy whose mind didn't grow up with his body. I want this boy to have a good time, but I want him to die having it, because having once tasted blood he will never again be the least use in a world where you really can't take what you want just because you want it—in a world where, so long as there exist even two people, there will be apparent injustice and one will rule the other and have more than the other of things desirable.

I would not convey a false impression about my own fancied capacities as a modern Bolshevist. Had fate placed me in Russia I should still have been a leader. That stain of genuine yellow in the human frame is ineradicable. I should have been a leader, pointing the way upward and onward to my oppressed fellows—pointing, you bet, from behind something that would stop bullets. Something tells me this. Something tells me I should have borne a charmed life, even as those two staunch idealists now directing Russia's destinies. I am an idealist and just as yellow as they are. And I should have got out in time, as they undoubtedly will, with enough money of the sort that can't be printed by amateurs, for the laborer is worthy of his hire. I mean to say, I am academic, even in my wildest rages. I am not too proud to fight; I am merely afraid something might happen to me. I like a place in the sun but no one as yet committed sabotage on my common sense. It can't be done. I am a born leader, like those other chaps, capable of any word frightfulness but preferring that my devoted followers do the rough work. While they were depredating round town I should be in a state of low visibility, thinking up another good old wordy appeal to the masses.

The Rift Within the Loot

Well, there Russia is, anyway, a whole big country living in that state of ideal freedom and equality of which we hear so much from the orators with long hair. I don't mind admitting that I wish I had ten per cent of their hair, but I wouldn't wear it that way and I wouldn't talk quite that way. For, of course, the survivors in Russia are no more free and equal than ever, and they have more trouble than ever to be survivors. Russia still as ever has its ruling class and its, in a manner of speaking, downtrodden; for such will be the way of the world until Nature evolves a race of beings as nearly alike as those Michigan motor cars so fabled in song and story.

Strike off the head of a ruler, and a dozen other heads of other rulers appear. And with freedom to strike off those other heads there will still be no equality. It is the one baffling puzzle of human association, that ineluctable difference between one human brain and another. Not even in a world of free looting can there be equality. That is the rift within the loot. Some men will loot better than other men, perhaps more industriously, perhaps with a superior knowledge of values. One will search closets systematically while another plays some childish game with the carcass of the slain owner. And the very hottest of these idealists will refuse to believe that he ought to share the proceeds of his own individual enterprise with his less discriminating or less active fellow.

So it was, after all, only a beautiful dream of the child mind that we can take from ourselves and still have. Pretty soon, I suppose, there will be another organized society in Russia, but with the same old offensive laws against murder and burglary, and with the same old bourgeois leadership—because a society must have leaders, as even Russia must know by now, and a leader automatically becomes a bourgeois. And if this new organization is flexible enough to permit children to grow up in mind as well as in body it will be a fairly lasting organization.

And now there are parents and teachers saying we ought to worry quite a bit over the spread of these magnificent ideals of freedom to our own republic. If we were a nation of children I should say so myself. Undoubtedly the ideas do get over here. First we had Russian freedom and now we are getting German freedom, and this last has a certain very definite attraction for many of us. To regrettably many of us it is lovely to read that Germans are killing each other off at no cost for ammunition to nations without Kultur; it has seemed good to believe that German Kultur would continue to take its logical course and eventually make this the brighter and better world its sponsors said it would, though not quite in the same way. But some people are born to start worrying the moment they get to feeling good, and these same people are now finding their optimism the least bit warped by a fear that we may turn Bolshevist ourselves. I cannot yet view this menace with alarm.

Of course the worriers do have their reasons. Unquestionably we have among us those who would love to start the looting if the police would let them. But I don't believe we have enough such here. And such as we have seem to be as yellow as

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ever I was in my Bolshevikist days. They will crawl across a field in the dark and set fire to a haystack or they will poison horses or disable machines intrusted to them, but I doubt if they are worth real worry. Already the Government threatens to deport large numbers of them—good honest fellows who ask only a free and equal chance to take what they want when they see it; men of good racy old American names, like Orlob and Truzanti and Romberg and Trinkhaus and Zulueta and Rosenbloom and Eisenhof and Mysliwetz and Osterreicher and Ancilloti and Cinquegrana and Lucarrelli and Parravicini, and so on.

It may seem inhospitable to put these idealists to the door, and our city directories will suffer a loss of the picturesque they can ill afford; and it seems even a little foolish when one reflects that we shall presently be letting into the country hordes of the same sort, if not the same men, provided they can read "See the cat; see the kittens" with such clearness as Congress considers to denote an adequate promise of good citizenship. Deportation may be a help now and then in emergency, but it will never save us from infection while importation is almost wholly unrestricted.

How Fiery and—How Cautious!

In a court room in Chicago last summer I watched about a hundred such Americans whom the Government had laid a perfect stymie. They were by no means "ignorant foreigners." They were mostly foreigners, it is true, or of foreign parentage, but they showed marked brain power of a kind, the brain power of boys who had stopped growing at sixteen or thereabout. And they had wished to fire the schoolhouse and loot the candy store. Only one of them seemed to be a mental blank—a poor, puzzled, foolish-looking black man, damp with the sweat of sheer bewilderment, who seemed not to know why he was there.

Hadn't he only done what some white gentlemen had told him to do, so why all this yere monstrous fuss about it, and where was all that good old money he'd done been promised?

But those were bad boys and much better shut up; as they are now. They were naïf and pitiful; their leaders had told them that this Government was a pretty weak and contemptible affair and that they could take it apart and see what made it rattle if they showed a little daring, and they had shown the daring and had failed utterly to take the thing apart—and there they were. And a lot of probably good citizens had been eternally spoiled by bad leaders who should have been nipped a dozen years ago. They had been free in a free country where no man is born a serf, a peasant or even a servant; free in the one country on earth at this writing where a man makes himself what he is by his endowment of brain. He need not be a serf, a peasant or a servant because his father was, and if he plays the game fairly he stands an equal chance with the next man of winning the capital prize. And they had made a horrid mess of it all by reason of this bad leadership and by reason of that other circumstance that never having grown mentally after they were sixteen they were unduly susceptible to bad leadership. They still believed the schoolhouse could be burned and the candy store looted. It can't be done—not here.

As to this element of our own Bolsheviki, these direct-action boys, I am content to leave them to the care of a capable gendarmery. It matters little whether they be deported or put where they will have steady jobs and keep regular hours. I think it will be a pretty simple police matter, for the reason that in this country most boys do grow up in their minds; they do learn that the chances are every one of them in their favor if they play the game fair, and they do learn that we have an actual tangible Government with a sting in its tail—a Government that can finally be hectored into a bit of the rough stuff on its own account. Undoubtedly there is infection from Russia and infection from Germany, but with a prophylactic police force and a body politic highly immune I look for the Government at Washington to outlive me.

What I am not so clear in mind about is our educated, or, rather, our learned native Bolshevist. We have quite a group of him and her. I mean those forward-thinking idealists who gather about the samovar and the gas log and talk about the big, the vital things, and try to jazz up the body politic on tea and cigarettes. I know that kind, because it's the kind I was at twelve. They would just love to be in the forefront of a movement that would never be attacked except in the rear. They would lead any movement where the leaders could prove an alibi when the police came. They are restrained from actual violence only by that same rich vein of color that kept me a brilliant but inactive theorist in the matter of that schoolhouse.

Ah, those dear comrades, that little band of idealists! How staunch, how bitter, how fiery, how earnest—and how cautious! How they love to think up radical and daring things for the masses to do to themselves

Vicious, they are, after the third beaker of oolong! It is then, talking of the real things—the things that matter!—they get almost impatient with the masses for their slowness in bringing about the Revolution. You must always spell that word with a capital while the tea seethes. They don't see why the masses should hang back so irritatingly when they have been told again and again what they should do to come into their own.

They are often quite discouraged about it. They wish the grinding down would be just a bit more obvious, so that the masses would at last understand their degradation and go deuces wild.

They are self-confessed "intellectuals," these pinks, and their word frightfulness is something awful. If talking would do it they would have had the pelt of organized society nailed to the sunny side of the barn long since. As it is, they are likely to call it a day's work when they have signed a petition for the release of some more practical idealist who has buttered a lot of men and women over the roadway with a suitcase full of dynamite.

Or they may wander off into a discussion of socialism, that glad hold-all of a word. Of course they are all socialists, but don't think them so uninteresting as this sounds. That is what makes socialism so intriguing. When a man says he is a socialist you know nothing about his economic beliefs. For God has never yet made two socialists who thought nearly enough alike to have any respect for each other. No; the sole point of agreement in our little band of pinks—who at heart consider themselves Reds—is that the masses should throw off their yoke.

Safety-First Bolshevists

And some of this intelligentzia ought to be deported and some ought to be sent where they could study prison reform at first hand and some ought to be sent to school, but the most of them ought to be spanked. Old-fashioned spanking like mother used to make. Genuinely and officially spanked, male and female, once a week until cured. Resoundingly spanked in some suitable apartment at Washington, under portraits of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, in the presence of committees from the Senate and House to see that not too many garments should mitigate the poignancy of the official paddle. I think a paddle would be best. This is my present suggestion for the uplift.

But I am cynical about suggesting reforms. I dare say this bill will be killed in committee.

Let's have a look at some individuals of our little group of pinks—our safety-first Bolshevists. I think first of a dear, sweet, amiable old fluff who sits by the hour in the reading room of a certain New York club and beams and chuckles over the daily news from Russia. I am quite certain that if he had to butcher a live rabbit or starve he would very soon be taken from us; but how he does love to read of gutters of human blood in the Nevskii Prospekt, or North Main Street of Petrograd! Not for the world would he be an active member of that society for correcting the condition of the rich by disemboweling everyone possessing as much as eighteen million rubles in Russian money, or nine dollars in money; but he would feel proud to be its corresponding secretary or something not too messy. The old boy has never grown up. He still believes in fairies. From being Peter pan-Germany he has become Peter pan-Russia. He believes our little brothers over there are building a glorious social system, and he believes they are coming over here pretty quick to do the same for us. His hands wash his ecstasy as he tells you all about it.

(Continued on Page 45)

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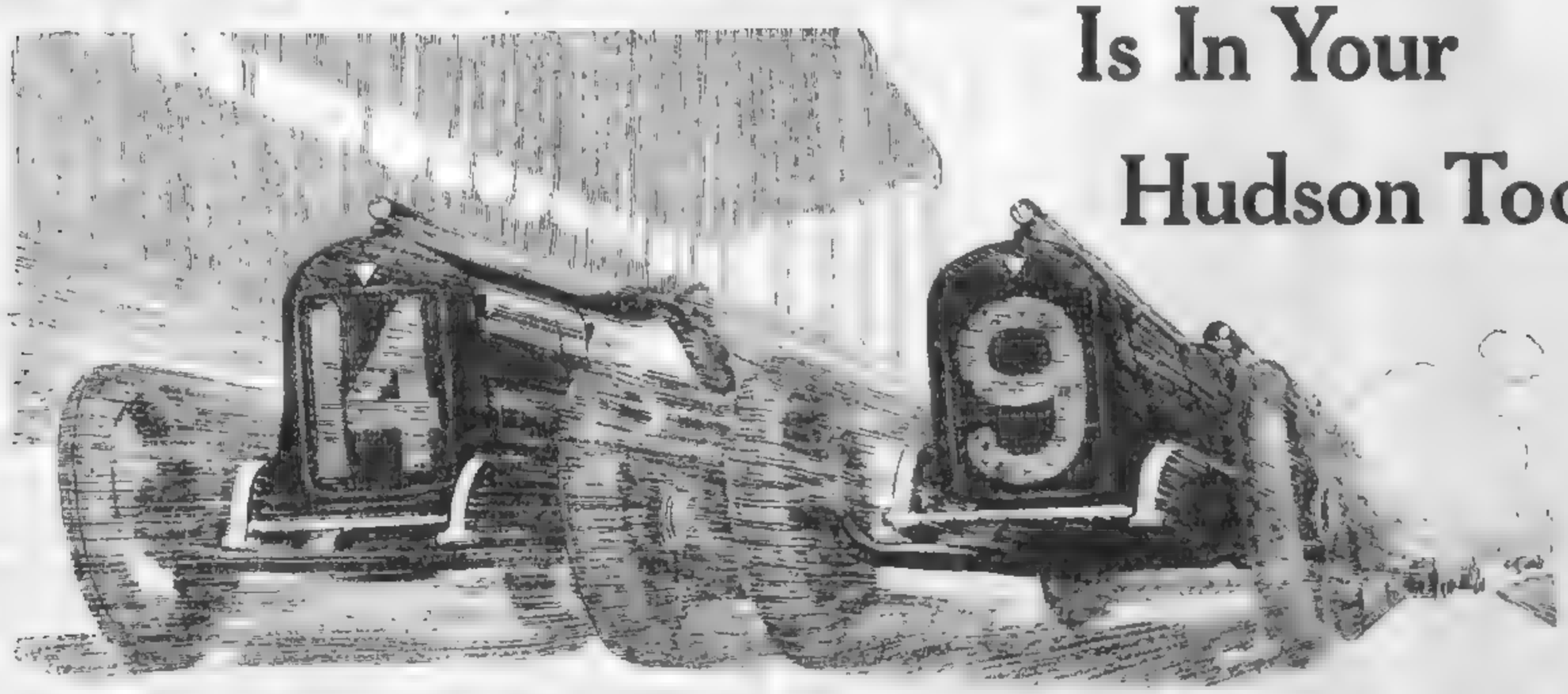

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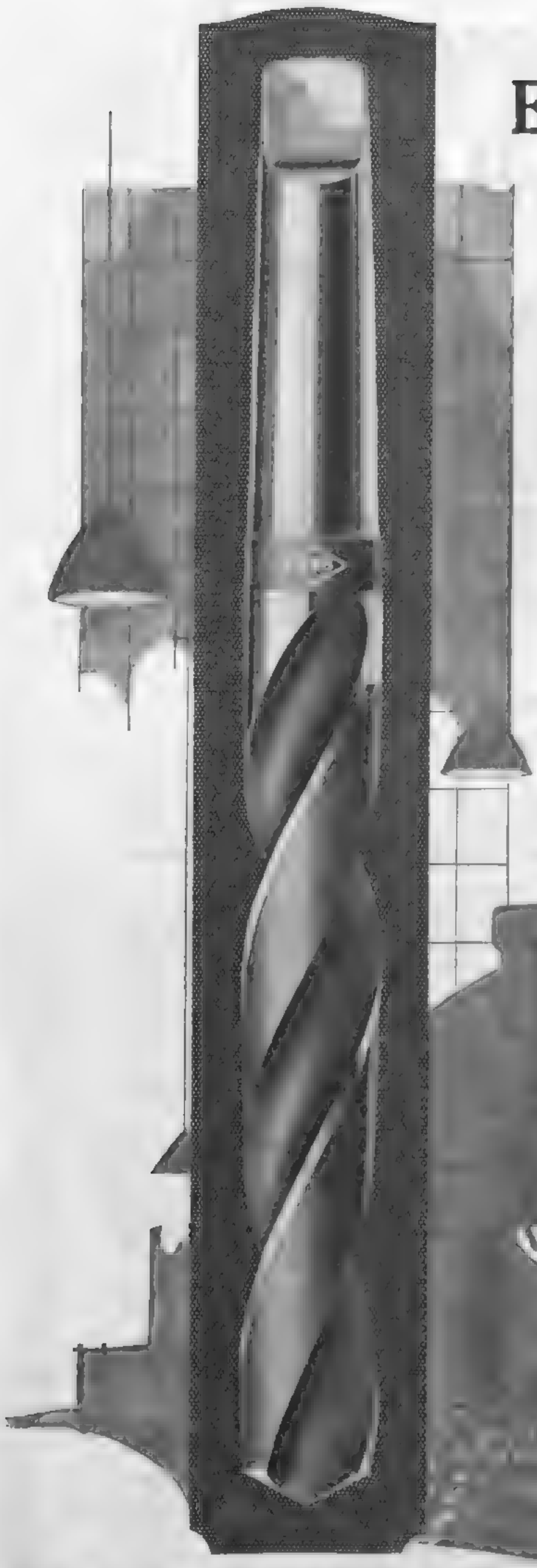

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TWIST DRILLS — REAMERS — WRENCHES — DROP FORGINGS

(Continued from Page 42)

And one day last fall I heard a fat check-suited nonintellectual question him. This underbrowed bourgeois wished to know if it wasn't true that those Russians were pretty generally ignorant and illiterate.

"Ah, true enough!" said the nice old Mister Pan; "but that's the beauty of it all! Ignorance! That is their very strength. Being ignorant they are not hampered by the conventions of old and effete societies, and so will avoid their errors."

And I doubt if even spanking would do him any good. I am not sure he shouldn't be put away in some quiet place where the attendants could take him out once a day to watch the pretty goldfish in the fountain, but keep him from contact with the public. His ideals don't hurt himself in the least. He would be shocked unpleasantly if you told him you had stolen a ride on a street car. But I suppose now and then he does infect someone else with his silliness. He is like that Typhoid Mary we used to read about, who wafted the germs from her freely but was never stricken with typhoid herself. I believe they segregated Mary.

More Squirrels Than Masses

Then another boy who has never grown up wants the masses to meet him on an appointed day and throw off their yoke at precisely two P. M. For his first overthrow it seemed to him that Central Park in New York would be needed. He knew there would be a lot of the masses when they got together in one spot. So he set the hour, and the masses were bidden to come; and when they came their host was to cancel all the debts in the world and the yoke would be thrown off. As simple as that! And I don't know what kept the masses away. Maybe it was their savior's assumption that masses only owe money and are never owed. Anyway there were more squirrels than masses in the park that day.

So for his next overthrow of organized society, held a few weeks later, he chose a plot of ground much smaller than Central Park. He must have thought he could surely fill that with the masses. And again the yoke was to be thrown off at precisely two P. M.; and to prove that he was a real enemy of society he on this occasion flaunted a very desperate red necktie full in the face of such hellhounds of the law as were present.

But again the masses failed him. The poor boy must have been as puzzled as that black man in the Chicago courtroom. Here he was, fearless and fiery, ready to give clear directions for overthrowing the whole blamed business; and no masses to stand by and carry out his orders.

Then we have among us—or had until a Missouri court was ungallant to her some months ago—the lady who loved to go up and down in the land telling us common people what we should do to the Government that despotizes over us. In gowns engagingly cut, and faultlessly—for the lady married someone highly bourgeois in the moneyed sense of the term—she fervently urged us to refuse to have any hand in a war that many of us had come to feel quite a bit of enthusiasm for. Then this Missouri court said she would have to show it; and the lady began to scintillate. But the court stayed rude and said she should be kept from talking—for something like ten years, I believe it was.

Then we have those literary geishas who write in safe seclusion and take a chance on what happens after it is printed. There is that superstylish Bolshevist, with a safety-first catch, who the other day told a jury he hadn't meant it that way at all. He admitted that he might seem to be a Red, but honestly now he was only a pale pink if you looked at him closely; and, anyway, couldn't the Government take a joke?

The Yellowest Yellow Yet

He is a handsome wretch, who can talk about the causal plexus of the all, and write poetry, and do other literary tatting if he wants to, but heretofore he has got his by telling the masses to rise up and shake themselves. He was the worst wolf that ever howled at midnight until he faced a skeptical prosecuting attorney; then he turned a refulgent chrome yellow that made the courtroom like something cloudy you dimly descry while the West is still remembering the sun. Trust old Nature with her protective coloration.

He will never suffer injury in any mix-up, legal or otherwise. I know just how he feels. I did no waiting round myself when I at last got the masses worked up to throw that stone through the church window.

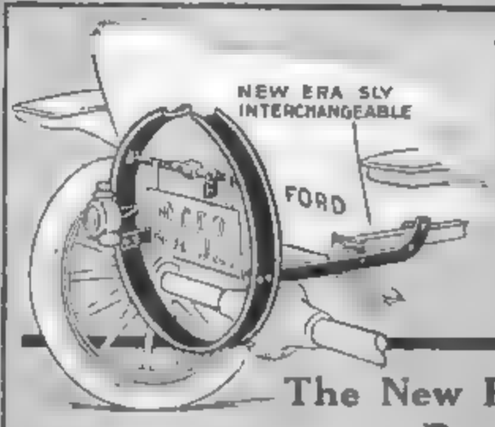
And there is the dear clever boy who came back from Russia a bit ago to see if he couldn't work us up to striking off our shackles in the Russian manner. If he could have had his way I could to-day oil up the old forty-four, go out and pot a bunch of fat bourgeoisie and get decorated for it instead of into trouble merely, as I would under the hated capitalistic system.

Well, this same boy has warned us that the Revolution is just round the corner, though, bless his little heart, he was nice enough to say he hoped it would come pretty instead of messy. But however it may come, I will now give much better than track odds that this boy won't even be scratched by it.

I think he must go great at studio teas or in one of those quaint and dirty restaurants in dear old Greenwich Village. There, I am sure, he talks effectively about the soul of Russia, and how he would like to wish the same soul on his own country, and would do it, too, if the stupid masses would ever take a hint. And women must thrill to his talky-talk and say is he not wonderful—oh, but wonderful! He makes it all so clear!

But mark my words, that young man will be oh, so careful not to make it clear to the police. He will be firm with the masses, but he will never slap a policeman on the wrist watch or attempt the even less dangerous feat of hurling a detonating bomb into a children's May party in Central Park. He would not do even that much for the good old Revolution.

He will expound the soul of Russia for years to come, and go never nearer to personal danger than when shaving with his



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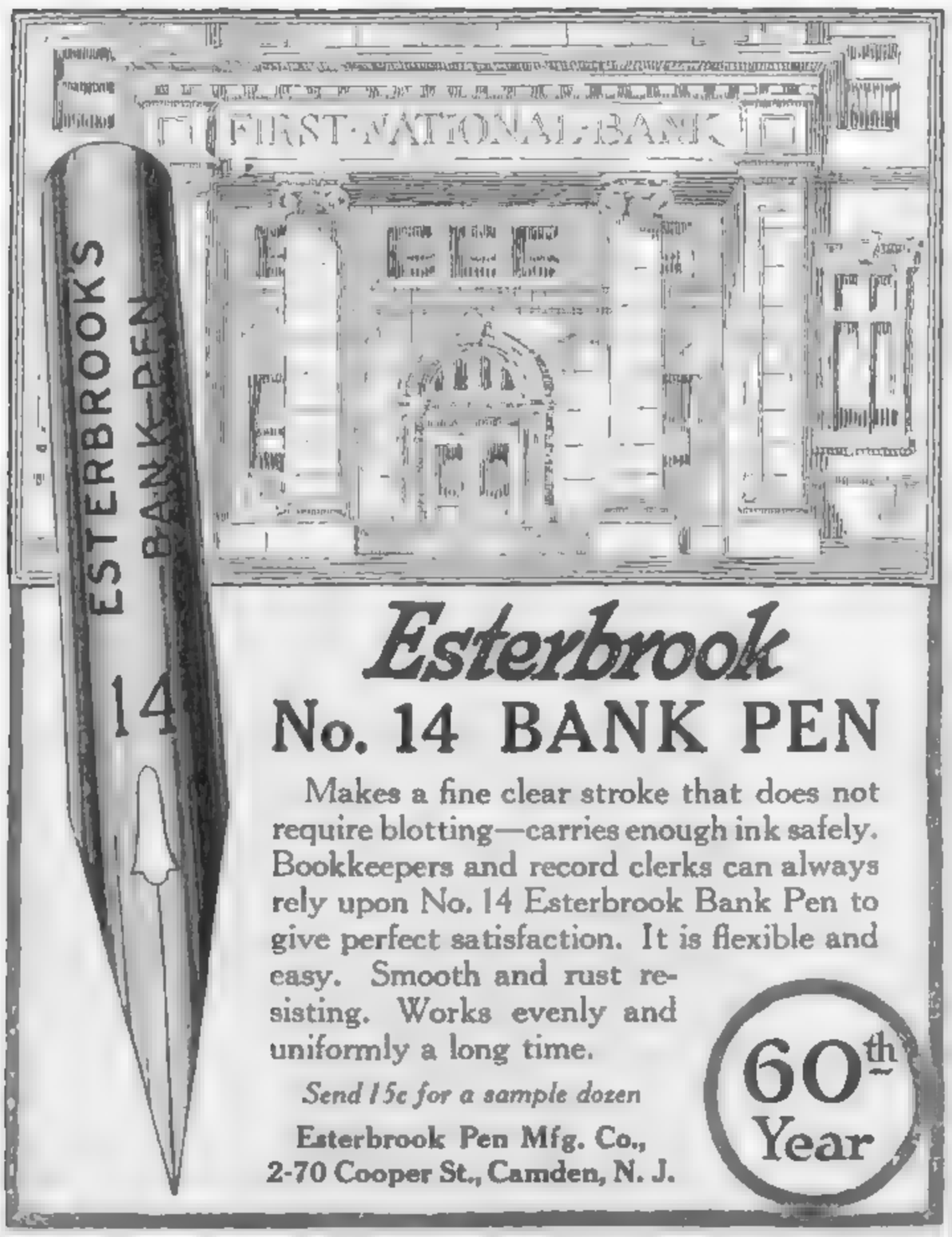

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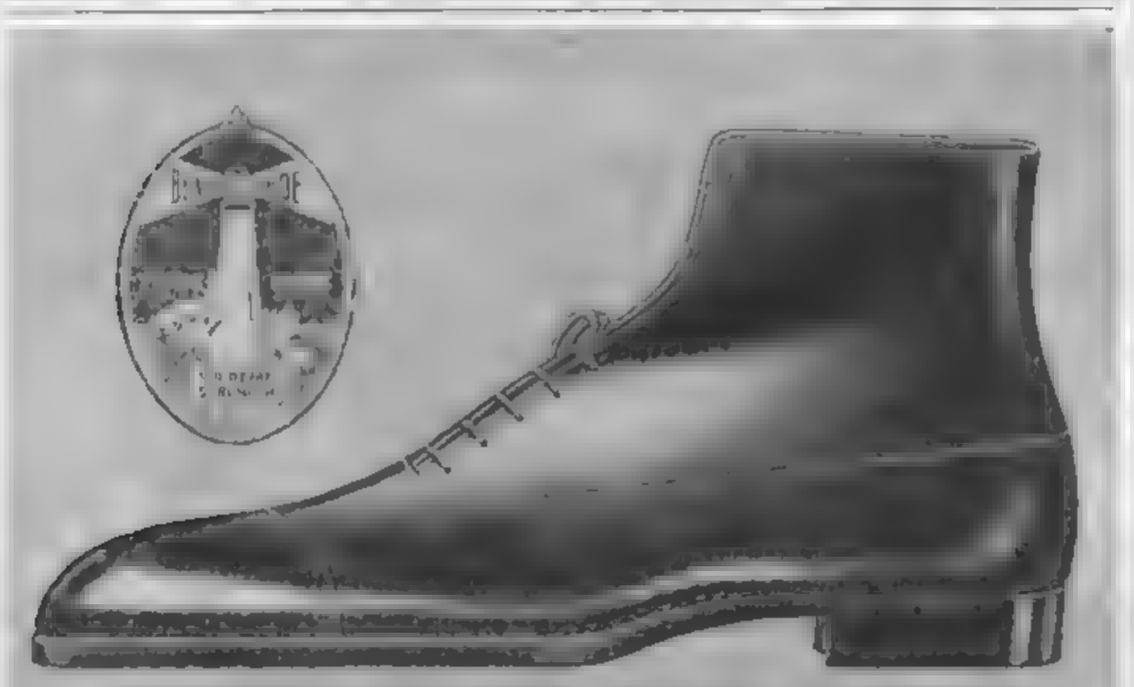

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SHOES
FOR FIT FOR STYLE FOR WEAR

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safety razor. I suppose he does shave, like a grown man.

But, of course, I can't go on forever pointing out individuals in our little group of pinks. I shall have to skip the professors who use words like adumbrate and collective mind and psychic impulsion and predatory and supposititious, and so on. They talk plainly enough when they get before a jury. And I shall have to skip the pacifists who don't believe in fighting except against the Army of their own country; and I shall have to skip that amiable and rather attractive lowbrow who financed a children's crusade to end the war. He, it proved, was no longer a pacifist after he found out what the word meant, though why he didn't ask someone instead of spending all that money is beyond me.

But anyway, here we are, still clumping along after a fashion under a Government by no means perfect. I should say it wasn't perfect! It has explosions back through the intake pipe because of a valve leak; it has a spring collar loose and a rod expanded in guide. It has too much oil in the combustion chamber. It suffers from preignition from soot on the cylinder head. Its throttle throw is hampered. Its platinum points are pitted. Its gaskets are loose. Some of its tappet nuts are too tight between the push rods. And above all its auxiliary air valve is improperly adjusted.

And yet the old machine actually still does go. It even seems highly flexible, capable of evolving new parts for its present chassis, and from abundant testimony it offers more attractions to the governed than any other machine yet devised. I think somehow it is going to survive in spite of the mostly foreign meddlers who would like to scrap its undeniably creaking machinery; even in spite of our safety-first native Bolshevists, our little band of pinks, who are yet yellow enough to wish it scrapped even while they sit under its protection and partake of its manifold benefits, taking care to keep within that technical allegiance which its Constitution requires; this last being what makes the pinks so yolky yellow. It is only an opinion, but my own optimism is yet unwarped. I feel pretty confident we are going on with the old machine, doing roadside repairs from time to time as needed.

A Little Spartacan at Home

I am really more worried by our uplifters than by our overthrowers. As between people who believe that everything can be done by law and people who believe that nothing good can be done while any law endures give me the latter. They at least can sometimes be taught better. Standing, then, with reluctant feet between the uplift and the overthrow—between people who would regulate to the last item my diet and such morals as I have been able to patch up in this interesting world, and people who would like to blow the whole machine sky-high—I shall try to lead a quiet life as free as possible from annoyance by either element. But if I do have to consort with one or the other—the overthrower for mine. That is my personal taste.

And here, just now, I find a Bolshevist in my own home. It's all true, that thing about the sins of the fathers. The ardent young Red was with violence looting his sister, who was a bourgeois for the moment by reason of possessing an almost bicycle which he craved. The capitalistic régime came down on him heavy. Thereupon he secured a Spartacan grip on the loosely tied cravat of organized society and, against the rules of civilized warfare, darned near strangled the government right there. This outrage requiring drastic measures the government became at last roused and suppressed the Red revolt in jig time. And there were two definite cuffs on a bare leg, just to show that constituted authority would stand no nonsense.

Whereupon the wounded Spartacan stopped crying instantly, glared coldly murderous at the oppressor, and said in cool, clean, terrible tones: "I'll break your typewriter!"

And there you are. Even in my own house—sabotage! What are children coming to anyway? And he has never read a line about Bolshevism, I know, because he is horribly uncertain even on short words like bat and cat and rat. Well, I must meet the problem in my own way, and I think I can solve it. And the Government if it wishes may study my method.

What to Do About It

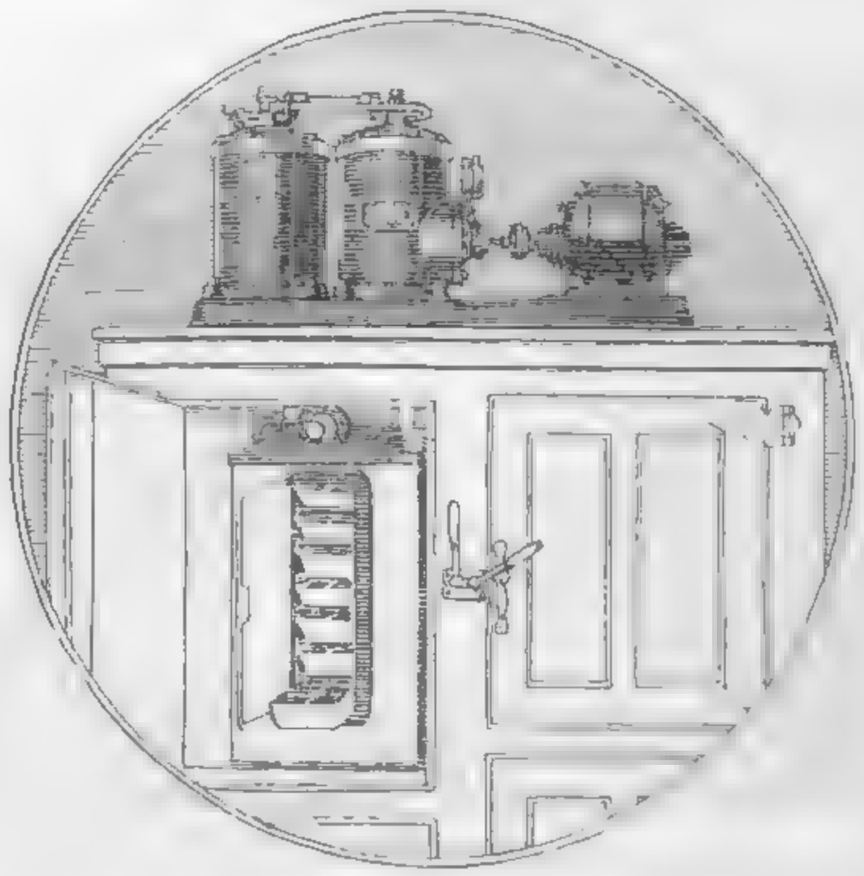
In the first place I am a better man physically than this particular Bolshevist, even if he is in the full flush and vigor of his five and a half years. So I can overpower him any time I believe it necessary. But I shall try to teach him, and it is possible I shall seldom be compelled to crude force. As you have seen, he is not one of the yellow kind. Were he as yellow as the other creatures I have mentioned or as I was at his age, he would have made that threat about the typewriter entirely a mental threat, and he would later have started a paper in which he would have incited his little sister to ruin the typewriter.

But plainly he isn't that kind. He will never be a leader of the masses. He is a born mass himself. So I think I shall be able to convince him that it wouldn't be wise to break my typewriter. He half believes it already. I have explained its significance to him in the matter of his daily food, a matter in which he is deeply sensitive. I have added that it may also provide at no distant day a live pony with a celestial flow of tail and bushy hair hanging down over its eyes. And he is impressed. He is learning. He already knows more of sound economics than old Peter Panikins of that club reading room, who is at least thirteen times his age.

I think he is really beginning to understand that if he broke down this more or less oppressive system under which he lives—the menaced typewriter being its keystone—and added me to the ranks of the unemployed he would be right where that morsel of squirrel food in Madison Square would have been if he had got what he urged the masses to give him.

I sometimes think a great deal may be done by education. And I have only to add that if there should come any more of that Spartacan stuff in spite of my best efforts at teaching I shall know what to do, and do it good and plenty. And I haven't even thought of deporting the anarchist. It will be simpler. That sprouting young Red will be put upside down and *spurlos versenkt*. I may not have the dialect right but I know what I mean. And so will he.

Washington, D. C., please take notice.



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Una Cavalieri in
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*Dorothy Dalton in
Pauline Frederick in
Dorothy Gish in
Lou Lee in
Vivian Martin in
Shirley Mason in
*Charles Ray in
Wallace Reid in
Bryant Washburn in

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"The Hun Within" with a Special Star Cast
"Private Peat" with Private HAROLD PEAT
"Little Women"
'Sporting Life'
A Maurice Tourneur Production
"The Silver King" featuring William Faversham
"The False Faces"
A Thos. H. Ince Production

Artcraft

Enrico Caruso in "My Cousin"
George M. Cohan in "Hit the Trail Holliday"
Cecil B. deMille's Production "For Better, For Worse"
Douglas Fairbanks in
Essie Fergusson in
D W Griffith's Production
*William S. Hart in "The Poppy Girl's Husband"
Mary Pickford in "Captain Kidd, Jr."
Fred Stone in "Johnny Get Your Gun"

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy "Love
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies "The Foolish Age"
"The Little Widow"
Paramount-Flagg Comedy "The Last Bottle
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Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures One each week

And remember that *any* Paramount or Artcraft picture that you haven't seen is as new as a book you have never read

BLUE-WATER LAW

(Continued from Page 9)

comfort I could. I couldn't sleep in the bunk, and so I curled up on the cement deck. And very soon I saw that that deck had been marvelously treated. It had been swabbed up in a strong solution of carbolic acid.

Still I am all for hygiene on a ship.

Let me say in passing that every meal I had on that ship I had to go begging for a plate and a knife and fork and a cup; squat beside a better man until he was through with his own; all this because I had brought none of these things aboard and nobody had taken thought for such a poor beggar as I. I lost caste fearfully there; I was looked upon as a beach comber, an inferior bloke lost to all self-respect, because I did not have a mattress and a quilt, a knife and fork. Does that seem strange to you? It is operative in our own country, however. A friend of mine trying to get a job—through an agency—in some borax mills found that it all depended on whether or not he could produce a quilt. If he had a quilt he was a citizen and a man of substance; if he had it not he was a tramp.

Such of our new ships as I have been privileged to see have every facility for keeping quarters clean. The forecastle is a man's house; it is literally his castle, and if he cannot find himself at home there he loses heart. I remember with loathing one leaky foreign fo'c'stle of which I was a denizen, where coal dust mingled with brine and made a black ooze two inches deep which squelched up between my toes every time I got out of my bunk. That sort of thing will make any kind of sailorman quote Scripture.

The Ravages of African Golf

On our new ships such conditions will not be tolerated. As to bunks these cannot, according to the law, be more than two deep. The merchant-mariner sleeps on springs of the latest mesh type, fastened to a pipe frame, without those open joints which might harbor recluses. There have been fo'c'stles, I grant you, where a man might feel, as soon as he had doused the glim, as if a prairie fire were creeping up his flank. But I do not think any man will say of our modern ships—such as those built and manned by the Shipping Board—that they are dirty or verminous or rat-infested; or likely to become so.

The law on the subject of seamen's wages is remarkably full. I cannot here examine it in detail, but it is notable among other things that a man while in a foreign port may demand half his wages earned up to that time, but he must not ask oftener than every five days. This is a great advance over the old days, when all advances were at the pleasure of the old man.

As a matter of fact the less chance a man has to get at his pay day en route the better off he is in the end. If he will accept this fact and let his money lie he will find that he is actually making a great deal more money than men ashore who nominally draw more than he does. First, because for so long he is at sea and can spend nothing; and second, because bed and board are provided him. He is "found."

This assumes, of course, that our friend does not indulge in that disastrous game known as craps, or African golf, which, from my observation, as a waster of time and money is second to none. Nothing gets done on a ship where the disease of craps has made inroads. Everything is drawn toward that charmed circle. It may be and perhaps has been carried so far as to endanger the ship. A crap watch below means a sleepy lookout on deck. Still, it is fair to say for our present merchant marine that this is specifically a Navy disease. It is well known that skillful golfers enlist for the sole purpose of cleaning up at this back-lots abomination. It is time these miserable land sharks—they are not sailors—who batten on the wages of better men were rounded up.

Let a man use horse sense, then, and he will save money at a rate that will astound him. The mate on my last ship told me that he had saved half of all the wages he had ever earned at sea. Who ashore could say as much? And yet ashore this mate was not afraid to spend money in reasonable amounts. The gain comes from being for such long periods beyond the seductions of that lick-pocket, a great city.

It is now unlawful to pay any seaman wages in advance of the time when he has actually earned the same or to pay such advance wages to any other person for the shipment of seamen. This again is directed against the activities of crimps. It does not prevent a seaman from allotting a portion of the wages he may earn to be paid to those dependent upon him ashore, but these allotments are not paid until they are actually earned by the absent sailor.

People often say: "What do you do if you are sick at sea?" The best procedure is to get into your bunk and think of home. The truth is that more humorous than tragic things occur to me in connection with sickness at sea. In the first place there used to be a practice of soldiering or playing off sick; that was one of the childlike attributes of the old-school sailor. As soon as he had got well down into the rolling or the roaring forties, when furling sail was nasty business and the watch on deck was long and cold, he was likely to take to his bunk with some mysterious pain or other and call for medicine. Nobody could decide whether his agony was real or not. You remember that poor nigger in The Nigger of the Narcissus who kept them all guessing so long, and who died just as they had finally decided that there was nothing the matter with him. The real malingerer would go to mad lengths in his search for verisimilitude.

I recall one shipmate, a soldier, who had got a bullet in his leg at the siege of some Chinese city or other. The slug had not been taken out for fear of stiffening his leg. By exerting pressure against this slug he could shift it in such wise as to clog the blood stream; and in half an hour his upper leg would be swelled fearfully and the man incapacitated. But the torture to which he subjected himself was real. This man was a great sea humorist.

Real cases of soldiering developed on long cruises, when some mean-spirited men deliberately took advantage of the fact that they must be fed whether they worked or not. I have seen no pronounced cases of it in steam, and do not think much is known of it there. In any case such men can be got rid of quickly.

Health in Salt Air

For some reason or other you don't seem to fall sick at sea in any bona fide fashion. Sluice enough salt over it and the body of man would, I think, take on immortality. There is more in the pickling process than that process is commonly given credit for. Even when the conditions were ever so bad my health, for some contrary reason, was ever so good. I was made of whipcord. So long as there was food of some kind any kind would do. Any fuel would serve to stoke me; I had fires in me then that would consume anything. I could turn in soaking wet, lie there steaming for hours, turn out as wet as ever, into my cod oils again and out on deck in tart weather, and yet take no cold. Is it the salt that does it, the free current of the air, the absence of poison-laden dust? A germ would have to have the wings of an albatross to follow you on some of these foreign voyages.

However, it is a statutory provision that on all merchant vessels that make voyages of more than three days' duration between ports and carry a crew of more than twelve seamen there shall be constructed a compartment for hospital purposes. In connection with the blithe use to which a hospital may be put I cannot refrain from mentioning the case of Jumbo Smith, who was along last trip to learn to be an engineer. This Jumbo was the most downright willing man I ever saw come aboard a ship. All the powers of darkness couldn't hold him back from work, you would have said. Not content with tinkering the engine, if he happened to be off watch when the ship docked or undocked he would jump in like mad with the sailors and heave away and yell as good as four men. He was as good as four men for just a week, and after that it took the services of four men to see that he wanted nothing. He had the influenza, and had it bad, but he was one of these ironsided gaxabos whom salt water had pickled, and he weathered the flu and got so that he could sit up and have what the gunners called his "chow" brought to him.

The weather was perfect, and Jumbo sat there day after day with a happy smile;

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"Finds the Leak and Fixes It"

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TONS of weight, supported by flimsy wings of linen, hurled thru the air at more than a hundred miles an hour—that is the mechanical marvel we call an airplane. How can it resist the strain caused by gusts and eddies and air pockets? How can it stand the terrific stress of loop-the-loops and tail spins?

The answer is as old as science itself — "Diamond Construction for Strength." The wire "ties" brace the planes in every possible direction against every possible strain.

The plates of a storage battery are subject to the same sort of strain as the wings of an airplane. And to resist the strain they require the same Diamond Construction. The

PHILADELPHIA DIAMOND GRID BATTERY

is the only battery whose plates are supported by "Diamond Construction."

Because of its Diamond Grid, its patented quarter-sawed hard wood separators, and a dozen or more important engineering features, the Philadelphia auto-starting battery is

Guaranteed for 18 Months.

A [illegible] Philadelphia [illegible] and service stations, selected because of their integrity and ability, are read[illegible]pair your old battery or to replace it with a Philadelphia Diamond Grid Battery.

Philadelphia Storage Battery Co.

Ontario and C Sts. Philadelphia, Pa.

and sometimes he looked wistful, too, as if he would give ten years of his life to be down there working and knowing the joy of work. And after a time it began to look as if Jumbo would have his wish gratified before long, because his appetite was picking up and color was coming back into his cheeks. He may have thought so himself, though nobody suggested it to him. At any rate he picked a dark night for his first effort at walking, and fell off the roof of a motor truck to the foredeck and broke his leg in three places.

We were in the war zone then; the cruiser had left us, as her habit was on arriving at a mathematical line of longitude, regardless of whether the destroyers had picked us up or no; and it was in this gap that a good many of us were bagged. On this occasion we found the destroyers all about us in the morning; but they were French destroyers and had no surgeon on board. Later in the day we found an American patrol boat with a surgeon on board, dropped out of convoy and took on the surgeon.

He set Jumbo's leg with the aid of three men, two pints of ether and a block and tackle.

"Go ahead, regardless of me, gentlemen," Jumbo told them. He was ghastly pale, but he had lost nothing of that invincible cheerfulness. He was one of these fellows who fairly radiate unluckiness. Incidentally he gave me a bad watch picking up that convoy again toward dark, when I could no longer make out which leg of the zigzag they were on, or how I was going to ease in there, precisely. A bunch of ships like that will turn and dart like a school of minnows up a salt creek if just the shadow of trouble falls over them.

As soon as we docked, Jumbo Smith was taken ashore with his leg in a cast, and we began to get accounts of the wonderful time he was having, somewhere, surrounded with pretty nurses who were just fighting each other off over this hero who had bravely got his leg broken while sneaking through the war zone. Jumbo lay there looking like the original viking, and he told them it was nothing, nothing at all; any other man would have done the same.

One of his officers, who overheard this, told us that that was true, any other fool man would have done the same that took it into his lunkhead to go walking on the tops of automobiles on a dark night with a head sea driving into her. It was all hair for Jumbo. His gifted ears heard nothing but condolence. And after two weeks of that dream of fair women tender hands lifted him up and bore him back to his flagship, where he reclined on the boat deck in front of the hospital with a "Kiss me, Hardy" look depicted on his pale face.

The Luck of Jumbo Smith

But the sea air revived him, and he picked up wonderfully, made friends with the wireless, had the daily press shoved under his door or into his bunk each morning and conferred with his colleagues about the running of the ship during the morning hours. Cheerful. Always cheerful. But still with that old wistfulness in his eye when he would see good men going about their work on the decks below. Still, no man bore the burden of disappointed hopes better than he. Calm afternoons he spent getting the hang of his new crutches. And so the old wagon purred and pounded across the North Atlantic, and Jumbo was lifted up again and put into a taxi, and went nobody knew whither.

About a week later, when we had just got the rocks out of the ship and the wops were still swabbing up her limbers, we saw a man coming over the side whom we mistook for a rear admiral at the least. It was Jumbo Smith. He wore a uniform with beautiful golden propeller blades on the collar; he wore a cap with a great golden eagle perched just over the visor; he wore that golden smile which seemed to say, "What cheer, workmen?" He was tapping a British-looking cane against his one good knee, and—he boasted a wound stripe.

"Well," he said, "of course I told 'em it was nothing."

He had to be sheepish with that crowd. And there all those shirt-sleeved merchant-marinera—sea democrats, blood brothers to the kitchen democrats; those men who affected to abhor and spit upon uniforms but who secretly hankered after them as the hairy bee hankers after the lady flower, in Whitman's phrase; those men who had borne with him and propped him up and carried him on litters, and to whom he had been a burden like that which Christian bore on his way to the Eternal City glared and glowered, and one of them said:

"Why, you bunch of sweet-smelling nothing, you long-drawn-out pinch of misery, is this what we get for being kind to you? Where was you wounded, at the Battle of Mobile Bay? Hey? Get off the burning deck! Did you tell them all about that time when the shrapnel was raining down on you? Did you tell them about being torpedoed and throwed up on the mahogany coast?"

"No, sir," said Jumbo Smith, with that same dogged cheerfulness, and the air of a man making the best of a bad business; "I hung to it that it was nothing, but shucks, they thought I was lying to them!"

I tell Jumbo's experience to show how pleasant life in a ship's hospital may be.

To return to the statutes. The seaman has certain rights of protest, but now that voyages are short I think his best remedy is to leave the ship if he has a grievance against it. I will state briefly some of his privileges, however. "If any member of the crew considers himself aggrieved . . . he shall represent the same to the master . . . in a quiet and orderly manner."

Brothers, I have seen ships where that took doing. Instance the case of old Patty Lee, a seaman who had been beating to windward for so many years that his beard streamed all one way. His brow had five permanent disapproval wrinkles bitten in by time and treatment. He made oath that the pea soup was nothing but rocks and gravel, and in his lion's voice he roared—in the fo'c'stle—that it was an outrage that able seamen should be forced to take it into their gizzards.

Pickings for Sea Lawyers

Now be it said here, pea soup is the test of the sea cook, and no such soup is fairly in the great tradition unless it is soup of such sort that if you stand a spoon up in the middle of it the said spoon will continue to maintain the perpendicular after all adventitious aids have been withdrawn, like a pole sticking in a mud bank. That is the only sort of soup that will stick to the ribs. And that was emphatically not the sort of soup that old Patty in a quiet and orderly manner took aft one stormy noon, with a spoon supine in it, for the old man to try it with.

"I want to ask you, sir, if you think that is the sort of soup, sir, that ought to be put before a sailor, sir," said old Patty.

"Give it to the fishes, then," said the autocrat, and lifted his boot against it and kicked it, plate and all, into the sea; all in a quiet and orderly manner.

The sea lawyer still finds pickings. If he can get a majority of the crew in a foreign port to sign a paper that that ship is leaking dangerously or that she is "insufficiently supplied with sails, rigging, anchors," and so on, or that she is undermanned or that the provisions are rank or low, he can get the consul to appoint a committee of three to make a survey or look into the cause of the complaint.

As to sails, I think a good many steamships give cause of complaint by failing to carry them. If they once get out of coal or oil, as they very well may, or if their engines break down and they have no sails, they are in a bad way at once. There cannot well be conceived a more helpless object than a big steamship with nothing more to propel her than a couple of bridge awnings and a spare tarpaulin. It seems absurd that such should be the case, but I have known quite a few such ships to be lacking in sails altogether.

There is a wise provision against shipping seamen to work alternately in the fireroom and on deck. Men shipped for deck service cannot be put in the fireroom. I went decking on the Lakes once, but when I wasn't lifting hatches on and off I was down below cleaning fires. One of my associates there after forty-eight hours of continuous service got word that he would be allowed to turn in at the end of a certain watch. Just as the watch, an eternity in itself, was about to end, the ship went off Eastern time, and we had to do the last hour over again. My associate came upon the mate in the act of twirling the minute hand of a clock back in a complete circle. At his last gasp he ventured to protest.

The mate, a hard case, ground out: "What's the matter? No sleep? You people make me sick! You can sleep all winter,

(Concluded on Page 53.)

A Sentinel at the Gate

Safeguarding a Service to Hospital and Home

AT the Johnson & Johnson factories, the ***scientific accuracy*** of our 400 and more preparations is a matter of pride—justified by our high ideals—and carefully guarded by our controlling laboratory.

This laboratory is, indeed, a "Sentinel at the Gate." With unwavering regularity it challenges every bit of raw material that enters our yards. With clinical thoroughness it tests the finished product. For over thirty years the Johnson & Johnson institution has held the confidence of physicians, hospitals, and nurses the world over.

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This same great laboratory organization controls the many Johnson & Johnson products for home use. Such infinite care is used in the manufacture of each of these products that we believe—and know many physicians join our belief—that no other toilet articles deserve so prominent a place on your bath-room shelf.

Your druggist, too, has learned to rely on the Johnson & Johnson "Sentinel at the Gate." He daily shows his preference for Johnson preparations. This is still further proof that he deserves your increased confidence and patronage.

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Synol Soap.—Nothing better for toilet, bath, and shampoo. Liquid or cake form.

Red Cross Gauze.—The perfect gauze for every purpose.

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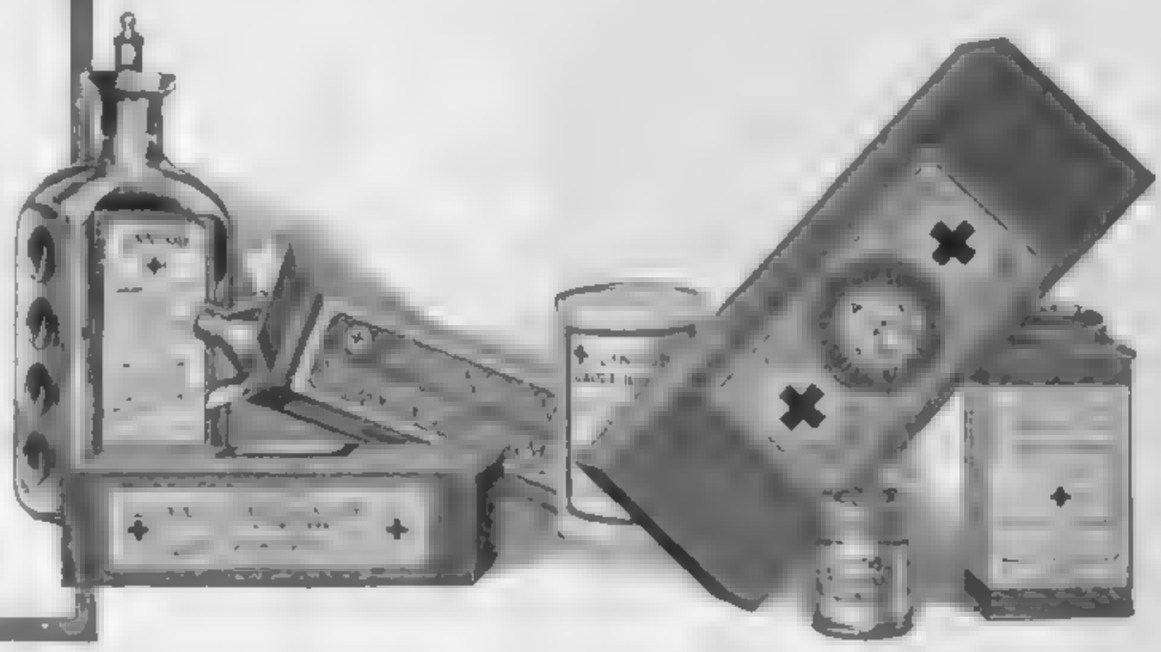
Zonas Adhesive Plaster.—Mends everything.

Johnson's Toilet and Baby Powder.—An old standby with physicians and nurses. Best for baby; best for you.



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Made by Wm. ROGERS MFG. CO. International Silver Co., Successor, Meriden, Conn.

Also made in Canada, by Wm. Rogers Mfg. Co. Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

(Concluded from Page 50)

can't you? Can't you even keep your eyes open summers?"

Here is another curious provision effective on American vessels, antiquated now that we are getting American crews for those vessels; and that is, that no vessel shall be permitted to depart from any port of the United States unless she has on board a crew not less than seventy-five per cent of whom are able to understand any order given by the officers of such a vessel. This will show as nothing else could the lamentable condition we were in. What would you say to a business conducted on shore wherein only seventy-five per cent of the personnel knew what was being said to them? And how much more necessary to the safe voyaging of a great ship was it that her officers should be immediately understood, not by some proportion of the crew, but by every last man jack of them?

I once knew an old captain who said that born sailors knew well enough what wanted to be done by some kind of instinct; and he preferred to hire one or two sailors of each race, because such sailors couldn't plot or mutiny or foment trouble, conspiracy having as one of its first requirements that those conspiring shall be able to talk among themselves. As for myself I shall be glad to bid adieu forever to the sign language.

Every ship must carry a medicine chest, and every ship not a whaler must carry a slop chest. The medicine chest may indeed be sometimes what its name implies, a brass-bound chest, which gives out a pharmaceutical whiff whenever its lid is raised. The slop chest, however, is invariably a locker or seagoing shop full of things necessary to the sailorman. It was much maligned formerly as a sort of robber's den, and the captain was supposed to take three or four separate profits out of it, and retire from the sea for the rest of his natural days.

The Slop-Chest Ceremony

To give a landlubber some notion of the look and function of the thing I will describe slop-chest night on the old Juteopolis. Saturday night was set apart for this ceremony. The sailmaker, who kept store, soaped and oiled his hair and even perfumed himself to make himself more worthy, and one of the apprentices sat at the end of the cabin with a great black book open in which he jotted down the articles taken away by the crew. A fine smell of tar, tobacco and oilskins came out of the place. The tobacco came in giant black plugs, so steeped in glycerin that no man could smoke it until he had first shaved it fine with an ax and tossed it up and down in a paper over the fo'c'stle lamp to dry it out. Besides tobacco, Sails would sell you stockings, shirts, underwear, pipes, sea boots, sheath knives. There was nothing resembling a ban on sheath knives on that ship. A man without one was a lame duck indeed.

Everybody talked in whispers, in guttural monosyllables, because the old man was felt to be not far away. He glowed through the partitions of sycamore and bird's-eye maple like some red-hot object slowly cooling there. Everybody felt queer to be in those intimate quarters and to be actually viewing the preserve dish on the sideboard out of which the great man ate. Therefore no one failed to be of that glum company. Let them rail all the rest of the week at the slop chest, Saturday night would find them there again listening to the scratching of the high and mighty apprentice's pen.

No, there was nothing like slop-chest night to break the back of the sea's monotony. No night was too wild and no sea too heavy to prevent the watch below from mustering aft in anticipation of that majestic ceremony. Robbery it might be; but unholy fascinating work too. My recent experience has been that you can buy cheaper and better on board ship than ashore. I have not bought shoes ashore for nearly two years.

A further clause is to the effect that if a foreign voyage is to exceed fourteen days the ship must carry in the slop chest at least one suit of woolen clothing for each seaman. The statute looked out for them, since experience showed that they did not look out for themselves.

There used to be, of course, hard cases who would stick out against the seductions of the slop chest. I remember that little whiskery boson with the dread voice and the silvery spotted forearms, who preferred paddling his feet about in the bitter waters of the Antarctic Ocean, when washing down mornings, to buying sea boots out of the slop chest. He would have climbed out on an iceberg barefooted sooner than have resorted to that robber's cave. Blue-footed, black-hearted, red-rimmed, he toughed his watches through. And then, when he jumped the ship in Sydney, he stole the captain's overcoat and carried it on his shoulders sixty miles through blistering heat, only to have it stolen from him in turn when he got to Newcastle. He told me the sad story later in Melbourne.

The Old Tribe and the New

There was a fine example of old-school seaman, by the way. A small body; terrible hands—invincible hands if once they closed on your throat, squirm how you would; a voice as deep as a horn; and a knowledge of the wiles of seamanship as wide as the sea itself. He was like a raw breath down the backs of the watch on deck. He had come out of a prison ship on the Mersey; no man had seen more horrors; he held everybody on that ship under the leash of his rugged physical experience. I would have trusted more to the instant judgment of that ignorant little cockney, with his eyes of a wild boar about to charge, than to the captain of the ship. He could sense things better. He had more seamanship. I seem to feel the heel of that iron hand nipping my fingers as we sway together on the braces, the black foresail bellowing overhead, water falling over the weather fence with a roar, the wild cries of the watch on desk making confusion worse confounded. All my five senses kicked out naked in the lap of things; but I felt obscurely that bos' could see through that snarl. That little man could be guaranteed to function as a seaman in all weathers. Like a well-jeweled watch he could run true in any one of five positions. Yet when ashore he was a poor outcast who begged for pennies at street corners, helping his cause by a trick he had of throwing his wrists out of joint and glaring at you with rum-dumb eyes.

I do not hope to make our new tribe of seamen out of such as he. I rely rather on the many young men whom the Army and Navy will discharge, men who have looked into the bright face of danger and can never again quite get the dazzle out of their eyes. I think a good many of them will reject the prosaic terms of their old life if they can lay hold of a trade or profession which will satisfy their craving for adventure and yet be a solid achievement too.

Well, here it lies, ready to their hand. They are the men for it. Here is one, a flight commander, aghast at the somber thought of a return to civil life, who writes me: "My Fitness Report classifies me as an expert pilot, calm, forceful, overbold, with excellent initiative."

These are the men for our money if they can be induced to take seamen's wages while they are learning the sea, with a good prospect of advancement. Time and tide will sever the "over" from the "bold"; and for the rest these are the very men whom the tall water delights to fashion and make her own. I am convinced that we have unlimited resources in them.

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Just Dip the Brush!

How simple it is, after all, to have a comfortable, cheery home and well preserved furniture.

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Made to withstand the tread of heavy boots without scratching white, this celebrated Kyanize Varnish is ideal for furniture and all woodwork. Waterproof **absolutely**, it dries in twenty-four hours with a lustrous crack-proof, long life surface. You may have it "Clear" or in any of eight handsome colors.

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Rats and mice each year destroy crops and property in the United States valued at over $200,000,000—a destruction equivalent to the gross earnings of an army of over 200,000 men.

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DESTROYS THIS PEST

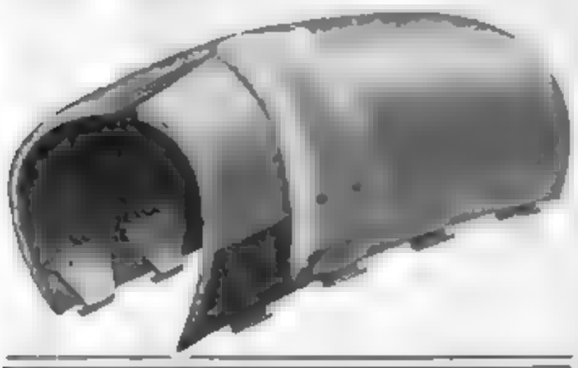
Rats—filthy, disease-breeding, food-destroying—have become a world menace. Europe is overrun with rats. England is fighting a rat plague which threatens to cost the nation millions of dollars yearly. In the United States the rat problem is assuming grave proportions.

It is your duty to help exterminate rats and mice. Rough-On-Rats is easy to use (mix it with any food that rats or mice eat). It is economical. It is sure. Sold by all drug and general stores.

Write for free booklet—"Ending Rats and Mice"

E. S. WELLS, *Chemist,* Jersey City, N. J.

RACINE SUPREME HOOK-ON BOOT



When You Meet Bad Luck

BLOWOUTS and rim cuts are but trifling inconveniences when you have taken the precaution to include Racine Supreme Tire Sundries in your repair kit.

When you meet bad luck, slip a Racine Supreme Inside Blowout Patch inside the casing. Then, over the hole, place a Racine Supreme Hook-On Boot, and you have a strong repair which meets the severest emergency.

Superiorities of materials and workmanship feature the complete line of

RACINE SUPREME TIRE SUNDRIES

The upper picture shows the construction superiorities of the Racine Supreme Hook-On Boot. See how it is built of multiple plies of best rubberized fabric. Note the reinforcing strip where hooks are riveted.

In the lower picture, note the features of the Racine Supreme Inside Blowout Patch — especially the extra strong side-wall.

Extra Tested

Each article is Extra Tested. The same manufacturing precautions which make Racine Country Road and Racine Multi-Mile Cord Tires better tires, make Racine Supreme Tire Sundries, better sundries.

RACINE RUBBER COMPANY
Racine, Wis.

HISTORY IS ONE

(Concluded from Page 12)

the great reptiles, which had vanished twenty or thirty million years before their time.

The long struggle of our flesh and blood to articulate life is still no more to most of us than matter for such idiotic burlesque. It has never been made real to us. It seems not to signify. But it does signify, and one does not grasp the values of life fully until that past has become a reality in our thoughts about the past.

Much of the early history of the submen and men, which was confused and controversial and difficult to disentangle thirty years ago, has now been so cleared up that it can be put into an orderly and teachable narrative. It is ready for the use of schools. For growing youth there could be nothing more interesting than the evidence of slowly unfolding skill and knowledge, the first implements and the first weapons, the first fires and the earliest habitations, the beginnings of art, the supersession of the hunting and fishing life of the paleolithic savage by the life of the neolithic herdsman and agriculturist.

And here again, when we come to the neolithic peoples, the philology and archæology of the last quarter of a century have pieced things together until now they are in a comprehensible order. We really have an outline history of the beginnings of civilization. We really have sound ideas that are more than guesses at the origin and relationship of the broad racial divisions of mankind. We can tell a definite story of the pre-Aryan peoples of the Mediterranean Basin and western Europe, and of the pre-Semitic people of Sumeria. But our sons and daughters are not learning these things They are picking up loose and inaccurate ideas about them from casual reading or they are learning nothing at all about them.

It is possible now to draw a map of the world of twelve of fifteen thousand years ago, when southern Arabia was a land of plenty and the Black Sea stretched across the southern steppes of Russia and was one with the Caspian, and the Red Sea mingled its waters with the Mediterranean. It is possible now to tell how agriculture and irrigation rose, and how the first cities with their priest kings grew round the first temples. We can trace the clash of the early civilizations with the nomad populations about them, see the first beginnings of social classes and the elementary and embryonic forms of all these institutions and all those struggles of class and interest in which we live to-day.

A Big Broad Story

Still more possible and still more necessary for a proper comprehension of our world is an understanding of the way in which writing rose out of pictorial record and made possible the extension of social and political relations beyond the range of the early city states. Much is known now, but it is not generally known as it should be known, of the slow transition of men's thoughts from tribal gods and city gods to the idea of one God, the Father and Judge of all mankind. It is a process that went on concurrently with the growth of kingdoms into empires, and with the break-up of little states and peoples; the growth of the double idea of a world dominion on the part of the rulers and of a world brotherhood on the part of a driven and distressed and uprooted peoples.

This broad story, broadly told, is of far more educational value than disputed particulars about the court life of Henry VIII and fine points about the Conventicle Act. Our public to-day would be a wiser public and better able to face the vast necessities of the time if it had even an outline knowledge of the story of the Assyrian and Chaldean and Persian Empires, and some idea of what the career of Alexander the Great signified to the world of men even if it had acquired that knowledge at the cost of never having heard of William Rufus.

Still more important is the history of the rise and development of the Roman Empire, the backbone of the modern historical record. Our national histories signify nothing until they are studied in relation to that. It is not so crowded a subject as people are apt to think. It is bad teaching that crowds history. All the history sketched so far could be put plainly and inspiringly, with the help of thirty or forty straightforward maps and a few time diagrams and illustrations, into the compass of an ordinary school history.

But "History is one," and a modern citizen should also know something of the great world beyond the world of the early empires, the world of the Turkish and Hunnish people of central Asia that spread across the old world between the distant and separate civilization of China, the walled-in triangle of India and the western civilizations. While a larger and larger portion of Europe, North Africa, and Southwest Asia was being brought together into one system of civilization the nomadic life of these regions of Central Asia accumulated energy, which rolled now westward across Russia to shatter the Roman Empire; now eastward to subjugate China; now into India; and at last in its most fatal raid, in the beginning of the twelfth century, to wreck and destroy the irrigation and so the entire population of Babylonia; Babylonia, which had endured as a populous and civilized land from the very beginnings of civilization.

Until people understand the true meaning of that destruction they will never fully grasp the need for one universal world polity, they will still be prone to cuddle to themselves the silly idea that in the same world it is possible to go on with hunger and savagery in one part and a secure and happy civilization in another. If universal history had no other value at all it would still be worth teaching because of the convincing way in which it demonstrates from case after case the hopelessness of any dreams of partial prosperity and partial security in the same world with misery. Human history is one history and human welfare is one whole.

The Great Figures of History

So, too, it is preposterous that we should expect voters to understand the foreign intelligence in their newspapers when they have no idea or only the vaguest idea of the rise of Islam and the share it took in the shattering of the Roman system and the way in which it has since developed and seems likely to develop.

National history since the time of Cæsar to the present day, read by itself, is like reading one part in a play with all the other parts left out. The play itself is the drama of the great necessities for human unity struggling with the narrow purposes and egotisms of mankind; the plot of the play is the long struggle through the Middle Ages and to our own time of the idea of the Roman Empire to adapt and reestablish itself as a form of universal human coöperation. The English schoolboy learns the list of his island kings, with dates; and very dull kings most of them were. The significant figures of history are not these very parochial personages at all, but such monarchs as Charlemagne, Otto III, Frederick Barbarossa, Charles V and Napoleon. Until the student of history knows something about these central characters in European affairs the proceedings of the kings of England or France, the wars they made and the expeditions upon which they embarked are totally incomprehensible.

In the fifteenth century came the phase of exploration that the use of the mariner's compass had made possible, and the stage of history broadened to admit America and to join up India and China at last into an effective reaction upon European affairs. In the close atmosphere of our English histories those great events are masked altogether by the rehearsal of the wives of Henry VIII and the contemplation of Queen Elizabeth's tight-lacing and of King James' slobbering over his "dear Steenie." How that unpleasant weakness perplexed and bored our youth! Yet one might have acquired a very broad and sound knowledge of history and never heard a word about this favorite. He was gossip, he was scandal, a mere transitory pimple on the face of events.

And still more completely not taught to-day is the story of the great revolution in human affairs that followed the large-scale production of iron and steel and the use of steam and electricity. Mostly this is left out of our school courses altogether in favor of Mrs. Masham—was it?—and the tea parties of Queen Anne's bedchamber women. Yet can there be any doubt not only of which is the more important but of which is the more interesting and wholesome subject for boys and girls, the story of machinery or the story of the jealousies and intrigues of these old ladies?

In the case of many English people history ends with Queen Anne; with others it gets as far as George III, who is left wondering how the apple got into the dumpling. For this sort of thing, we gather, our fathers died at Blenheim or Waterloo. Not only are English people, so far as their school and college work goes, totally ignorant of the past of history and the general shape of history but they know practically nothing at all of the last and most eventful century of human experience. They know nothing of the settlement of Europe after Napoleon, nothing of the unification of Germany and of Italy; nothing of the liberation of North and South America from Europe; nothing of the exploration and division of Africa; nothing of the modernization of Japan; and nothing of the history of the British Empire.

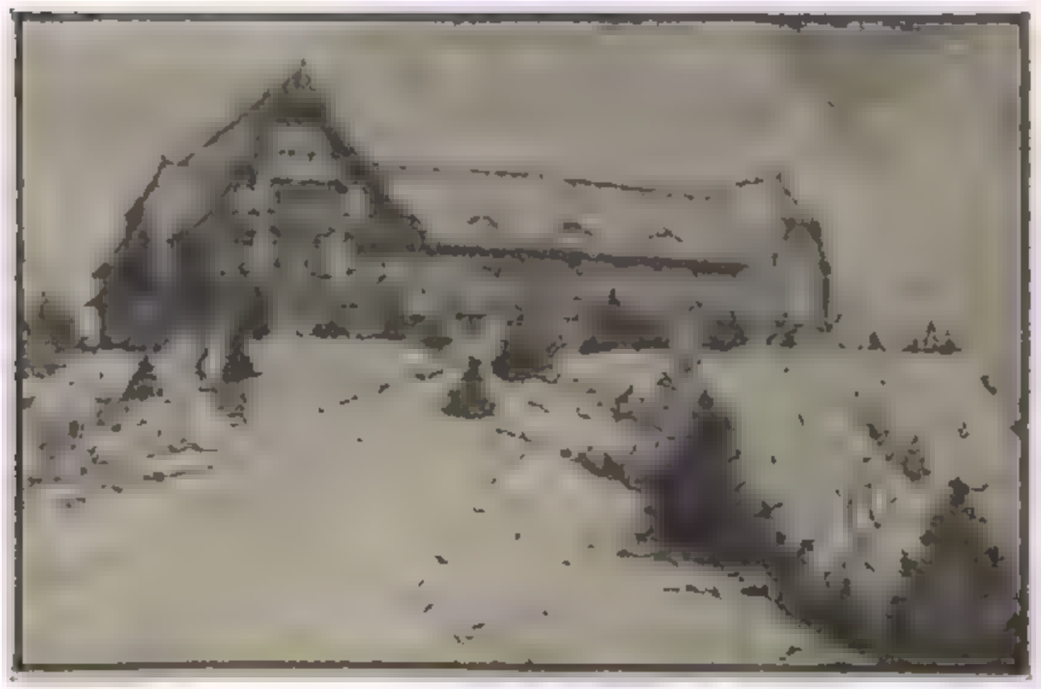
It is not that they know nothing at all and that nothing has been put before them, but that they have had their minds concentrated upon local and trivial matters and dates, to the exclusion of the outline facts. They have, for example, in many cases quite a full knowledge of the controversy about transubstantiation at the time of the Reformation or about the Lollards or John Ball; but they have never heard in school or college of Marx, individualism, socialism, anarchism, syndicalism, trusts, tariffs or trade unions.

One might imagine that every ten years or so the educational authorities of a civilized democracy such as ours would at least revise the syllabus and curriculum of national history taught in its schools and colleges and bring it up to contemporary interests, but no syllabus of history teaching in Great Britain seems to have been touched for the last century or more. Partly this is the result of our laziness at the mere mention of things educational; partly it is due to the levity, illiteracy and want of personal weight or of any sense of responsibility of nearly every education minister we have had before Mr. Fisher; partly it is through the dread of bringing the school work within range of "controversial topics"; but largely it is to be connected up with the failure to understand the supreme need in this modern world for a world-wide common knowledge of the main facts in the history of mankind.

Easily Made Changes

The political worth of a people is necessarily shaped and limited by the limitations of that people's historical knowledge, and there is no country in the world where the general body of the people has more than a contemptible knowledge of history. The teacher of history teaches his subject not as a subject vitally important in the mental structure of the community but as a curious and entertaining collection of side lights upon life. And so most of us are left to pick up in our crowded after-school years knowledge that should have been woven from the beginning into the very substance of our thoughts.

There are, of course, mechanical difficulties in the way of such a rational expansion of the teaching of history in our schools and colleges as we have been suggesting here. The teachers, it will be argued, know the old stuff by heart and very fully; the world is full of convenient textbooks of sample nationalist history; the traditions of examining are all on the old lines. But, on the other hand, it will be a very delightful release and an interesting adventure for all the more active-minded teachers of history to broaden their scope in this fashion, and it is not true that there are no school books upon universal history. We have, for instance, Marvin's The Living Past, and two American writers, Breasted and Robinson, have produced a very useful universal history in two volumes. The material is all available now for any number of textbooks; it needs but a change in the requirements of a few big examining authorities to cover the land with a mushroom growth of books and wall maps suited to a saner teaching of history. And a saner teaching of history means a better understanding of international problems, a saner national policy and a happier world.



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Remember, however—not every Swiss Watch is a Gruen.

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THE oven is large and roomy, the heat easily regulated with any fuel. You'll do better baking with a SANICO Porcelain Range.
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2 COMPLETE RANGES IN 1

LOOKING BACKWARD

(Continued from Page 26)

though select, profuse and untiring. An elder sister presided at his board, as simple, kindly and unostentatious, but as methodical as himself. He was a lover of books rather than music and art, but also of horses and dogs and out-of-door activity.

He was fond of young people, particularly of young girls; he drew them about him, and was a veritable Sir Roger de Coverley in his gallantries toward them and his zeal in amusing them and making them happy. His tastes were frugal and their indulgence was sparing. He took his wine not plenteously, though he enjoyed it—especially his "blue seal" while it lasted—and sipped his whisky-and-water on occasion with a pleased composure redolent of discursive talk, of which, when he cared to lead the conversation, he was a master. He had early come into a great legal practice and held a commanding professional position. His judgment was believed to be infallible; and it is certain that after 1871 he rarely appeared in the courts of law except as counselor, settling in chambers most of the cases that came to him.

It was such a man whom, in 1874, the Democrats nominated for governor of New York. To say truth, it was not thought by those making the nomination that he had much chance to win. He was himself so much better advised that months ahead he prefigured very near the exact vote. The afternoon of the day of election one of the group of friends, who even thus early had the Presidency in mind, found him in his library confident and calm.

"What majority will you have?" he asked cheerily.

"Any," replied the friend sententiously.

"How about fifteen thousand?"

"Quite enough."

"Twenty-five thousand?"

"Still better.

"The majority," he said, "will be a little in excess of fifty thousand."

It was 53,315. His estimate was not guesswork. He had organized his campaign by school districts. His canvass system was perfect, his canvassers were as penetrating and careful as census takers. He had before him reports from every voting precinct in the state. They were corroborated by the official returns. He had defeated Gen. John A. Dix, thought to be invincible, by a majority very nearly the same as that by which Governor Dix had been elected two years before.

IV

THE time and the man had met. Though Mr. Tilden had not before held executive office he was ripe and ready for the work. His experience in the pursuit and overthrow of the Tweed Ring in New York, the great metropolis, had prepared and fitted him to deal with the Canal Ring at Albany, the state capital. Administrative reform was now uppermost in the public mind, and here in the Empire State of the Union had come to the head of affairs a Chief Magistrate at once exact and exacting, deeply versed not only in legal lore but in a knowledge of the methods by which political power was being turned to private profit and of the men—Democrats as well as Republicans—who were preying upon the substance of the people.

The story of the two years that followed relates to investigations that investigated, to prosecutions that convicted, to the overhauling of popular censorship, to reduced estimates and lower taxes.

The campaign for the Presidential nomination began as early as the autumn of 1875. The Southern end of it was easy enough. A committee of Southerners residing in New York was formed. Never a leading Southern man came to town who was not "seen." If of enough importance he was taken to No. 15 Gramercy Park. Mr. Tilden measured to the Southern standard of the gentleman in politics. He impressed the disfranchised Southern leaders as a statesman of the old order and altogether after their own idea of what a President ought to be.

The South came to St. Louis, the seat of the National Convention, represented by its foremost citizens, and almost a unit for the governor of New York. The main opposition sprang from Tammany Hall, of which John Kelly was then the chief. Its very extravagance proved an advantage to Tilden.

Two days before the meeting of the convention I sent this message to Mr. Tilden: "Tell Blackstone"—his favorite riding horse—"that he wins in a walk."

The anti-Tilden men put up the Hon. S. S.—"Sunset"—Cox for temporary chairman. It was a clever move. Mr. Cox, though sure for Tammany, was popular everywhere and especially at the South. His backers thought that with him they could count upon a majority of the national committee.

The night before the assembling Mr. Tilden's two or three leading friends on the committee came to me and said: "We can elect you chairman over Cox, but no one else."

I demurred at once. "I don't know one rule of parliamentary law from another," I said.

"We will have the best parliamentarian on the continent right by you all the time," they said.

"I can't see to recognize a man on the floor of the convention," I said.

"We'll have a dozen men to tell you," they replied. So it was arranged, and thus at the last moment I was chosen.

I had barely time to write the required keynote speech, but not enough to commit it to memory; nor sight to read it, even had I been willing to adopt that mode of delivery. It would not do to trust to extemporization. A friend, Col. Stoddard Johnston, who was familiar with my penmanship, came to the rescue. Concealing my manuscript behind his hat he lined the words out to me between the cheering, I having mastered a few opening sentences.

Luck was with me. It went with a bang—not, however, wholly without detection. The Indianans, devoted to Hendricks, were very wroth.

"See that fat man behind the hat telling him what to say," said one to his neighbor, who answered, "Yes, and wrote it for him, too, I'll be bound!"

One might as well attempt to drive six horses by proxy as preside over a national convention by hearsay. I lost my parliamentarian at once. I just made my parliamentary law as we went. Never before or since did any deliberative body proceed under manual so startling and original. But I delivered each ruling with a resonance—it were better called an impudence—which had an air of authority. There was a good deal of quiet laughter on the floor among the knowing ones, though I knew the mass was as ignorant as I was myself; but realizing that I meant to be just and was expediting business the convention soon warmed to me, and feeling this I began to be perfectly at home. I never had a better day's sport in all my life.

One incident was particularly amusing. Much against my will and over my protest I was brought to promise that Miss Phœbe Couzins, who bore a Woman's Rights Memorial, should at some opportune moment be given the floor to present it. I foresaw what a row it was bound to occasion.

Toward noon, when there was a lull in the proceedings, I said with an emphasis meant to carry conviction: "Gentlemen of the convention, Miss Phœbe Couzins, a representative of the Woman's Association of America, has a memorial from that body, and in the absence of other business the chair will now recognize her."

Instantly and from every part of the hall arose cries of "No!" These put some heart into me. Many a time as a schoolboy I had proudly declaimed the passage from John Home's tragedy, "My name is Norval." Again I stood upon "the Grampian hills." The committee was escorting Miss Couzins down the aisle. When she came within the radius of my poor vision I saw that she was a beauty and dressed to kill!

That was reassurance. Gaining a little time while the hall fairly rocked with its thunder of negation I laid the gavel down and stepped to the edge of the platform and gave Miss Couzins my hand.

As she appeared above the throng there was a momentary "Ah!" and then a lull, broken by a single voice:

"Mister Chairman, I rise to a point of order."

Leading Miss Couzins to the front of the stage I took up the gavel and gave a gentle rap, saying: "The gentleman will take his seat."

"But, Mister Chairman, I rose to a point of order," he vociferated.

"The gentleman will take his seat instantly!" I answered in a tone of one about to throw the gavel at his head. "No point of order is in order when a lady has the floor."

After that Miss Couzins received a positive ovation, and having delivered her message retired in a blaze of glory.

Mr. Tilden was nominated on the second ballot. The campaign that followed proved one of the most memorable in our history. When it came to an end the result showed on the face of the returns 196 in the Electoral College, eleven more than a majority; and in the popular vote 4,300,316, a majority of 264,300 over Hayes.

How this came to be first contested and then complicated so as ultimately to be set aside has been minutely related by its authors. The newspapers, both Republican and Democratic, of November 8, 1876, the morning after the election, conceded an overwhelming victory for Tilden and Hendricks. There was, however, a single exception. The New York Times had gone to press with its first edition, leaving the result in doubt but inclining toward the success of the Democrats. In its later editions this tentative attitude was changed to the statement that Mr. Hayes lacked the vote only of Florida—"claimed by the Republicans"—to be sure of the required 185 votes in the Electoral College.

The story of this surprising discrepancy between midnight and daylight reads like a chapter of fiction.

After the early edition of the Times had gone to press certain members of the editorial staff were at supper, very much cast down by the returns, when a messenger brought a telegram from Senator Barnum, of Connecticut, financial head of the Democratic National Committee, asking for the Times' latest news from Oregon, Louisiana, Florida and South Carolina. But for that unlucky telegram Tilden would probably have been inaugurated President of the United States.

The Times people, intense Republican partisans, at once saw an opportunity. If Barnum did not know, why might not a doubt be raised? At once the editorial in the first edition was revised to take a decisive tone and declare the election of Hayes. One of the editorial council, Mr. John C. Reid, hurried to Republican headquarters in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, which he found deserted, the triumph of Tilden having long before sent everybody to bed. Mr. Reid then sought the room of Senator Zachariah Chandler, chairman of the National Republican Committee.

While upon this errand he encountered in the hotel corridor "a small man wearing an enormous pair of goggles, his hat drawn over his ears, a greatcoat with a heavy military cloak, and carrying a gripsack and newspaper in his hand. The newspaper was the New York Tribune," announcing the election of Tilden and the defeat of Hayes. The newcomer was Mr. William E. Chandler, even then a very prominent Republican politician, just arrived from New Hampshire and very much exasperated by what he had read.

Mr. Reid had another tale to tell. The two found Mr. Zachariah Chandler, who bade them leave him alone and do whatever they thought best. They did so, consumingly, sending telegrams to Columbia, Tallahassee and New Orleans, stating to each of the parties addressed that the result of the election depended upon his state. To these was appended the signature of Zachariah Chandler.

Later in the day Senator Chandler, advised of what had been set on foot and its possibilities, issued from National Republican Headquarters this laconic message: "Hayes has 185 electoral votes and is elected."

Thus began and was put in motion the scheme to confuse the returns and make a disputed count of the vote.

THE day after the election I wired Mr. Tilden suggesting that as governor of New York he propose to Mr. Hayes, the governor of Ohio, that they unite upon a committee of eminent citizens, composed in equal numbers of the friends of each, who should proceed at once to Louisiana, which

(Continued on Page 59)

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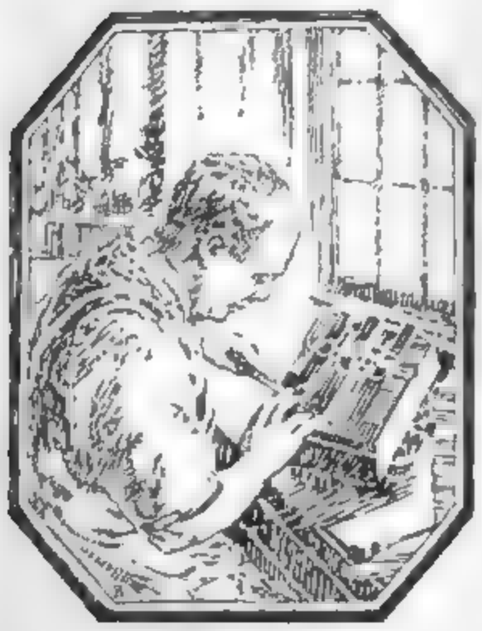

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They are cutting, with lifetime trained fingers, the shapes of the forgings in great blocks of solid steel.

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The First Commercial Drop Forging Plant in America

Drop Forgings Hand Tools Forging Machinery

(Continued from Page 56)

appeared to be the objective point of greatest moment to the already contested result. Pursuant to a telegraphic correspondence which followed I left Louisville that night for New Orleans. I was joined en route by Mr. Lamar, of Mississippi; and together we arrived in the Crescent City Friday morning.

It has since transpired that the Republicans were promptly advised by the telegraph company of all that passed over its wires, my dispatches to Mr. Tilden being read in Republican headquarters at least as soon as they reached Gramercy Park.

Mr. Tilden did not adopt the plan of a direct proposal to Mr. Hayes. Instead he chose a body of Democrats to go to the "seat of war." But before any of them had arrived General Grant, the actual President, anticipating what was about to happen, appointed a body of Republicans for the like purpose, and the advance guard of these appeared on the scene the following Monday.

Within a week the St. Charles Hotel might have been mistaken for a caravansary of the national capital. Among the Republicans were John Sherman, Stanley Matthews, Garfield, Evarts, Logan, Kelley, Conkling, and many others. Among the Democrats, besides Lamar and myself, came Lyman Trumbull, Samuel J. Randall, William R. Morrison, McDonald, of Indiana, and many others.

A certain degree of personal intimacy existed between the members of the two groups, and the "entente" was quite as unrestrained as might have existed between rival athletic teams. A Kentucky friend sent me a demijohn of what was represented as very old Bourbon, and I divided it with "our friends the enemy." New Orleans was new to most of the "visiting statesmen," and we attended the places of amusement, lived in the restaurants, and saw the sights as if we had been tourists in a foreign land and not partisans charged with the business of adjusting a Presidential election from implacable points of view.

My own relations were especially friendly with John Sherman and James A. Garfield, a colleague on the Committee of Ways and Means, and with Stanley Matthews, a near kinsman by marriage, who had stood as an elder brother to me from my childhood.

Corruption was in the air. That the Returning Board was for sale and could be bought was the universal impression. Every day someone turned up with pretended authority and an offer. Most of these were of course the merest adventurers. It was my own belief that the Returning Board was playing for the best price it could get from the Republicans and that the only effect of any offer to buy on our part would be to assist this scheme of blackmail.

The Returning Board consisted of two white men, Wells and Anderson; and two negroes, Kenner and Casanave. One and all they were without character. I was tempted through sheer curiosity to listen to a proposal which seemed to come direct from the board itself, the messenger being a well-known state senator. As if he were proposing to dispose of a horse or a dog he stated his errand.

"You think you can deliver the goods?" said I.

"I am authorized to make the offer," he answered.

"And for how much?" I asked.

"Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars," he replied. "One hundred thousand each for Wells and Anderson, and twenty-five thousand apiece for the niggers."

To my mind it was a joke. "Senator," said I, "the terms are as cheap as dirt. I don't happen to have the amount about me at the moment, but I will communicate with my principal and see you later."

Having no thought of entertaining the proposal I had forgotten the incident, when two or three days later my man met me in the lobby of the hotel and pressed for a definite reply. I then told him I had found that I possessed no authority to act and advised him to go elsewhere.

It is asserted that Wells and Anderson did agree to sell and were turned down by Mr. Hewitt; and, being refused their demands for cash by the Democrats, took their final pay, at least in patronage, from their own party.

VI

I PASSED the Christmas week of 1876 in New York with Mr. Tilden. On Christmas Day we dined alone. The outlook, on the whole, was cheering. With John Bigelow and Manton Marble, Mr. Tilden had been busily engaged compiling the data for a constitutional battle to be fought by the Democrats in Congress, maintaining the right of the House of Representatives to concurrent jurisdiction with the Senate in the counting of the electoral vote, pursuant to an unbroken line of precedents established by the method of proceeding in every Presidential election between 1793 and 1872.

There was very great perplexity in the public mind. Both parties appeared to be at sea. The dispute between the Democratic House and the Republican Senate made for thick weather. Contests of the vote of three states—Louisiana, South Carolina and Florida, not to mention single votes in Oregon and Vermont—which presently began to blow a gale, had already spread menacing clouds across the political sky. Except Mr. Tilden, the wisest among the leaders knew not precisely what to do.

From New Orleans, on the Saturday night succeeding the Presidential election, I had telegraphed to Mr. Tilden, detailing the exact conditions there and urging active and immediate agitation. The chance had been lost. I thought then and I still think that the conspiracy of a few men to use the corrupt Returning Boards of Louisiana, South Carolina and Florida to upset the election and make confusion in Congress might by prompt exposure and popular appeal have been thwarted. Be this as it may, my spirit was depressed and my confidence discouraged by the intense quietude on our side, for I was sure that beneath the surface the Republicans, with resolute determination and multiplied resources, were as busy as bees.

Mr. Robert M. McLane, later governor of Maryland and Minister to France—a man of rare ability and large experience, who had served in Congress and in diplomacy, and was an old friend of Mr. Tilden—had been at a Gramercy Park conference when my New Orleans report arrived, and had then and there urged the agitation recommended by me. He was now again in New York. When a lad he had been in England with his father, Louis McLane, then American Minister to the Court of St. James, during the excitement over the Reform Bill of 1832. He had witnessed the popular demonstrations and had been impressed by the direct force of public opinion upon law-making and law-makers. An analogous situation had arrived in America. The Republican Senate was as the Tory House of Lords. We must organize a movement such as had been so effectual in England. Obviously something was going amiss with us and something had to be done.

It was agreed that I should return to Washington and make a speech "feeling the pulse" of the country, with the suggestion that in the national capital should assemble "a mass convention of at least one hundred thousand peaceful citizens," exercising "the freeman's right of petition."

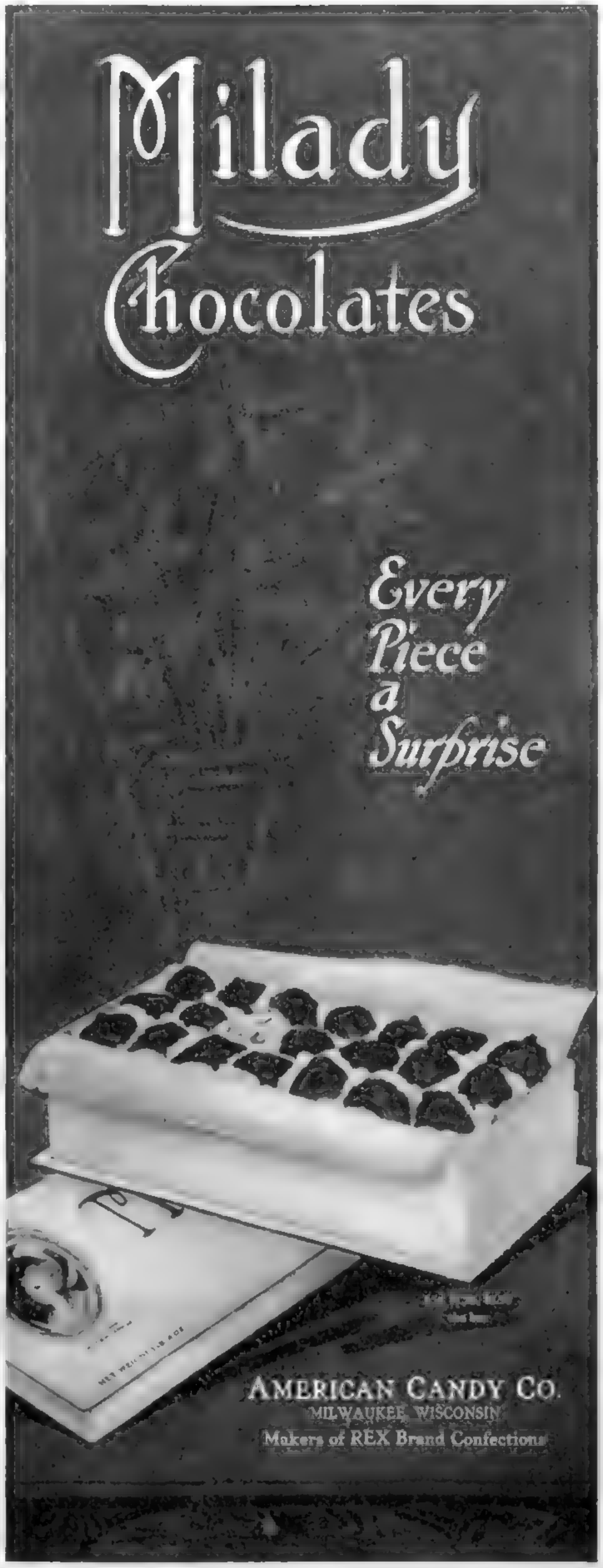
The idea was one of many proposals of a more drastic kind and was the merest venture. I myself had no great faith in it. But I prepared the speech, and after much reading and revising it was held by Mr. Tilden and Mr. McLane to cover the case and meet the purpose, Mr. Tilden writing Mr. Randall, Speaker of the House of Representatives, a letter, carried to Washington by Mr. McLane, instructing him what to do in the event that the popular response should prove favorable.

Alack the day! The Democrats were equal to nothing affirmative. The Republicans were united and resolute. I delivered the speech, not in the House, as had been intended, but at a public meeting which seemed opportune. The Democrats at once set about denying the sinister and violent purpose ascribed to it by the Republicans, who, fully advised that it had emanated from Gramercy Park and came by authority, started a counter agitation of their own.

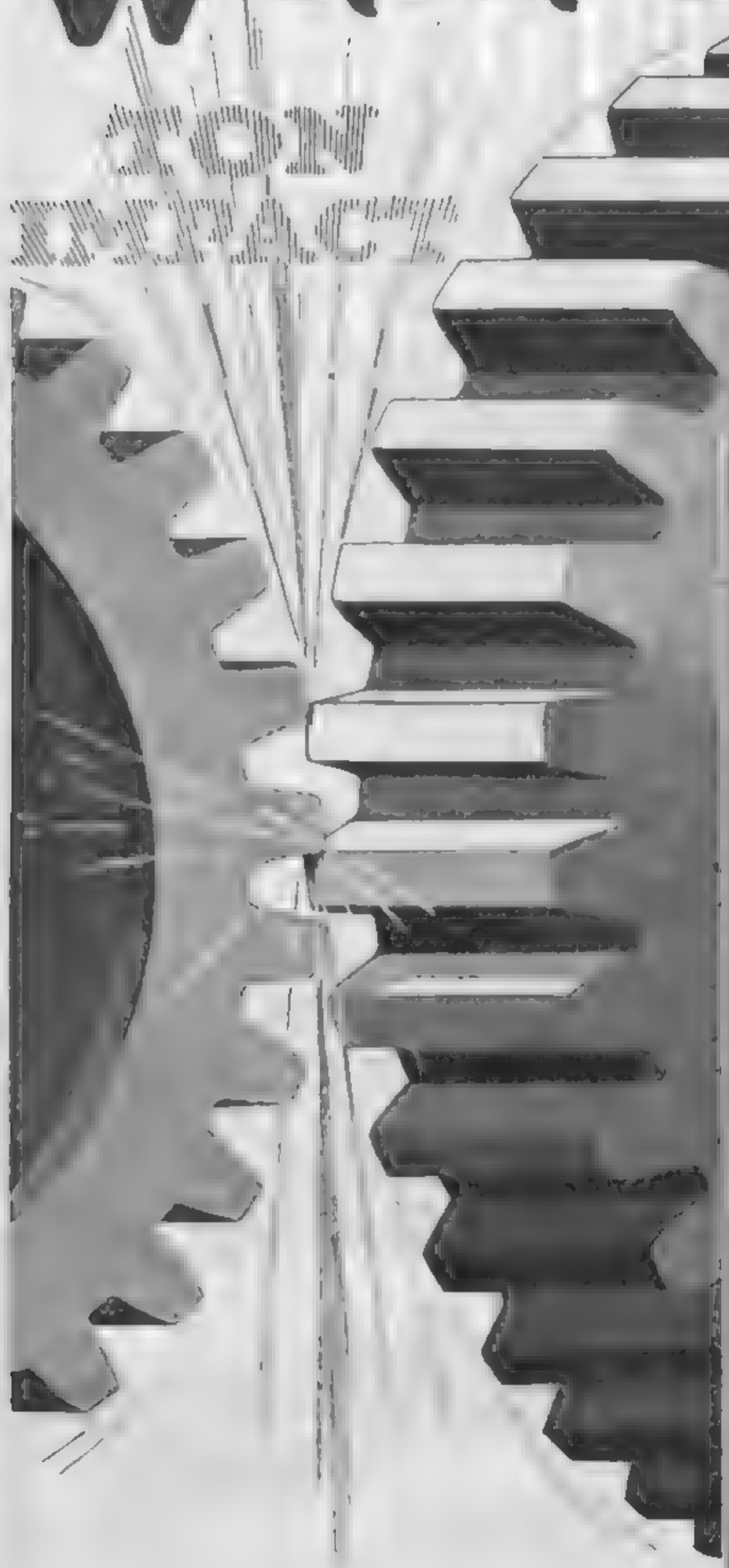
I became the target for every kind of ridicule and abuse. Nast drew a grotesque cartoon of me, distorting my suggestion for the assembling of one hundred thousand citizens, which was both offensive and libelous.

Being on friendly terms with the Harpers I made my displeasure so resonant in Franklin Square—Nast himself having no personal ill will toward me—that a curious and pleasing opportunity which came to pass was taken to make amends. A son having been born to me, Harper's Weekly contained an atoning cartoon representing

(Continued on Page 61)



When Gears Clash



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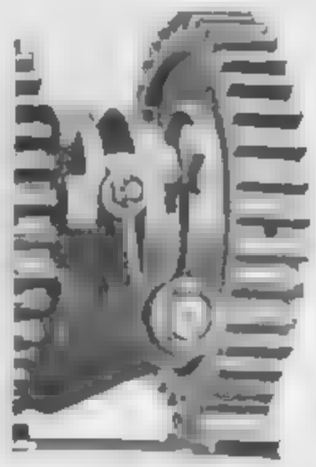

Section of a Gear set showing jaw clutches on the sides of the gears.

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(Continued from Page 59)

the child in its father's arms, and, above, the legend "10,000 sons from Kentucky alone." Some wag said that the son in question was "the only one of the hundred thousand in arms who came when he was called."

For many years afterward I was pursued by this unlucky speech, or rather by the misinterpretation given to it alike by friend and foe. Nast's first cartoon was accepted as a faithful portrait, and I was accordingly satirized and stigmatized, though no thought of violence ever had entered my mind, and in the final proceedings I had voted for the Electoral Commission Bill and faithfully stood by its decisions. Joseph Pulitzer, who immediately followed me on the occasion named, declared that he wanted my "one hundred thousand" to come fully armed and ready for business; yet he never was taken to task or reminded of his temerity.

VII

THE Electoral Commission Bill was considered with great secrecy by the joint committees of the House and Senate. Its terms were in direct contravention of Mr. Tilden's plan. This was simplicity itself. He was for asserting by formal resolution the conclusive right of the two Houses acting concurrently to count the electoral vote and determine what should be counted as electoral votes; and for denying, also by formal resolution, the pretension set up by the Republicans that the president of the Senate had lawful right to assume that function. He was for urging that issue in debate in both Houses and before the country. He thought that if the attempt should be made to usurp for the president of the Senate a power to make the count, and thus practically to control the Presidential election, the scheme would break down in process of execution.

Strange to say, Mr. Tilden was not consulted by the party leaders in Congress until the fourteenth of January, and then only by Mr. Hewitt, the extra constitutional features of the electoral-tribunal measure having already received the assent of Mr. Bayard and Mr. Thurman, the Democratic members of the Senate committee.

Standing by his original plan and answering Mr. Hewitt's statement that Mr. Bayard and Mr. Thurman were fully committed, Mr. Tilden said: "Is it not, then, rather late to consult me?"

To which Mr. Hewitt replied: "They do not consult you. They are public men, and have their own duties and responsibilities. I consult you."

In the course of the discussion with Mr. Hewitt which followed Mr. Tilden said: "If you go into conference with your adversary, and can't break off because you feel you must agree to something, you cannot negotiate—you are not fit to negotiate. You will be beaten upon every detail."

Replying to the apprehension of a collision of force between the parties Mr. Tilden thought it exaggerated, but said: "Why surrender now? You can always surrender. Why surrender before the battle for fear you may have to surrender after the battle?"

In short, Mr. Tilden condemned the proceeding as precipitate. It was a month before the time for the count, and he saw no reason why opportunity should not be given for consideration and consultation by all the representatives of the people. He treated the state of mind of Bayard and Thurman as a panic in which they were liable to act in haste and repent at leisure. He stood for publicity and wider discussion, distrusting a scheme to submit such vast interests to a small body sitting in the Capitol as likely to become the sport of intrigue and fraud.

Mr. Hewitt returned to Washington and, without communicating to Mr. Tilden's immediate friends in the House his attitude and objection, united with Mr. Thurman and Mr. Bayard in completing the bill and reporting it to the Democratic Advisory Committee, as, by a caucus rule, had to be done with all measures relating to the great issue then before us. No intimation had preceded it. It fell like a bombshell upon the members of the committee.

In the debate that followed Mr. Bayard was very insistent, answering the objections at once offered by me, first aggressively and then angrily, going the length of saying, "If you do not accept this plan I shall wash my hands of the whole business, and you can go ahead and seat your President in your own way."

Mr. Randall, the Speaker, said nothing, but he was with me, as were a majority of my colleagues. It was Mr. Hunton, of Virginia, who poured oil on the troubled waters, and somewhat in doubt as to whether the changed situation had changed Mr. Tilden I yielded my better judgment, declaring it as my opinion that the plan would seat Hayes, and there being no other protestant the committee finally gave a reluctant assent.

In open session a majority of Democrats favored the bill. Many of them made it their own. They passed it. There was belief that Justice David Davis, who was expected to become a member of the commission, was sure for Tilden. If, under this surmise, he had been, the political complexion of "eight to seven" would have been reversed.

Elected to the United States Senate from Illinois, Judge Davis declined to serve, and Mr. Justice Bradley was chosen for the commission in his place.

The day after the inauguration of Hayes my kinsman, Stanley Matthews, said to me: "You people wanted Judge Davis. So did we. I tell you what I know, that Judge Davis was as safe for us as Judge Bradley. We preferred him because he carried more weight."

The subsequent career of Judge Davis in the Senate gave conclusive proof that this was true.

When the consideration of the disputed votes before the commission had proceeded far enough to demonstrate the likelihood that its final decision would be for Hayes a movement of obstruction and delay, a filibuster, was organized by about forty Democratic members of the House. It proved rather turbulent than effective. The South stood very nearly solid for carrying out the agreement in good faith.

Toward the close the filibuster received what appeared formidable reënforcement from the Louisiana delegation. This was in reality merely a bluff, intended to induce the Hayes people to make certain concessions touching their state government. It had the desired effect. Satisfactory assurances having been given, the count proceeded to the end—a very bitter end indeed for the Democrats.

The final conference between the Louisianians and the accredited representatives of Mr. Hayes was held at Wormley's Hotel and came to be called "the Wormley Conference." It was the subject of uncommon interest and heated controversy at the time and long afterward. Without knowing why or for what purpose I was asked to be present by my colleague, Mr. Ellis, of Louisiana, and later in the day the same invitation came to me from the Republicans through Mr. Garfield. Something was said about my serving as a referee.

Just before the appointed hour Gen. M. C. Butler, of South Carolina, afterward so long a senator in Congress, said to me: "This meeting is called to enable Louisiana to make terms with Hayes. South Carolina is as deeply concerned as Louisiana, but we have nobody to represent us in Congress and hence have not been invited. South Carolina puts herself in your hands and expects you to secure for her whatever terms are given to Louisiana."

So of a sudden I found myself invested with responsibility equally as an agent and a referee.

It is hardly worth while repeating in detail all that passed at this Wormley Conference, made public long ago by Congressional investigation. When I entered the apartment of Mr. Evarts at Wormley's I found, besides Mr. Evarts, Mr. John Sherman, Mr. Garfield, Governor Dennison and Mr. Stanley Matthews, of the Republicans; and Mr. Ellis, Mr. Levy and Mr. Burke, Democrats of Louisiana. Substantially the terms had been agreed upon during previous conferences—that is, the promise that if Hayes came in the troops should be withdrawn and the people of Louisiana be left free to set their house in order to suit themselves. The actual order withdrawing the troops was issued by President Grant two or three days later, just as he was going out of office.

"Now, gentlemen," said I, half in jest, "I am here to represent South Carolina; and if the terms given to Louisiana are not equally applied to South Carolina I become a filibuster myself to-morrow morning."

There was some chaffing as to what right I had there and how I got in, when with great earnestness Governor Dennison, who had been the bearer of a letter from Mr. Hayes, which he had read to us, put his

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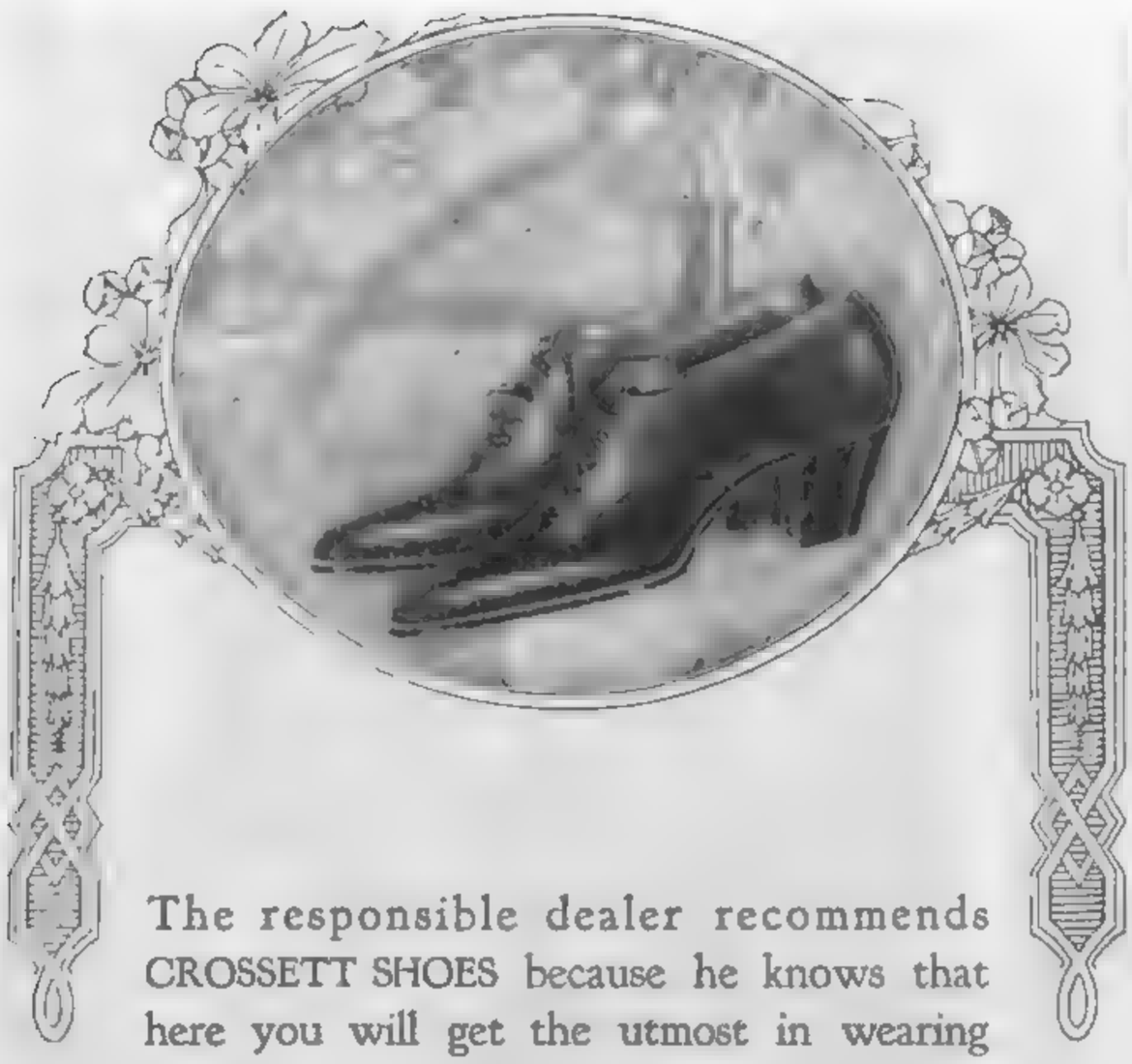

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hand on my shoulder and said: "As a matter of course the Southern policy to which Mr. Hayes has here pledged himself embraces South Carolina as well as Louisiana."

Mr. Sherman, Mr. Garfield and Mr. Evarts concurred warmly in this, and immediately after we separated I communicated the fact to General Butler.

In the acrimonious discussion which subsequently sought to make "bargain, intrigue and corruption" of this Wormley Conference, and to involve certain Democratic members of the House who were nowise party to it but had sympathized with the purpose of Louisiana and South Carolina to obtain some measure of relief from intolerable local conditions, I never was questioned or assailed. No one doubted my fidelity to Mr. Tilden, who had been promptly advised of all that passed and who justified what I had done.

Though "conscripted," as it were, and rather a passive agent, I could see no wrong in the proceeding. I had spoken and voted in favor of the Electoral Tribunal Bill and, losing, had no thought of repudiating its conclusions. Hayes was already as good as seated. If the states of Louisiana and South Carolina could save their local autonomy out of the general wreck there seemed no good reason to forbid.

On the other hand the Republican leaders were glad of an opportunity to make an end of the corrupt and tragic farce of Reconstruction; to unload their party of a dead weight which had been burdensome and was growing dangerous; mayhap to punish their Southern agents who had demanded so much for doctoring the returns and making an exhibit in favor of Hayes.

VIII

MR. TILDEN accepted the result with equanimity.

"I was at his house," says John Bigelow, "when his exclusion was announced to him, and also on the fourth of March when Mr. Hayes was inaugurated, and it was impossible to remark any change in his manner, except perhaps that he was less absorbed than usual and more interested in current affairs."

His was an intensely serious mind; and he had come to regard the Presidency as rather a burden to be borne—an opportunity for public usefulness—involving a life of constant toil and care, than as an occasion for personal exploitation and rejoicing.

How much of captivation the idea of the Presidency may have had for him when he was first named for the office I cannot say, for he was as unexultant in the moment of victory as he was unsubdued in the hour of defeat; but it is certainly true that he gave no sign of disappointment to any of his friends.

He lived nearly ten years longer, at Greystone, in a noble homestead he had purchased for himself overlooking the Hudson River, the same ideal life of the scholar and gentleman that he had passed in Gramercy Park.

Looking back over these untoward and sometimes mystifying events I have often asked myself: Was it possible, with the elements what they were, and he himself what he was, to seat Mr. Tilden in the office to which he had been elected? The missing ingredient in a character intellectually and morally great, and a personality far from unimpressive, was the touch of the dramatic discoverable in most of the leaders of men; even in such leaders as William of Orange and Louis the XI; as Cromwell and Washington.

There was nothing spectacular about Mr. Tilden. Not wanting the sense of humor, he seldom indulged it. In spite of his positiveness of opinion and amplitude of knowledge he was always courteous and deferential in debate. He had none of the audacious daring, let us say, of Mr. Blaine, the energetic self-assertion of Mr. Roosevelt. Either in his place would have carried all before him.

I repeat that he was never a subtle schemer—sitting behind his screen and pulling his wires—which his political and party enemies discovered him to be as soon as he began to get in the way of the machine and obstruct the march of the self-elect. His confidences were not effusive nor their subjects numerous. His deliberation was unfailing, and sometimes it carried the idea of indecision, not to say actual love of procrastination. But in my experience with him I found that he usually ended where he began, and it was nowise difficult for those whom he trusted to divine the bias of his mind where he thought it best to reserve its conclusions.

I do not think that in any great affair he ever hesitated longer than the gravity of the case required of a prudent man or that he had a preference for delays or that he clung overtenaciously to both horns of the dilemma, as his training and instinct might lead him to do, and did certainly expose him to the accusation of doing.

He was a philosopher and took the world as he found it. He rarely complained and never inveighed. He had a discriminating way of balancing men's good and bad qualities and of giving each the benefit of a generous accounting, and a just way of expecting no more of a man than it was in him to yield. As he got into deeper water his stature rose to its level, and from his exclusion from the Presidency in 1877 to his renunciation of public affairs in 1884 and his death in 1886 his walks and ways might have been a study for all who would learn life's truest lessons and know the real sources of honor, happiness and fame.

Editor's Note—This is the tenth of a series of articles by Mr. Watterson. The next will appear in an early issue.

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SIMONETTA

(Continued from Page 23)

"If I did not suffer from the heart the picture would be hanging on that wall, would it not? But I recognize that you did not harden my mitral valve."

"I am sorry," murmured Thurston sympathetically.

"What in the name of the dog of the devil have you to be sorry for?" asked Vespe angrily. "Have you lost your last sound tooth? Is your right hand amputated? Have you gout in your left foot? Sorry! Is there an empty wall in front of you? Sorry!"

"I understand," said Thurston. "I would feel the same way. It makes my gratitude all the greater ——"

"Gratitude is a rhetorical expression, inherently mendacious and inevitably exasperating," growled the old man. But Thurston looked him full in the face and retorted:

"My children—when I shall be blessed with them—will look at the portrait and love it as I do. And they will include you in their prayers every day, signore. Doubt it not!"

Since Thurston was really thinking of the old man's grandchildren-to-be such strong conviction rang in his voice that Vespe's eyes grew round.

Thurston continued:

"Meantime here is the money. I prefer that you count it in my presence; but I know you will not. I shall not leave Florence for some days. And now, with your permission, I shall return to my hotel. It is nearly three hours since I gazed upon that face. *A rivederla*, signore!"

As he went out he heard the old man wailing between curses:

"My portrait! My portrait!"

Thurston spent the two hours before dinner looking at the portrait and talking and listening. He smiled a great deal. At times he laughed aloud—the most common symptom of the oldest of the spring maladies that afflict young people.

He walked slowly to Vespe's house when the hour struck. He had fretted over the exasperating leisureliness of the clock's hands; but now on his way to her whom he had longed all day to see he felt a thousand fears — unformulated, chest-oppressing, fidget-inducing fears. She would—he did not know what! She would not—heaven knew why! She was coming; but her advance guards were disturbing presentiments.

He knocked at the door, not very loudly, dismally certain that old Vespe would emerge, surprise and suspicion gushing from his fierce old eyes. Instead, old Francesco opened the door, so quickly that Thurston thought he must have had his hand on the latch, ready at the first rap.

"This way, Excellency!" whispered the old servant so eagerly that Thurston quite unnecessarily asked: "And Mariuccia?"

"In Fiesole till to-morrow! My work!"

Then Thurston blessed his stars that he had paid his visit to her birthplace early that day. What the old woman would hear of his mysterious maneuvers in her house would make her obey him unhesitatingly in the future.

And then, because he felt he could not wait another second, he asked: "And the signorina?"

"She will receive you in her salon, upstairs. I pray you to follow me, Excellency."

Francesco led the way to the third floor. At the entrance of Simonetta's salon he bowed, opened the door, stood aside and bowed again. Thurston entered, and Francesco softly closed the door behind him.

A large room it was, larger than that in which the portrait had hung. It was full of elaborate sixteenth and seventeenth century furniture—wonderful chairs of walnut upholstered in velvet of the period; beautiful pieces that made his mouth water, though he thought they imparted a too formal air to the room. There were two remarkable tables, rather overelaborately carved. Upon them were long strips of red velvet of a weave and color that only one loom in Italy produced in the fourth decade of the sixteenth century.

The room was lighted—not extravagantly—by two electric bulbs.

At one end of the room he saw a Renaissance mantel in sienna marble. Above it hung a tondo of the Madonna and Child, obviously of the school of Botticelli.

The face was Simonetta's, full of childish innocence rather than sinlessness. It was the face of an angel, not of the queen of the angels. Nevertheless, Thurston felt as if he were in an old cathedral, where one's prayers are in the company of the prayers of those thousands to whom God's heaven is no longer a mystery or a hope, but a reality!

Hearing steps he turned quickly and bowed. He could not speak. Indeed for a moment he could not move. Then he approached her and raising her hand to his lips he said in Italian: "If I pray to you also, Simonetta, will you hear?"

"Good evening, Mr. Thurston!" she said in English, with a formality that was almost cold.

"To-night we speak in Italian," he said determinedly. He was full of star words and phrases that glowed like constellations.

"You speak it very well," she told him, still speaking in English.

"I have always loved it, but never so much as since I heard it in your voice. Can you tell me how I can tell you, Simonetta, what I most desire to tell you? How long must I wait until you can believe what I myself would not have believed of myself four days ago? How can I make you understand that in four days four centuries have passed—and four seconds? Do you believe in God omnipotent and all-merciful?"

"Yes."

"Then you believe in miracles. Then one will happen in your heart. You do believe, do you not?"

"I—I —— Oh, I do not know! I think and think, and I doubt and believe, and I remember and forget! And then comes confusion"

She stared at him with such frightened eyes that he told her very softly, very respectfully: "Signorina, let us sit down here, each near to the other, that we may talk calmly. First, I will tell you what I did this morning ——"

"I —— You—went to the church?"

"Yes. I inquired until I found your confessor, explaining that the name had not stayed in my memory after leaving the house of Signor Vespe in the Via di Pinti. And then do you know the first thing that Father Gozzoli did?"

"No."

"He heard my confession, and afterward I went to his house. And I talked, that there might be no doubt of me in his mind—or in yours, beloved!"

He was looking fixedly at the tips of his shoes, little-boywise, intentionally not seeing her face. Therefore he could not see how bright her eyes were, or how red her cheeks, or the ghost of her smile—a ghost ready to vanish if he should look up suddenly. He went on:

"I told him that I wished to marry you in order that I might not sin, because I worshiped your portrait instead of Our Lady's, and that I repeated your name times without number, and invariably felt that I had prayed sufficiently. And I told him that naturally—naturally!—you did not love me, and that I did not hope for so much so soon; but that if you married me my love would in time win for me yours. I told him all about my affairs, and how much good you could do to the poor of Florence with funds that in my hands were of no use to anybody. I also told him how he might verify my words and implored him to act in the place of your father—and to act very quickly, because I wished to marry you as soon as possible ——"

"Oh, my—my friend! You do not know me. You cannot love ——"

"I divine you. Therefore I adore you."

"But if you have divined wrongly ——"

"If I have divined but a small part it still places you above all other women. And, moreover, I do not love a list of saintly perfections. I love you whether you are good or whether you are—more than good. I love you because your soul speaks to my soul and thereby ennobles it! Don't ask me how I can love you. Ask me rather how I can help loving you. Simonetta, Simonetta, will you marry me, that I may tell you my love so you will love me?"

"Who can guarantee love by speech?" she asked tremulously.

"Love! I am not afraid of your not loving me—only of your not loving me quickly enough; for I know that love calls to love until love comes, and —— Oh, my darling, my love is calling you with all the voices of my soul!"

His eyes were very bright and his face was flushed. He held his trembling hands

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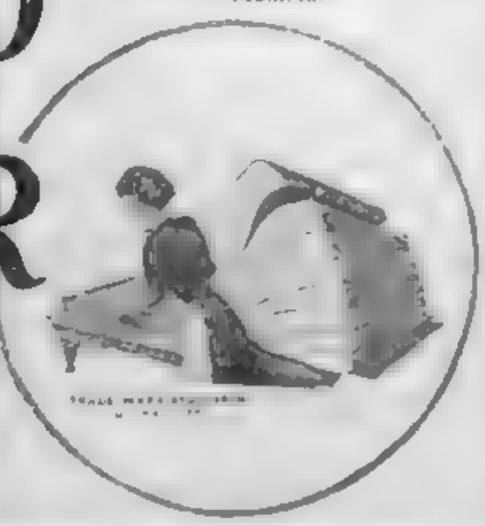


toward her eagerly, expectantly, as though he would be ready to receive what she would give him.

"I—I —— How can I believe?" she said brokenly.

"Simonetta, do not listen to me. I am only a man and unworthy. But listen to my love; for that, beloved, is great and beautiful and worthy even of you. God sent it to me from heaven, that I might lay it at your feet, Simonetta."

He went toward her slowly, his hands outstretched; and she, looking into his eyes, saw them draw nearer and nearer, while she stood there immobile, her own eyes glowing azurely, her lips slightly parted, her bosom rising and falling.

He took her hand in his and held it without speaking.

Presently he said, so low that she barely heard him: "Simonetta, when will you marry me?"

She shook her head. Then she told him: "I cannot think. I cannot answer. If I spoke I could not be sure of what I said."

"Then may I—will you —— Oh, Simonetta!"

She closed her eyes very quickly and drew in a deep breath.

"No; I pray you! No!"

He put his arm about her and said softly: "You will be my wife. But always when I take, it will be because you give freely. So! With your head here, that you may listen to my heartbeats —— Simonetta! I dreamed of the bliss of loving you, but never of this—your heart against my heart! Simonetta! Simonetta! The world is all music, like your name! And all light, like your soul!"

He stroked her hair softly, murmuring her name again and again.

Suddenly she raised her head and cried: "I don't understand! I don't!"

She looked at him wildly and clutched his arm as though to make sure he was at her side.

"Is it—love, Simonetta?" he asked.

"Is it—love?" she repeated hypnotically.

"If it is—if it is," he whispered tensely—"if it is—then, Simonetta—— Now!"

He clasped her in his arms. She struggled to release herself. Instantly he loosed his arms.

"Is it—love, Simonetta?" he asked very humbly, his hands by his side.

She hesitated, looking at him with wide unseeing eyes. Then with a strange cry she half sobbed:

"Oh, yes! But I don't understand it! I don't understand it!" She flung her arms about his neck and began to weep softly. "I don't understand it! I don't understand it!" she moaned.

"It is that when my love spoke your love awoke! Look at me!"

He pushed her from him tenderly and looked at her.

"Simonetta," he said slowly, his soul in his eyes, "when your lips and my lips touch there will be no going back. Oh, my beloved! See! I close my eyes, that you may not look into them, and pity. But if your heart says yes—then kiss me."

He closed his eyes, that he might not see her make her decision. He bowed his head, that he might be nearer to her lips.

"Simonetta!" he murmured entreatingly. "The dagger is in your hand—and in your lips the key to heaven! Look into your heart quickly, and then ——"

He would not finish, but she knew exactly how his eyes would have looked at her. So she closed her own, that she might look into her heart as he prayed

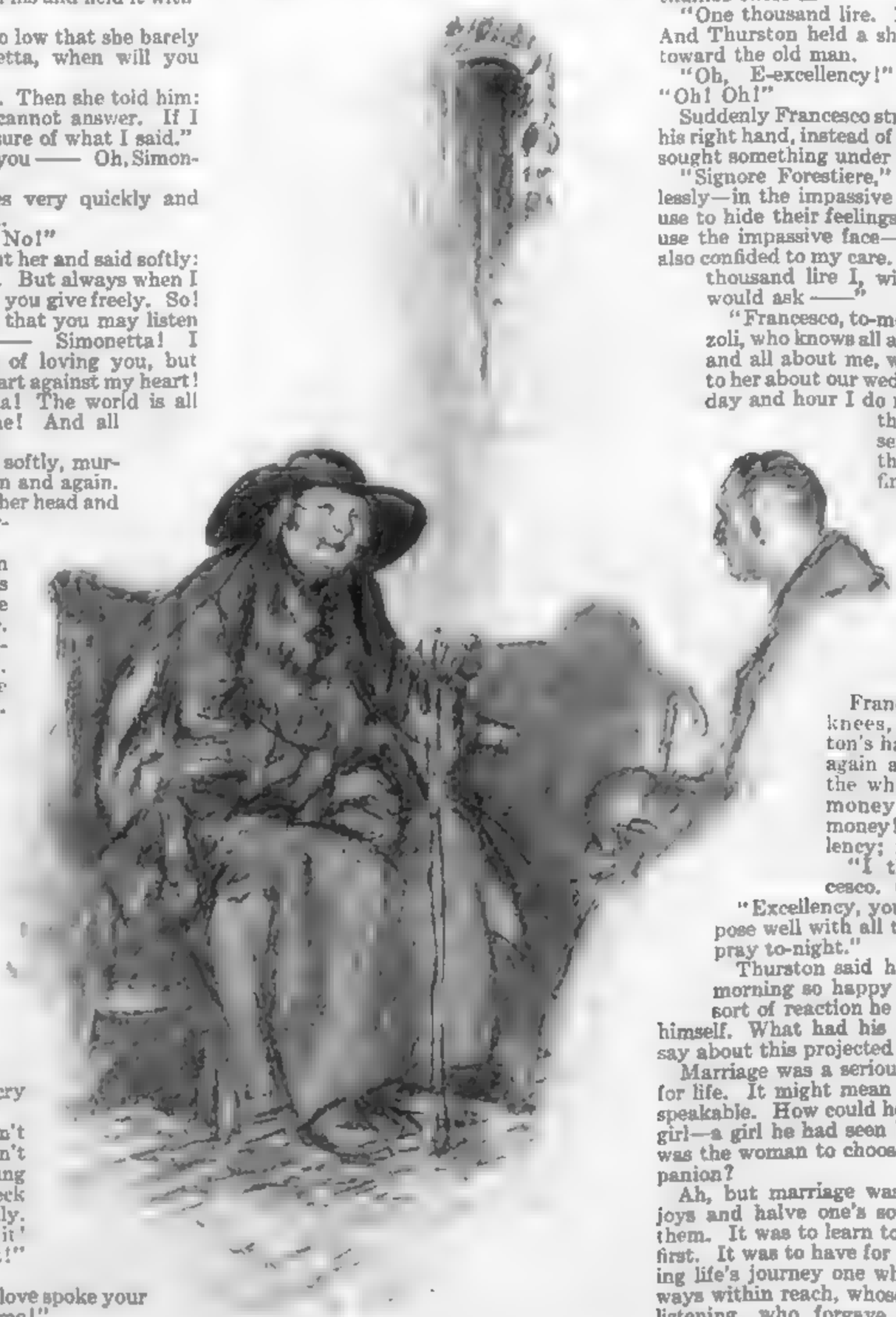
"Art thou looking, Simonetta?" he asked, for the first time using the familiar personal pronoun of intimates—and of lovers.

"I am looking at my life without thee, and I see—this!"

And she kissed him on the lips and clung to him fiercely. Suddenly she shook herself free. "I too! I too!" she cried feverishly. "With your first word I knew it. Yet my pride fought and overcame. And then, when you were silent, your love spoke. And still I fought. And then I thought of Florence without you and of my heart without yours. And in lieu of life I saw death, and in lieu of light and music I saw the still dark. What have you done to me, oh, stranger, whose name I have not yet named? What have you done to me, who was so proud and now find pride in my pridelessness?"

"I love you!"

"But I have been warned against love. I must not believe the words of men who



The Mild-Eyed Priest Shook His Head Many Times, But Forgave Because the Speaker Was an American

after the woman's heart is theirs go their way, knowing the heart follows, bleeding. Of all they have told me I believe only what I fear—that you will go! Yet I must believe your words. If they were not true when you said them they are true now! Surely! Surely! You will not leave me?"

"No danger of that," he smiled.

"There is always the danger of a woman being too happy."

"Oh, my love!"

He kissed her again and again, until she said faintly: "Do not kiss me again. Go! Go quickly!"

"I shall see Father Gozzoli to-morrow morning and ask him to come to you, beloved. Any message you wish to send me Francesco will bring me at the hotel. I shall be sitting before your portrait, talking to you—and counting the ungiven kisses. They are very many."

"Good night! Good night!"

"Simonetta, I shall not sleep to-night, thinking of the last kiss—that I have not yet had."

"There! Oh! And I shall not sleep at all."

She ran fleetly out of the room, and when the door closed behind her he went to the one by which he had entered. By the stairs Francesco was sitting. He rose stiffly when he saw Thurston.

And Geoffrey said to him gratefully: "I owe you a few fingers, for you have brought me good luck."

"Eight, Excellency."

"That was the promise I made you, was it not?"

"Well, there was some talk a while of thumbs twice as ——"

"One thousand lire. Here, Francesco." And Thurston held a sheaf of bank notes toward the old man.

"Oh, E-excellency!" he stammered. "Oh! Oh!"

Suddenly Francesco straightened up, and his right hand, instead of taking the money, sought something under his coat.

"Signore Forestiere," he said emotionlessly—in the impassive voice that Latins use to hide their feelings, as Anglo-Saxons use the impassive face—"the signorina is also confided to my care. Before I take the thousand lire I, with much respect, would ask ——"

"Francesco, to-morrow Father Gozzoli, who knows all about the signorina and all about me, will come to speak to her about our wedding. The precise day and hour I do not yet know, but the signorina will send you to me with the news. These ten fingers are only a beginning—so long as you are faithful to the young mistress. Not to me; to her! Here are the pieces of paper."

"Excellency!"

Francesco fell on his knees, grasped Thurston's hand and kissed it again and again, saying the while: "Not for the money! Not for the money! For her, Excellency; for her!"

"I thank you, Francesco. Good night."

"Excellency, you will perforce repose well with all the prayers I shall pray to-night."

Thurston said he awoke the next morning so happy that by a logical sort of reaction he began to question himself. What had his common sense to say about this projected marriage?

Marriage was a serious matter. It was for life. It might mean wretchedness unspeakable. How could he be sure that this girl—a girl he had seen but three times—was the woman to choose for his life companion?

Ah, but marriage was to double one's joys and halve one's sorrows by sharing them. It was to learn to think of another first. It was to have for a companion during life's journey one whose hand was always within reach, whose soul was always listening, who forgave in advance and kissed the eyes even before the repentant tears fell—the mother of the children for whom both must sacrifice self. And at the end, always hand in hand, to know that nothing mattered except separation.

How did he know, how could he know that Simonetta would be such a companion? Love was a matter of years and years of appreciation; of compromises and readjustments, some of them slow, most of them painful. Love, like the right to be happy, had to be earned. Passion was different; it was a thing of seconds—a glance, a smile, a phrase; and an imagined need was born.

It was a perfectly insane thing to fall in love with a girl's face on a fifteenth-century panel, and then after having thought her a ghost to assume that temporary insanity was love.

He looked at her portrait; and then, he said, he laughed long and heartily. He knew as well as he knew anything that he loved her because he knew her so well! He was certain that all he could ask of a wife this girl would give him, and more! As for

(Continued on Page 68)

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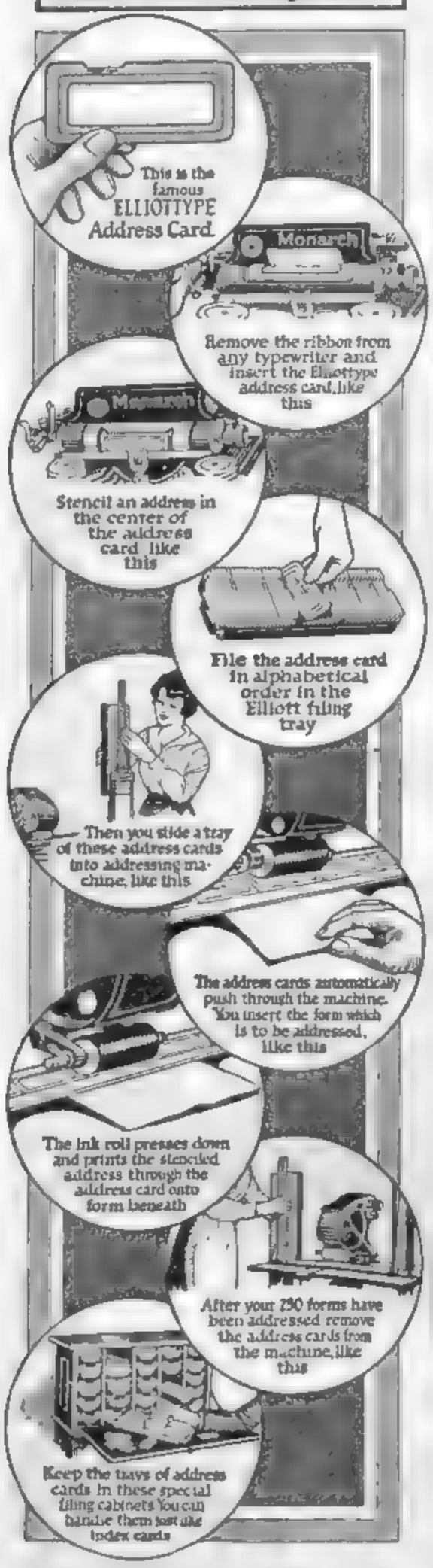
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(Continued from Page 66)

the children, they would be flesh of her flesh. That would make him love them twice as much as if they were merely his children, since in each child there would be the child plus Simonetta.

It was absurd that he should question his own wisdom in respect to the one wise thing he had ever planned to do. He wished that he were better and she worse, that in giving himself to her he might give generously. And she would be his! All his!

He looked at the portrait; and his only thought was to make haste. He would marry her as soon as possible, in order to begin living without delay. He had wasted many years by not knowing her.

He sought Father Gozzoli and had a long talk with him. The mild-eyed priest shook his head many times, but forgave because the speaker was an American of the north, to whom time was money, according to books of travel. In the end he promised to do as Thurston wished. Together they went to the office of the Cavaliere G. Partini, a lawyer, who promised to draw up the documents that would secure to Simonetta her marriage portion. Thurston's greatest trouble was in persuading them that old Vespe must not be told until after the ceremony. "After all," said Partini to Father Gozzoli after Thurston left them to go to the American consulate, "he is very liberal to her, and if her father does not like him ——"

"Vespe is—ah—peculiar. He has kept her like a bird—in a cage. She goes nowhere ——"

"I pity the American," interrupted Partini, "when she finds her wings."

"She is a saint," said Father Gozzoli sternly.

"That is why, precisely," rejoined the lawyer calmly. "A saint, reverend sir, should not marry, unless it be the devil, to drown him in the holy-water font of her goodness. This American seems to be two things—a man in love and a man in a hurry. Does either habitually wear the hat of wisdom?"

"Looking for wisdom makes you overlook the heart," smiled Father Gozzoli tolerantly.

"Naturally," agreed Partini.

"Old friend, cynicism rattles too loudly in your pocket. She is an angel ——"

"Worse and worse!"

"And he is a big boy—clean, with a quick intelligence and very good eyes indeed. And so she will not be disillusioned, and he will marry a girl he does not know but has comprehended instinctively—as a child understands an adult's tone of voice. No mistake is possible by either. But before I marry them I shall ask him again to let me tell Vespe."

"Ah, you are not so sure, then," laughed Partini.

"I shall not tell Vespe," said Father Gozzoli quickly.

And Partini quickly smiled: and even more quickly ceased to smile.

VIII

THAT evening when Thurston called he found Francesco in the street before the door, waiting for him.

"Good evening, signore. The signorina said I was to tell you that Mariuccia thinks you are a magician and dangerous. Wherefore she does not wish you to speak of the treasure until Mariuccia herself asks you. Feign distrust of her distrust, signore."

"Very well. But where is the signorina?"

"She awaits you. Father Gozzoli was here. I ——" He caught himself.

"You asked him?" accused Thurston.

"I love her as my own blood," Francesco defended himself. "But what he said of you, signore, made me happy I had asked him. What the *padrona* will say if you take her away! Mother of God, he will shatter himself into splinters!"

"We will have as many masses said for him as there are pieces," said Thurston resignedly. "In the meanwhile I am losing minutes and you finger nails!"

"Signore, your pardon!" And Francesco opened the door and preceded him to Simonetta's salon on the third floor. At the door he said to Thurston: "If the master should come you will have the huge goodness to go by the signorina's door to Mariuccia's room. And—and ——"

He paused; then he sighed dismally.

"What? What?" said Thurston peremptorily.

"Ah—there is no—need of further gifts," said Francesco, his voice full of an anguished determination.

"After the marriage, then," said Thurston promisingly as the old man opened the door.

She was standing beside the high-backed armchair at one end of the long carved table.

She was waiting!

He walked toward her very slowly, his face so serious that she held out her hands and asked fearfully: "What is it?"

He said nothing but knelt before her, and taking her two hands in his kissed first one, then the other. He said gravely: "I would ask your pardon."

"For what?"

"For my thoughts, oh, Simonetta! I confess that when I saw you I thought only of one wish: One kiss! Years and years of one kiss! Oh, my love, it will be very difficult for me to live unless you marry me quickly."

He rose to his feet and holding her right hand in his led her to a thronelike chair beside the mantel.

"There, my queen! And I shall sit at your feet, so that to kiss me you must stoop to my unworthiness."

"No. You, my lord, there; and I here, on this hassock, so that to kiss me you must raise me to the height of your heart, my lord."

"But I have already made you my sun, far above me!"

"And I would feel the strength of your hand, which must have the strength of two—yours and mine. Sit, Godofredo! It is the first time," she said. "Godofredo! Godofredo mio!"

"You kiss my ear when you speak my name. And now you must kiss ——"

"No! Listen to me, Godofredo. I—I could not sleep last night thinking of this that I must tell you. I have felt much fear but also have I prayed that you might listen with your lover's heart and not with the ears of a judge. I know you love me; not because you have told me so, but because, loving you, my love feels your love. I have something to say to you that my love magnifies, since I wish to be all you wish me to be; and that my love minimizes, since what is unpleasant I would make small for your sake."

"My love refuses to listen except to your praise."

"No, no! Before the marriage you must know the truth."

"I know it."

"About my father?"

"About my love."

"Godofredo, do me the pleasure to listen to me. I must tell you about my father. It has nothing to do with my love. But you must know before the marriage—lest there should not be a marriage."

"If you love me ——" began Thurston.

"I never loved anyone else."

"Then there will be a marriage. There is no need of speech."

"But I wish you to know. It concerns my father."

"I am grateful to him; he is your father. But for him I never should have known happiness."

"His misdeeds should be known to my husband."

"Then tell them—to your husband."

"I must tell my fiancé."

"Is it long—the story?"

"It is his life."

"He is not very young. It will be a long narrative. I could listen better if for every twenty words you paid me one kiss."

"I am serious, Geoffrey," she said in English reproachfully.

"So am I. Make it every five minutes. Light of my life, you will be exercising your lips with speech while mine perish of paralysis for lack of a kiss in time. Let us instead talk of our honeymoon ——"

"Listen, my love, for my love's sake."

"For your love's sake, Simonetta, I would listen even to my death sentence. But, beloved, I do not care about your father's misdeeds. Indeed, I would that he were worse than the worst, that I might marry you—as gratefully as if he were a king."

"If thou wilt promise not to kiss me I will kiss thee for saying that, Godofredo," she said in her fifteenth-century Tuscan.

"I shall do my best," he promised; and she kissed him.

"That was for saying what I did?" he asked humbly.

She nodded.

And speaking even more humbly he said: "And for thinking what I thought, will you not also ——"

"If you will let me tell you my long story," she insisted.

"If it is long, two!" he pleaded.

She kissed him twice.

"Of course," he observed, looking straight into her eyes, "after the end of a long narrative it is to be expected that, of course ——"

"If after you have heard you still wish to marry me ——"

She spoke so gravely that he took her hand in his and kissed it, and holding it in both of his told her very quietly: "I will listen, best beloved!"

"Mariuccia Thinks You are a Magician and Dangerous"

(Continued on Page 71)

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The Empire Tire Dealer

Empire Red Tubes Last as Long as the Average Car Itself

(Continued from Page 68)

"I cannot say that I will not forget some things, for you must bear in mind that the details were given to me by my father at divers times, when he felt like talking. This usually happened when he was pleased with his work. What I have forgotten is not of importance. The worst I have carefully remembered and will tell you."

She paused to look at him. He said softly: "My beloved, the prelude is of a tragedy in at least twenty-four acts. But I love you, and because I love you I listen."

She bowed her head in token of her gratitude and went on with a sort of relentless determination that made it very difficult for him not to take her in his arms and kiss the look away:

"My father's father I never knew. Antonio Giovanni Vespe his name was, like my father's. But the world knew him as Antonio Vespe, wherefore my father calls himself Giovanni, that there may be no confusion."

"It is not exactly a misdeed," observed Thurston with a smile, but Simonetta proceeded unsmilingly:

"My grandfather was an antiquarian, the first in Florence who dealt in antiquities like a gentleman. He was not a dealer in art but an artistic dealer. He did not seek buyers. He preferred that foreigners should seek him. This they did because they were told that he had found many art treasures in his travels in Tuscany. Rich collectors would come here to this house to see the reported finds, and always he told them he had nothing. They would implore and he would refuse. They saw only what was in the house—family heirlooms, ancestral belongings, documents showing how and when the paintings and the statues were bought by long-dead Vespes. My grandfather was very learned on antiquities, and that made him very ignorant of anything so modern as the market price of old paintings, wherefore they wheedled him into parting with the heirlooms. The buyers always went away happy in the thought that they had defrauded a trusting old man. He sold enough heirlooms to outfit ten families. My father says that about certain things his father knew more than anyone else in the world. He wrote many books, but they have never been printed because they are erudite but dull. I, myself," she finished impartially, "have never read them."

"I should hope not," murmured Thurston, patting her hand.

"My grandfather found some good in the sixteenth century; but not much. The seventeenth was decay; the eighteenth, death; the nineteenth, vileness! Thus it happened that my father from his birth was surrounded by quattrocentist ghosts, rocked in a fifteenth-century cradle, learned to walk amid furniture that might have belonged to your Sandro Botticelli. My grandfather used even to talk to him in the language of the fifteenth century. My father did the same to me in my childhood. That night, when I did not wish you to know who it was that spoke to you, I used the speech of Sandro's time."

"That was your reason?"

"That was my reason. Would a daughter wish it known that her father was—was not—wished to sell a Botticelli that she knew was not a Botticelli? I knew you would never meet me."

"And I never have." Thurston assured her gravely. He loved to watch the changing expressions.

"I do not understand it yet," she said helplessly.

"Tell me about your father."

"Oh, I will! Never fear! I shall tell you all! He developed an intense love for painting. From his fourth year he was always drawing, drawing, drawing. All his whippings were for that sin, for he was not careful, and his pencil marked everything. Then my grandmother, who loved paintings, insisted that my grandfather should send my father to masters who would teach him to draw on paper and to paint on canvas."

"She was very wise, your grandmother," interjected Thurston.

"My grandfather, hating all things modern, said that since there were no painters these days there could be no teachers. If they had lived in the fifteenth century or even in the beginning of the sixteenth it would have been a different matter. He would have apprenticed his son to one of the masters. But my grandmother persisted, until my grandfather compromised by consenting to have his son taught as he would have been taught in Florence in 1470 instead of 1870, and the boy had been apprenticed to Lorenzo de' Medici's favorite painter, Sandro Botticelli.

"He therefore sent my father to the studio of a man named Gotti, who was a restorer of old paintings and worked for the galleries and for foreign collectors. It was from him that my father learned to draw and to paint, always surrounded by old panels and canvases. In addition, my grandfather compelled him to learn by heart Cernino Cernini's book and Vasari's Lives and other works that had to do with the art of painting as the old masters practiced it. He prepared his panels with *gesso grosso* as they did, and ground his own colors, and painted in tempera instead of oil. Indeed he learned to be a Renaissance painter.

"He has often told me that even after he was a man grown he would spend weeks among the old libraries here and in Rome and Milan and elsewhere, reading manuscripts, copying parts of Leonardo's Codex, tracing references to their original sources and studying old paintings. He is so familiar with what he calls the *métier* of the old men that for him a panel has not only the name of the painter but the date of its making printed in numerals. He says he has never painted in oil for fear it would spoil him for his work in tempera. You see —"

She looked at Thurston as though she knew there was no excuse, but he told her very seriously: "I still do not perceive the great crime."

"It is not a question of a crime but of a deceit. As I told you, my father copied Botticelli's paintings and drawings until he could paint and draw like Sandro. He has copied the Magnificat over three hundred times, he says, selling his copies at from ten lire to three thousand. He has a collection of enlarged photographs of all of Sandro's paintings and of many of those of his contemporaries. Before he was twenty-four he knew as much about Renaissance painting as my grandfather did. More, because he had the technical knowledge of a fellow craftsman, of an observing pupil, in addition to the historical knowledge of a savant."

"I should think he would have wished to capitalize his expert knowledge," suggested Thurston.

"Well, he was making a very good income from his sale of copies. It was only when the fashion changed that the trouble came. Bad originals came to be considered better than good copies. My father said that he began by experimenting with adaptations of works of the old masters, taking a figure from this painting, another from that and combining them so as to make a new composition. Of course he took pains to paint them on panels of the exact period. Collectors and dealers from foreign countries swooped down upon Italy and bought and bought, until the government made the law forbidding the exportation of master works. But even before that the demand for old masters was a thousand times greater than the supply, and the second and third rate painters came in for their day. Even the fourth raters, my father said."

"That is true," said Thurston impartially; "especially with American collectors."

"He says the Germans are even worse. The dealers were also very thievish and greedy and vulgar, and it was really to punish them that my father took the first step in—what he has done. He painted a Ghirlandajo very carefully on an old panel of the period, and he dirtied it most skillfully, and cracked it and aged it; and then he hung it in the bedroom of his foster mother, the mother of my Mariuccia, in Fiesole. There it was found—accidentally, of course—by a collector from Berlin, who was accompanied by a German professor with a big magnifying glass and a German-Italian dictionary. They were insane with joy. But the old woman would not sell until she had seen the parish priest; and the priest, with whom my father had taken the trouble to converse, advised Giovanna, Mariuccia's mother, to consult Professor Menotti and the Uffizi authorities. The Germans knew such a step would make it impossible for them to take the painting out of the country, so they offered her all they had with them—five thousand lire. If it had not been for the fear of my father's temper she would have let them have it, for she thought they were crazy. But he

(Continued on Page 73)

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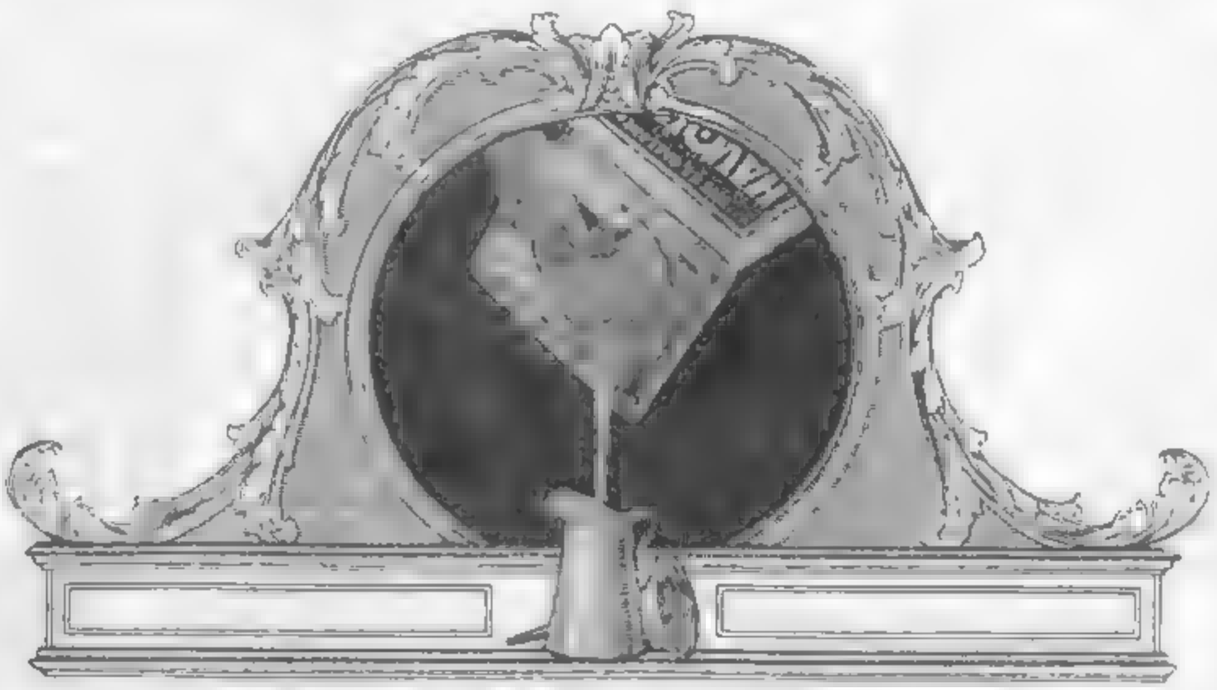

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(Continued from Page 71)

made her tell them it was not enough money, and also she would sell only for gold, not for paper—peasantlike. And they paid her eleven thousand lire, chuckling at their own astuteness. Now, my beloved, do you know what happened?"

"It is in Berlin, in the museum, I hope." And Thurston smiled vindictively.

"Yes, it is. But what I meant is that my father no longer made wonderful copies in tempera on old panels, in the technic of the masters, but painted Raffaellinos and Ghirlandajos and Filippino Lippis and Piero di Cosimos and Botticellis. Some of the latter were in later years attributed by great experts to Sandro's pupils. One expert invented an Amico di Sandro."

"Well, your father never guaranteed the genuineness of any of them, did he?" asked Thurston exculpatingly.

"No, kindest! But he found that dealers who paid five thousand lire attributed the panels to this or the other master and sold them for twenty-five thousand or fifty thousand lire. Thereafter, my father refused to deal with dealers; only with collectors."

"Well, he does not cheat them."

"No, but he knows people think they are genuine."

Thurston laughed, and Simonetta looked at him in astonishment. Then she grew serious.

"Godofredo, is it nothing to you," she asked with a look of fear in her eyes, "that my father sells old pictures that are not old pictures?"

"I hate deceit, though perhaps not so much as you do, my saint; but really, so far, you have not shown me a capital crime; certainly nothing to make me love you the less—or decrease my gratitude toward your father. But how does it come that you resemble Simonetta Vespucci so much?"

"Oh, my love, I do not think you will understand. My father traveled all over Tuscany seeking old fifteenth-century panels to paint on—you know the kind: daubs, that he erased but kept because the wood and the work were of the period. Also he would buy objects of art that were worthy of being placed in our house to play the rôle of heirlooms—as his father had done so profitably. He was attracted by my mother, who was of an old family of Peretola, where Simonetta lived. Her face was pure Tuscan, the type the old Florentines loved to paint when they began to paint from living models. My father painted her portrait in the quattrocentist fashion, and it was sold as an undoubted masterpiece. Perhaps this was because he loved her. That also is in Berlin. My father says the German professors have classified the right-handed and left-handed brush strokes and characteristics of each master and each period, and all he has to do is not to skip a single one of the enumerated technical details, and the Germans accept it—first as genuine; and second as corroborating their theories as opposed to the opinion of French and Italian experts."

"I still cannot quarrel with your father, and still I do not account for the miracle of your face, oh, most beautiful."

"He married my mother, who loved him as—as——" She paused and looked at him with her luminous azure eyes.

"As you will love your husband," prompted Thurston.

"As I love," she said, and looked at him, a wistful smile on her lips. He could never understand; and she forgave him.

"She loved him, indeed," said Thurston, and kissed Simonetta's hands with such tender respect that her eyes filled with tears.

"Perhaps she loved him as much as I love thee," she murmured. "Perhaps! Poor mother mine!"

"She is looking on thee from heaven. May she find me worthy of her daughter!"

Simonetta sighed. Then she resolutely resumed her narrative:

"My father had made so many studies and copies of Sandro's works that my mother saw Simonetta's face everywhere. My father said that she resembled the Venus. For months and months he made her admire herself daily. She died when I was born. He used to tell me that he could not forgive me—first for costing him his wife; and then for being a girl."

"I cannot share his prejudices," interjected Thurston.

"Oh, he loves me now, after his own fashion. I was not christened until I was four years old. He did not wish to know anything about me. It was a scandal in the neighborhood. Finally Mariuccia told him about the talk, and he sent for me. He was so struck by my resemblance to Botticelli's love that he had me christened Simonetta."

"I loved thee, thinking thee Sandro's Simonetta," said Thurston; "and I love thee a thousand times more knowing thee to be my Simonetta. Thy father has done much for me."

"I was twelve when he saw me one day trying to dress my hair after the Madonna in one of Botticelli's *tondi*, and he painted me. He made the Madonna older of course; and he sold her for ten thousand lire to an English nobleman who was so grateful that to the day of his death he invited my father twice a year regularly to visit him in England. It was he who recommended Miss Marsland to my father. She has taught me English. I would have learned better had I been clever."

"I understand. But this last portrait—mine?"

"My father blames me. He says that when my mother died he acquired the vice of gambling, which always keeps him poor. It was my fault because he had to find a distraction or perish of sorrow. And also he blames me because later on I made him love me, and that has interfered with artistic perfection. He has painted me in the style of Sandro, but he says he always sees the father love in his work instead of seeing the love that Sandro probably had for Simonetta Vespucci. By painting from life he gained what no copy or imitation of another painting could possibly give him. I mean, the illusion of life. You see, even the greatest experts could see plainly that they were not copies or imitations of old masters, but genuine portraits painted from life—at the worst, by a pupil of Botticelli. He says that if he had to do it again he would invent a name and a history and develop a slight but characteristic difference. It would be great fun to discover not only new old masterpieces but an absolutely new old master."

"Yes, it would."

"Of course he always compels buyers to smuggle the paintings out of Italy with infinite precautions—the greater the difficulties the greater the pleasure—and as he always pledges them not to tell from whom they acquired the paintings he has no difficulty in disposing of enough to pay his gambling debts and to add to my dowry."

"That is already provided for," interjected Thurston. "It is an interesting story you have told me. But as for the misdeeds, you exaggerate, dearest."

"Oh, what disturbs me is his dreadful pleasure. When I sit for him he talks and chuckles and laughs as he paints. I asked him the other day how long he proposed to keep on selling lost Botticelli portraits of Simonetta Vespucci, and he answered, 'As long as the supply of genuine quattrocentist panels and rich innocents lasts.' He always refuses to say that the portrait is by Botticelli, and he never asks more than fifteen or twenty thousand lire. You paid twenty-five thousand; but he really wished to keep that portrait for himself."

"I would have paid him much more."

"He would not take it. He says to ask too much is to be a thief. Nobody but rich men buy from him, and all of them are experts in their own estimation and all of them rejoice because they are buying genuine Botticellis at one-tenth of their value. To be artistic in everything is for him to live. He finds his pleasure in painting the portrait and then in arranging the preliminaries of his sales. He plans his effects as carefully as a dramatist, in accordance with his reading of his clients, as he calls them. He plays on the expert's vanity in one man; on the collector's obsession of another; or on the aggressive confidence of a German museum director. He says he is entitled to the double pay of the artist—the cash and the pleasure of the accomplishment—and that he must painstakingly dramatize his transactions in order to get it. In your case, for instance—would you like me to tell you?"

"Do you ask me that, O voice?"

"He told me only this morning that he hesitated between three different methods of attack. He has a friend in the office of your bankers, and a clerk in one of the consulates also sends him valuable information. He learned that you were a man of fortune, single, and that your father had collected Flemish primitives. Also, he said, you were young and it was the spring. And you had eyes that wished to see many things that old collectors never see. After he had spoken to you he was certain that you had no love affair, wherefore it was

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your romantic side that he attacked. Because you were a lover of beauty and a gentleman he offered to sell you the best of all my portraits for ten lire, knowing you would not accept it."

"But suppose I had?"

"He would have found a thousand ways of not giving it to you, fear not!" Simonetta assured him. "Oh, if it were not for his gambling he would be a rich man, though he says he never loses more than he can pay instantly. Still he loses enough so that he has to keep on painting paintings that he has to sell theatrically, with the taint of deceit. Every time I eat a mouthful of food bought with that money I feel like a thief."

"At all events from now on you will have your own money."

"Godofredo, will you let me speak frankly before you—before we—before ——"

"Yes—and after," he promised smilingly.

"I—I—are you a very rich man?"

"Not what is called very rich in America."

"Are you rich at all?"

"It depends upon what you call rich. Having your love I would not change places with Crœsus."

"Is a million lire a very great amount for you to spend doing something for me?"

"No. Very small."

"Is it too great for you to throw away? Answer me frankly."

He hesitated.

She sighed.

"Why do you sigh?" he asked. "If it will give you pleasure ——"

"Did I sigh?"

Thurston took her hands in his; kissed first one and then the other, and asked her: "Suppose, Heart's Delight, that you tell me just what you would ask me to do if I had a million lire to throw away?"

"Why should I tell you?" she asked mournfully.

"Because I have asked you."

"I should like to buy back all the paintings that my father has ever sold that people think are old masters."

"Are there many?"

"Many!"

"Where are they?"

"Everywhere," she answered despondently. "In private collections, in the great museums. Oh, yes, in the National Gallery in London, in the Louvre in Paris, in the Museum in Berlin. He has a book in which he keeps the complete history of every one of his paintings, both before and after leaving this house. He has them marked in the catalogues of the galleries and in the Baedekers. He receives all the art journals that are printed, I believe, and chuckles and chuckles when he reads the controversies that rage about some of his works among the experts or when he sees the prices they bring at some of the great auction sales. And all the time I feel that I am the daughter of an impostor, the beneficiary of fraud. Do you know why he made me learn English?"

"That you might speak to me in my mother tongue."

"Silly! He didn't know you."

"He is very clever."

"And I am very stupid. I did not at first understand your jesting. See? We do not know each other; and yet you would marry me."

"Yes, but not for that reason. It is that I am not blind, nor deaf, beloved!"

"Don't you wish to know why he made me learn English?"

"Yes, very much."

"It was in case we should be compelled to leave Italy. We then could go to England, where men are free; or to America, where men make money. If I could purchase my father's paintings they would no longer disturb my peace of mind. But if I—if we—when we—when I am your wife he will not have my dowry to provide. But also he will not have me to paint. That is why I asked you."

"My darling, I propose to settle a million lire on you so that you may have an income of fifty thousand lire a year for you to use as you wish. It will be all yours, for your charities and for your whims. For some of your whims; for I beg you to leave a few for me to gratify."

"But if we buy my father's works we shall have to travel from place to place, and that takes much money."

"I shall go back to New York and make it. Of course I could make it very quickly if I had you to talk to of nights."

"I have wondered so often, best beloved, what my life would be with you in your country—a strange land full of strange people to me, to whom the sight of Florence by day is almost a novelty. But since you would be there beside me it would be a good world to me."

"And ——"

"And your house will be my house. Beloved, I shall wait ——"

"Yes, but you will wait as my wife." He said it so hungrily that she blushed.

Then she said softly: "As you wish, my love; but I cannot leave my father's house until I buy back the paintings."

"Father Gozzoli will tell me when. Let it be quickly. Are you sure you love me, Simonetta?"

"Am I sure I no longer belong to myself? Am I sure I am here because I wish you to be safely mine—who have known you but four days?"

"Four centuries, best beloved—and four seconds!"

IX

LESS than a month later they were married in the Church of Santa Maria Maddalena de' Pazzi, by Father Gozzoli. Every evening Thurston would see his wife, and from her lips learned that Vespe had begun a new portrait—one that should be utterly free from the reproach of the American that the previous Simonetta was too naïve and virginal for a fifteenth-century wife.

"He told me," said Simonetta, "to look as if I were thinking of my husband—and I did!"

"And what happened?" asked Thurston quickly, seeing her expression.

"He jumped to his feet and shouted: 'How did you know? How did you know?' Then he sat down and said: 'If you can look like that a few minutes I'll never need to paint again!' But when the light was bad and he ceased to work for the day he looked at me so suspiciously and so—so ——"

She turned red and Thurston said: "He ought to ask me to think of my wife, and paint my portrait."

"But he's terribly sharp! I dread his discovery of our marriage.

"Oh, my love, you must make haste and return quickly to me. I—I do not dare to think of your absence. Without you where is life, love?"

That is why Thurston returned to America to make money to buy old Vespe's paintings to please Simonetta.

"On the way back to New York I thought of the stock market from an entirely new angle. I could see more clearly by the light of Simonetta's eyes, and I could read wisdom where all had been darkness before. Naturally, without that light!" He looked at me for confirmation.

"Naturally," I said.

"And here I am," said Thurston, finishing his long narrative in his room in the Grand Hôtel de' Medici, "about to see Simonetta to-night, and her father to-morrow. Then: Heaven!"

X

I DID not meet Thurston again until the summer of 1914, just before the war cloud let loose the thunderbolt. It was in the Lido, in Venice, at the door of the only place in the resort where you can always be sure of the fish, the flesh and the fowl. He had ordered the *colazione* for his family and was about to rejoin them on the beach when I hailed him.

He was very glad to see me—almost as glad as I was to see him. He told me he had two boys—both of them expressly born in America—and every year he brought his family to Italy, that the children should know their mother's land as well as their own.

"I have often wondered how you made out with your father-in-law," I told Thurston. "You know, I left for Switzerland the same day that you were going to see him."

Then Thurston told me the epilogue of his story.

That afternoon he called on the old gentleman. At Thurston's command Francesco led him into the salon where Vespe was, and then went off to tell Simonetta.

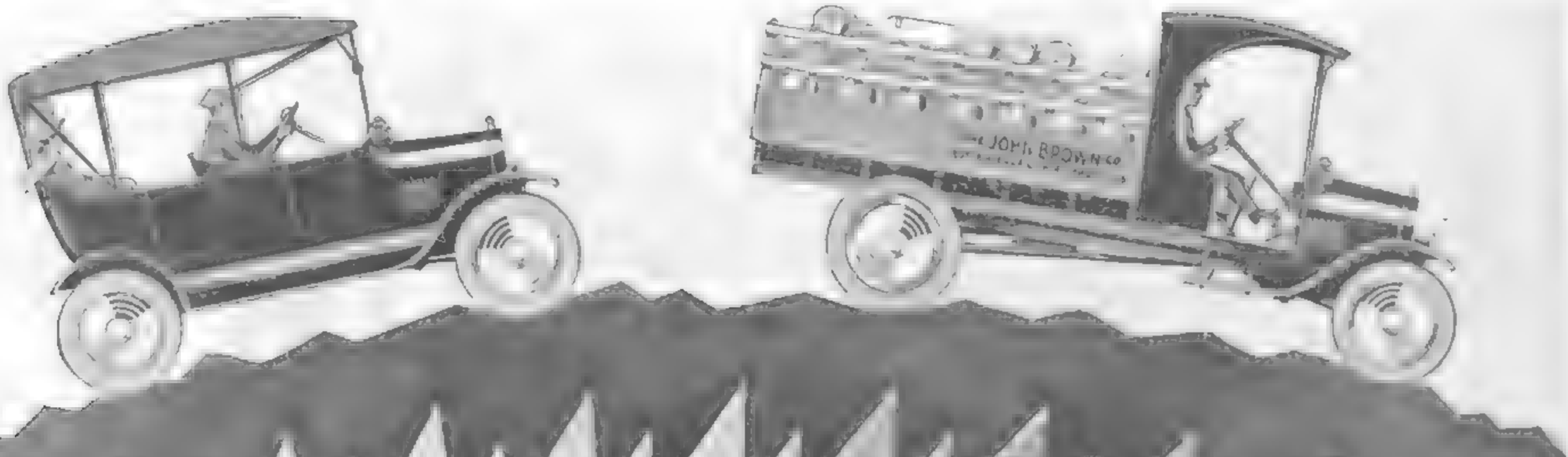
"Good afternoon, signore," said Thurston very politely.

"Ah-h-h!" It was the old, odd exhalation that seemed to express the inexpressible and still remain unexpressed. "You were not announced." He spoke coldly.

"No. I particularly cautioned Francesco against doing so. It rejoices me to see you looking so well."

"I do not understand the intrusion, signore." And Vespe rose.

(Concluded on Page 77)



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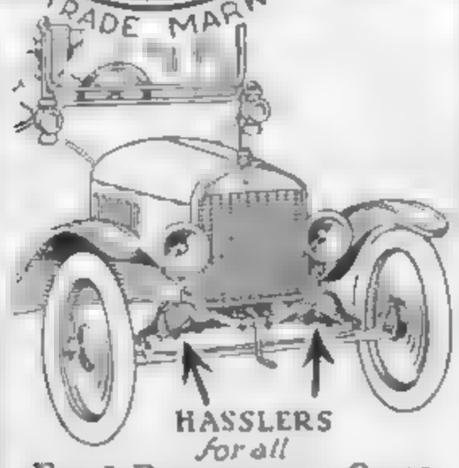

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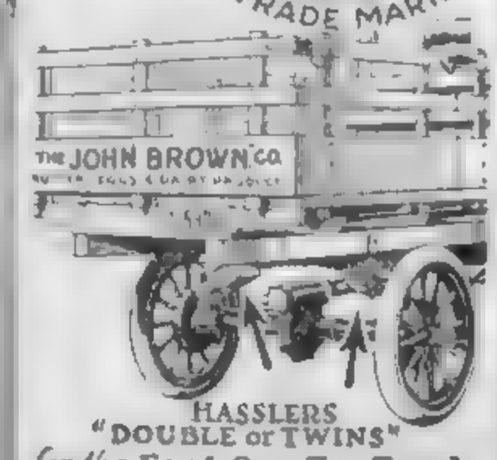

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Genuine Leather *The Toughest Sole*

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(Concluded from Page 74)

Thurston was looking about the room, and he saw on the wall the new portrait of Simonetta—of his wife! She looked as she had looked when he first realized that one does not have to die to be in heaven.

She was much more than a beautiful woman; much more even than a beautiful woman in love; she was a very beautiful woman very much in love with her husband.

Thurston gasped, then turned red with delight.

He almost shouted: "*Per Dio*, but that is a portrait! It is mine!"

"It is not, signore," contradicted Vespe frigidly.

"I tell you it belongs to me. You might as well abstain from all haggling or—or theatricals. That is not only the greatest portrait in existence but it is Simonetta herself. I propose to have it."

"And I dispose that you shall not."

"Dear master, during the rest of my life I shall do nothing but collect portraits of Simonetta. With your help I shall complete my list. I am in love with her. What will you ask me for it?"

"All I shall ask you is that when you are ready to leave this house you will give me your promise never to call again. You have one portrait—my one love, my one pleasure for years. And now when I—ah—find—this portrait, obviously of a later and riper period—you must take this also! No! Not for fifty thousand lire!"

"But you don't understand. I love Simonetta," protested Thurston.

"So do I." Vespe shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes, but you love her as a father, while I—I love her as a husband."

"You cannot marry a portrait."

"No, I cannot. But I can marry Simonetta, can I not?"

"Yes, if you are Marco Vespucci reincarnated, or if you can find a way to go back four hundred and forty years." And Vespe smiled.

"No. I am Geoffrey Thurston, of New York; and Simonetta Vespe, your daughter, has been Simonetta Thurston, my wife, these past five months. Father Gozzoli married us in Santa Maria Maddalena shortly after I bought the portrait. I have settled one million lire on her, and I propose to devote the rest of my life to buying up all the portraits of her that are in existence. You might read over these papers." Thurston extended a bundle of them toward Vespe.

"You—what?"

"I am your dutiful son-in-law, and you are a great painter. If you will paint the portrait of Simonetta every year for me and later on one of each of the children ——"

Old Vespe being a logical-minded Latin began to read the documents that Thurston handed to him before passing on the expediency of assassination.

When he had finished he threw them on the floor and said furiously: "How dared you? How ——"

Thurston went up to the old man and laid a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"Listen, little papa. I never threaten; I strike.

"And I never have to strike twice. What you have done in the past you must never do again, for you will have enough to pay for your imbecile gambling. What I cannot understand is how so finished an artist, so great a painter should stoop to unworthy mountebank tricks ——"

"To fool them!" interjected Vespe savagely.

"To cheat yourself, you mean. Not they, the fools. Father-in-law, without flattery there is no man living whose work compares with yours. I think you are greater than Sandro himself. My portrait of Simonetta as she was before she met me, and this, after she had married me ——"

"Ah-h-h, that was the reason! Fool that I was! Fool! I indeed suspected; and watched. But no nun in her convent lived a more secluded life than hers."

"I was in America making money for her," said Thurston cheerfully.

"Fool that I was! Only marriage could give it to her."

"A wonderful portrait," said Thurston; and held out his hand.

Vespe took it.

"Call Simonetta," said Thurston.

"Yes! Yes!"

He rang for Francesco and bade the old man tell the signorina to descend.

Simonetta entered the room, her face pale with apprehension. But Thurston said to her very solemnly, a meaning look in his eyes: "Daughter of the greatest living painter, go to thy father that he may give thee to me, his respectful son."

Simonetta promptly flung her arms about her father's neck.

"Most dear of all fathers, he swears you are unapproachable as a painter, and he would like all your works—every panel you have ever painted. I owe him to you, for it was your genius that made him fall in love with me. And he said he must have a great fortune that he might buy your handiwork. But before he left for America he made me marry him. Loving you, I loved him, who also loved you. He has prospered unbelievably and he is now ——"

"—— the son of the greatest of living painters," said Thurston in a voice that rang with such sincerity—he was looking at Simonetta and wished to obtain permission to kiss her as quickly as possible—that old Vespe's eyes lost their fierceness and their doubts.

"God bless you, my children!" said the greatest of living painters.

Thurston stopped with that and waved his hand with a gesture that signified "Finis."

But I said to him: "There is something else I wish to know."

"What?"

"Did you buy all the portraits of Simonetta and the ——"

Thurston interrupted me by laughing loudly.

"What happened?" I asked.

"You would never guess."

"No, I never would," I agreed.

"I wasn't able to buy a single one. All the men I approached listened to me while I told them that their highly prized panels were fakes, but when they asked me to prove it all I could tell them was that I knew the man who painted them and that though I did not care to tell his name I was willing to buy back their fakes at the same price they had paid, plus interest at six per cent. Some of them were so angry that they nearly had me kicked out of their places. Others asked me if I intended to destroy these fakes as if they were counterfeit bank notes, and I said no. And so they all kept their Botticellis and their Ghirlandajos and their Raffaellinos. And now, my dear chap, if you don't mind, you shall breakfast with us."

"I shall be delighted," I said.

"Papa-in-law is here, tamed down, and Simonetta—more wonderful than ever. Come!"

I went. There on the sand, with the blue-green Adriatic all about her, I saw her. It was four years ago, but to-day if I close my eyes I still see her. And I can swear that Simonetta Thurston, like Simonetta Vespucci, "holds in her hand the 'Desire of all the Nations'; and her choice is on her face."

(THE END)

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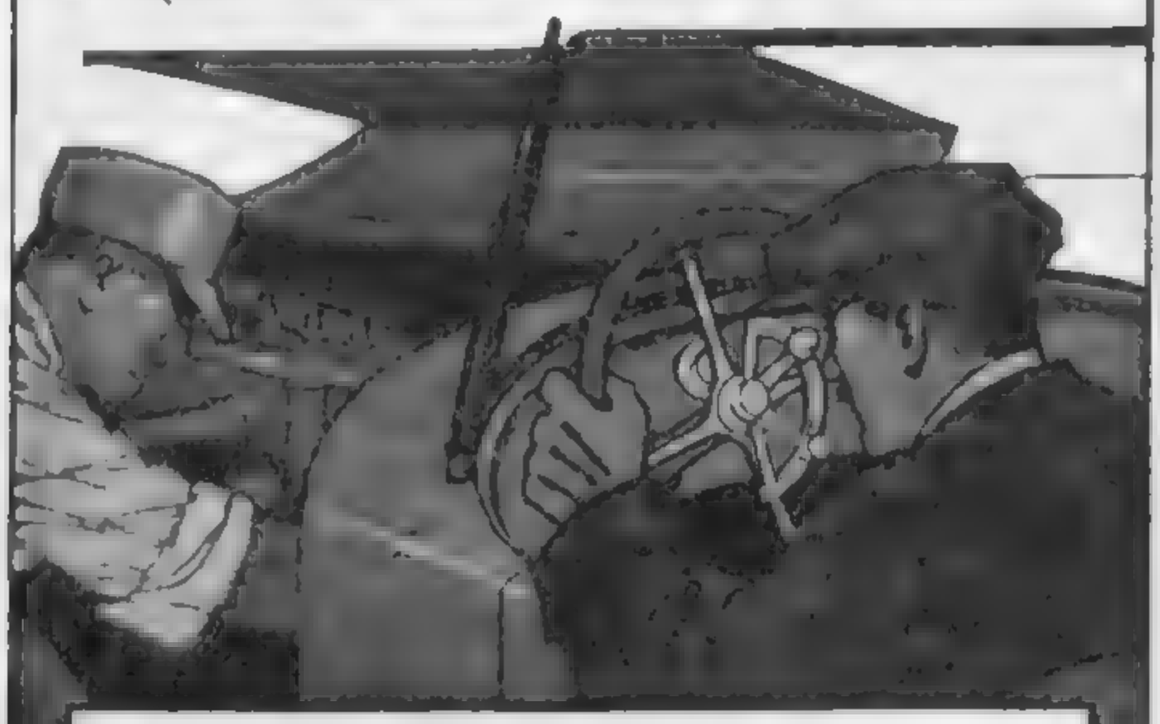

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FRIDAY TO MONDAY

(Continued from Page 15)

room, which I expected to use to-night, is almost a sea of water?" She laughed in spite of herself at the sudden horror in his face. "I mean the roof is leaking—and what doesn't come in at the roof comes in at the window. The bed is simply soaked."

"You can use Lansing's room," said Mallory at once; "and I can bunk on the couch in here. Won't that be all right?"

"That's very nice of you," said Dorinda in the most businesslike way possible. "Well—I think if you don't mind clearing your things out of there—including the blond or brunette typewriter, which I see through the doorway sitting on the dresser swinging its feet ——"

"Please!" begged Mallory with the beginnings of a grin.

"—— that I'll go to bed," finished Dorinda.

He flung his cigarette into the fire obediently, but with a distinct gesture of disappointment.

"Sorry you're sleepy. I rather hoped you'd want to sit by the fire and talk a while."

"It's always well to leave while the man hopes you'll stay."

"Please don't be smart!"

"Indeed I'm not; I'm talking like one of your plays."

"You're not like the women in my plays."

"Nobody's like the women in your plays—you know nothing at all about women—that's why you're so popular. All the tired business men take their wives to see you, knowing you'll never put ideas into their heads."

He leaned on the back of one chair, she leaned on the back of another. They regarded each other with interest. In her eyes was delicate defiance, in his an incongruous glimmer of wistfulness.

"What is your husband like?" he asked abruptly.

"He's a big, big person," said Dorinda reminiscently, "with savagely tender eyes, and a jutting chin; and he once killed a man for stepping on the toe of my silver slipper at a dance. Good night, Mr. Mallory."

"Oh, I say—I've got an idea for a play. Don't you honestly want to stay and talk?"

But Dorinda had gone. From the doorway of the kitchen she directed crisply: "Move your things while I get myself a lamp and put Frou-Frou to bed. I'm in a hurry."

The wind rattled the windows of Bill Lansing's room in a manner far from cheering. Also it soughed and bellowed about the corner of the house like a Minotaur seeking youths and maidens. Dorinda letting down her long soft hair before the mirror, which was of the greenish and wavy variety peculiar to country houses in the Islands, shuddered and felt herself growing a little cold. There was menace in that unremitting roar—menace in the crashing of the surf upon the reef. She fell asleep some three-quarters of an hour later and dreamed that she was cast away on a desert island where lions paced the sand like sentinels, and where Bland Mallory, with a dishcloth bound about his head like a fillet, clicked out interminable plays upon a gold-and-ivory typewriter.

Somehow her dream slid backward into reality. She woke, lingeringly, to the undoubted rattle of typewriter keys outside her closed door, and lay there smiling drowsily to herself.

The storm was wilder than ever. With every blast of wind the cottage shivered through all its walls. All at once there came the maddest gust of all. It was like a roar from the open mouth of a windy hell—and with a hideous grinding crash the roof opened above Dorinda's bed. She felt the sweep of great wet branches past her face, caught one terrified glimpse of ragged clouds driving across the livid darkness, sensed for one moment a fiery stream of pain down her left arm to the elbow—and fled, screaming, with what swiftness she could command, to that closed door and the little friendly line of light beneath it.

Opening the door she let herself blindly into Mallory's arms. He was breathless with alarm.

"For God's sake—what's happened? You poor frightened child, you! I heard the most frightful crash ——"

Dorinda gasped through white lips: "The tree—at the corner of the house—it fell—the roof—across my bed."

Then she hid her face upon the shoulder of the old gray sweater and began to sob like a very little girl.

Mallory lifted her up—it was surprising how strong he seemed—and carried her over to the big Bilibid chair by the fireplace, where a log still sputtered comfortably.

"Your arm's hurt," he said gently. "It seems to be bleeding. Suppose we look after that first."

It was only a scratch, but a nasty one, across the creamy softness of Dorinda's upper arm. She hid her eyes while Mallory washed it out with an antiseptic which he took from his bag in the corner of the room.

"I don't believe there'll be a scar," he told her comfortingly. "A branch must have caught you as it passed. It's the most incredible mercy you weren't killed."

He bandaged the arm with fresh white gauze that he produced also mysteriously from the obliging bag, and made a sling for it of a soft linen handkerchief with his initials in the corner.

Then he settled Dorinda comfortably in her chair with various cushions, and heated a drink of milk for her upon the coals.

The milk was slightly smoked but none the less stimulating.

"I'm sorry I was so silly as to cry," murmured Dorinda.

"I like a woman who can cry," said Mallory earnestly—"without looking homely."

"There ain't no such animal," said Dorinda with a gallant attempt at a smile.

For answer Mallory fetched a hand mirror out of the bag and let her look in it. She saw that her eyes were wide and lovely and that her hair was adorably tousled about a pale small face. Also that her mouth was trembling, so she said: "My nose needs powdering frightfully."

"You don't need anything in the world," said Mallory quickly; and added with a certain grimness about his own mouth: "Even your husband would say that."

Dorinda looked down at her gayly embroidered kimono—did I say that because there was no blanket upon the bed in that ill-fated front room she had gone to sleep in her kimono?—a lovely thing of flame-colored silk strewn with cherry blossoms and butterflies—she looked down at it anyhow, and smoothed its folds with little shaking fingers.

"What were you writing?" she asked him. "I wish you'd tell me about it. I can't go to sleep again to-night. And I've got to stay here in this chair before the fire. There's nowhere else for me to go. Both the other rooms are out of commission now. What time is it?"

Mallory said it was two o'clock.

"Gracious!" cried Dorinda, who was beginning to feel better. "And you at your typewriter!

"I heard you just before the kiawe tree walked into my room. Whatever were you writing?"

"Play," said Mallory shamefacedly.

"A new one?"

He nodded.

"Brand new? Just begun it to-night?"

He nodded again.

"I believe it's about me," said Dorinda.

"It is," said Mallory simply.

"How much have you done?"

"Almost the whole first act." He could not help grinning a bit over that.

"Am I married or not, in the play?" asked Dorinda.

She looked very small and very young and very innocent, sitting there in the Bilibid chair with her dark hair about her shoulders, the folds of the flame-colored kimono curling about her feet, and her slender left arm in the sling, made of Mallory's own handkerchief.

"In the play you're not married," he admitted a trifle shamefacedly—"that is, in the first act."

"Get it and read it to me," commanded Dorinda.

"At two o'clock in the morning?"

"If it's about me it must be a perfectly nice play," said Dorinda serenely. "And if you don't do something to amuse me I shall get thinking about the storm—and how frightened my husband must be about me"—she said it with the softest sigh in the world—"and I shall be very unhappy."

Mallory fetched the manuscript.

(Continued on Page 81)

Sound Asleep

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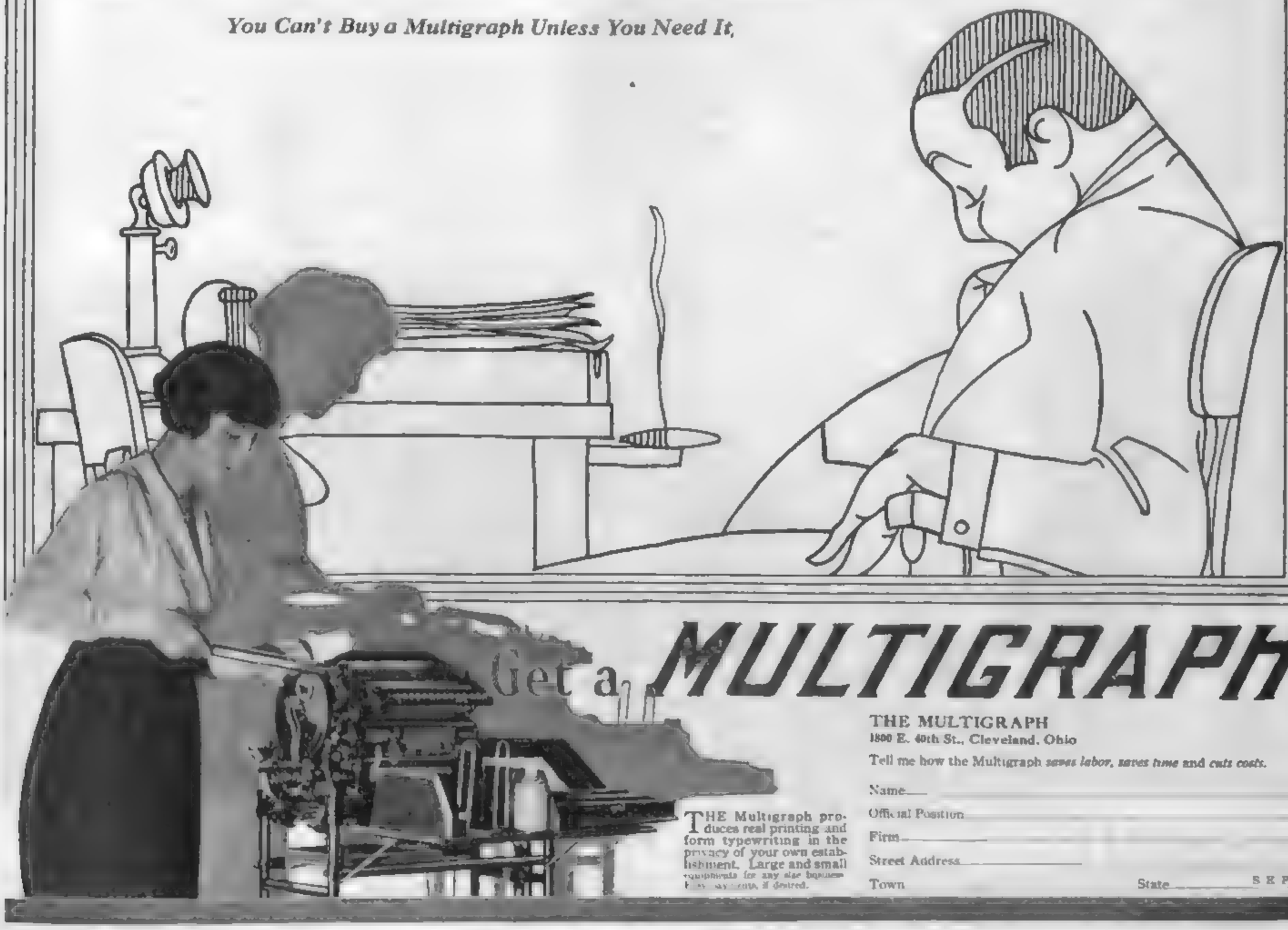

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(Continued from Page 78)

"I've never stayed up all night in my life," confided Dorinda, "but I've always wanted to. And besides we can get all the sleep we want to-morrow."

"Oh, you think the storm won't be over by to-morrow?" asked Mallory. He looked distinctly cheered.

"I mean we can sleep at our respective homes," reproved Dorinda, "whether the storm is over or not. Somebody's sure to come and get us."

"The telephone is out of commission," said Mallory hopefully. "I know, because I tried it a while ago."

"It would be, of course," sighed Dorinda. "Go on with your play. But first get Frou-Frou for me, there's a nice person."

Mallory went obediently for Frou-Frou and returned, lugging that spoiled darling by the back of his neck.

"Like any common alley cat!" observed Dorinda. She snuggled Frou-Frou's delicious whiteness into the crook of the uninjured elbow, making thereby of herself and Frou-Frou and the cherry-blossom kimono and the Bilibid chair an extraordinarily adorable picture, and gestured for the reading to proceed.

"Seeing as I'm a married woman," she remarked impishly, "and not a carnivorous *jeune fille*—you might safely tell us if we look nice."

"It has just begun to dawn upon me," Mallory returned slowly, "that seeing as you're a married woman I may not."

He began to read in a businesslike monotone while Dorinda watched him from under lowered eyelids, a shamed little flush creeping over her face.

It's no good telling you about that play.

It ran for six months, later on, in New York to crowded houses, who laughed till the tears came and then could not entirely nor at once be rid of the tears, because back of Mallory's clever nonsense was for the first time a heartbeat and a catch in the throat.

Dorinda sat that night with the firelight on her face, another and more breathless light in her eyes, and listened. She forgot the storm, which continued to howl with undiminished fury across a sleeping world; she very nearly forgot that world itself.

When he had finished reading she looked up at him with the mist of dreams in her eyes.

"Will she marry him in the third act?" asked Dorinda, with a quiver in her voice.

"Do you want her to?" said Mallory.

"Oh, I couldn't bear for her not to!" said Dorinda, rather low.

"Which as good as puts a plain gold band on her finger," Mallory replied instantly. He glanced unconsciously at Dorinda's left hand, but Dorinda had curled it rather pathetically inside the sling.

"Would it bother you," he asked suddenly, a shamefaced gleam in his eyes, "if I went on with this, over there at the typewriter? You said you weren't going to sleep anyhow—and I—well, I rather like writing, with you in the room."

Dorinda said she didn't mind.

Just as he sat down before his machine she experienced a return of something like her old self-confidence.

"Had it occurred to you," she inquired sweetly, "that if I were a girl you'd have to marry me when we got away from here—to keep people from talking?"

Mallory looked at her a moment in silence. His mouth was not cruel but extraordinarily sensitive, and his cold gray eyes were full of a smoldering fire. His voice twisted Dorinda's heartstrings.

"I think you know," he said gently, "that if you were a girl you'd at least have the refusal of me—which is more than any other woman ever had—and it isn't safe to talk about if—if you don't want to hear the rest."

So Dorinda refrained from talking, wisely but reluctantly.

She went to sleep in her chair—it seemed a long time after that—to the staccato music of the typewriter; and woke to find the big bare living room full of a weirdly grayish light, and Mallory standing beside her with a steaming cup of coffee in his hand.

He had shaved and he wore under the old gray sweater a soft silk shirt with a very presentable collar and tie. Dorinda noticed for the first time that he was undeniably good-looking in a lean blond noncommittal way. She sat looking at him for a moment or so in drowsy-eyed silence while she remembered.

"How is the storm?" she murmured at last.

"Much better, thank you!" said Mallory.

He held the cup and saucer out and she took it.

"The wind has died down a bit," he said. "There's still the divil of a heavy surf running—lots of trees down—but the worst of the blow seems to be over. We'll be rescued to-day—I'm afraid. How's the arm?"

She Went to Sleep in Her Chair to the Staccato Music of the Typewriter

He unwound the bandage and disclosed an ugly scratch.

Dorinda drank her coffee while he dressed it again.

"Now suppose you get your outdoor things on," he suggested practically. "And I'll look after breakfast, meantime. You needn't worry, I know how to do it."

So Dorinda dressed herself, with fingers that shook a little, in the white jersey frock, which Mallory had rescued some time the night before from the room with the hole in the roof; and put on, for a sling again, Mallory's handkerchief with the two small initials in the corner.

She was a trifle pale when she faced him across his carefully set breakfast table, and there were shadows beneath her eyes.

He seated her with elaborate courtesy.

"Don't!" said Dorinda suddenly. "I like you like you were last night—not so funny."

Then she looked ashamed of herself and hung her smooth dark head.

"I don't feel at all funny," Mallory admitted grimly, dropping his cheerful byplay at once, "when I realize that last night was all—so far as I'm concerned—with you."

Dorinda put her piece of toast aside and pushed her plate away.

"I want to tell you something," she began, "if you won't think I'm horrid. Promise?"

Her pretty chin quivered.

"I think I know," said Mallory quietly. "You aren't happy with your husband. I can see it every time you mention him. Rotten luck, isn't it! Because I'd give my right hand——"

He stopped. Dorinda was laughing almost hysterically.

"It's exactly like one of your plays!" she murmured.

"I hadn't intended it that way," said Mallory stiffly.

He withdrew visibly into a detached and courteous silence where Dorinda unable to follow him could only smile imploringly.

"You don't understand——"

"The clown of the piece isn't supposed to."

"Please, Mr. Mallory—if you only knew—I wasn't laughing at you."

"You couldn't possibly have been laughing with me," he pointed out, "because I never was further from laughing in my life."

And into that hopeless muddle, into that unhappy tangle—if you accept Dorinda's vision of it—came Tommy Towson, stepping loudly like the big-shouldered, good-natured innocent that he was; round the *lanai*, across the kitchen floor, through the living-room door. He stopped there, his jaw fallen, his whole mud-spattered breezy person expressive of an acute astonishment.

Which Mallory not unnaturally mistook for horror, and rose, thus mistaking, to meet it.

"How d'you do?" said Mallory pleasantly. "Your wife has had rather an unpleasant experience, I'm afraid. We scarcely hoped you'd be able to get here so soon."

"The dickens she has!" muttered Tommy Towson feebly, referring not unnaturally to his own wife, whom he had left quite comfortably established at the Haleiwa hotel with an ancient novel and a large box of chocolates.

"He isn't my husband," said Dorinda despairingly.

"I came over on horseback—to see if you were all right," said the bewildered Tommy Towson, staring from one to the other of the breakfasters. "Couldn't get over for the storm last night. Was afraid you'd had to stay here by yourself."

"Sorry!" Mallory pursued evenly. "I supposed you were Mr. Lane."

"Gee! That's a good one! There isn't any Mr. Lane as yet—eh, Dorinda?" said Tommy Towson.

So simply as that may plot and counterplot be cleared away if only it be left to the Tommy Towsons of this world.

Dorinda met Mallory's eyes for as long as she dared. The color was stinging her cheeks. He smiled a curious slow smile, and her eyelids dropped.

"I'm a hopeless ass," he said. "You tried to set me straight once or twice, didn't you, Miss Lane? And I persistently misunderstood you." Then he explained lightly to Tommy Towson over a hostly cup of coffee how Bill Lansing had loaned the cottage to him, while Alice had loaned it to Dorinda.

Tommy Towson laughed uproariously.

"It's like a bally play," said Tommy.

"It ought to make a good one," agreed Mallory.

Dorinda said suddenly that she thought if Tommy could take her back to Haleiwa or town or anywhere she'd like to go.

"Sure! We can make it over the Pali this morning, all right. Get your things," said Tommy, "and we'll put 'em in the runabout." But when Dorinda came back to the living room a little later, first with the suitcase, then with Frou-Frou, Tommy was not in sight.

Mallory came forward—he had been staring out to sea from the open window—and laid a hand upon her arm.

"Put the cat down," he said, "and listen to me for a moment! Towson's busy with the car. Dorinda—why did you tell me you had a husband?"

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"I didn't," said Dorinda a bit unsteadily. "I asked you if you had seen him anywhere. I didn't say I'd ever seen him myself. Besides—you looked like a beach comber or something; and I thought if you thought there was a husband—you'd be careful."

"Well—and wasn't I?" asked Mallory. His lips twitched in spite of him, but his eyes were full of a luminous tenderness.

"Then, after that," went on Dorinda, beginning to smile outrageously in her turn, "you told me how afraid you were of girls, and I hadn't the heart ——"

"You little baggage!" said Mallory, very low.

His voice, commonly so cool, was oddly shaken.

All at once he put both arms about her and stooped his cheek to her soft dark hair. Dorinda, startled by the pounding of his heart on hers, did not repulse him.

Only when he turned her red-rose face to his and kissed her she made feeble protest: "Tommy Towson'll see us."

"What's the difference?" asked Mallory. "Doesn't she marry him in the third act?"

"Well—I'd like the play to be a success," said Dorinda innocently. "And if the only sort of woman you really like is a married woman ——"

Mallory kissed the lovely mocking lips to silence.

"By gad," he said softly, "we'll do some plays between us!"

And they did.

THE INVISIBLE PYRAMID

(Continued from Page 30)

dirty, horribly afraid. Months of it. Seeing things you couldn't forget. Men you knew lying next to you in a ditch, with hoar frost on their faces.

Suddenly Clarice moaned: "What d'you expect me to say? I've been here—safe. There was nothing to do! And you hold it against me!"

There was envy in her voice: "You've had all that. I've had this. And you hate me for it. It ain't fair. I'm a woman. And you hate me for it!"

Harry Hayes smiled. With a quick gesture he held out his arms and she flew into them, nestling against him, whispering to him: "You do love me, don't you? You didn't forget me? I'll try hard to help you. I saw Cohen to-day. I'll make him take you back—make him!"

His arms stiffened. "You keep away from Cohen."

"Honest, Harry ——"

"You don't have to play that game. Not now. That's what I'm trying to tell you. We're going West."

She giggled. "You sound like a movie. Fade-out. Hero and heroine. Sunset. Slow music. You make me laugh."

"Weyman has a job for me."

She lifted her head. "The circuit?"

"Not dancing. In his cannery. Thirty-five a week."

She rose slowly to her feet, a sudden flush dyeing her cheeks. "Thirty-five a week! What's going to happen to me?"

"You're coming with me."

"On thirty-five a week?" She looked down at him scornfully. "Me? You're crazy! Do I look like a woman who could live with the cows and chickens? Can you see me in a gingham apron? Can you see me?" Her voice rose, mounting crescendo to B flat. "Are you crazy? You want me to leave New York! Why, I've never been farther west than Hoboken, and I lost ten pounds goin' and comin'. You're bughouse!"

She saw her life tumbling round her ears. She saw herself deprived of her spirit food—asphalt, gasoline, noise, luxury. She flung herself down by the table and buried her face in her arms. Faintly she heard Harry's voice. He was telling her of something that had happened to him over there. He had followed the whippersnapper over the top. Both of them had landed in a shell hole. Both of them were wounded. The swell was unconscious. The tango worm had something in his face—shrapnel; the Churcham smirk was wiped out forever. He lay in the mud, cursing, his arms round the whippersnapper.

"I must've looked like a bloody sponge," he said thoughtfully.

Clarice sat up, dry-eyed, gasping. "That's right," she whimpered; "rub it in."

Harry went on, brushing her aside with a patient gesture. He said he had laughed aloud out there under that arch of flying steel. And it hurt to laugh. He saw himself dancing at Churcham's—just as he was. Just exactly as he was. He could picture the look on the faces of the women when that stained specter clasped them in his arms. Delirium, maybe. He heard the jazz—the drums—the saxaphone. He was dancing, and the polished floor was patterned with red. He laughed and looked down. It was no lady in his arms. The whippersnapper, white as paper, with that look of a tired baby. And the music wasn't jazz. Mitrailleuse. Seventy-fives. Machine guns. The thunders of siege cannon pounding away behind the hills.

Harry spread out both hands. "You've got to see," he said patiently.

He had dragged Weyman back over the crest of the hill, every painful step a step away from Churcham's. Only he didn't say that. Harry had no eloquence. What he did say was: "I saw clear. Myself. You. This."

He made a wide gesture which included the velvet sofa, the mechanical piano, the potted palm, the imitation-filet curtain. "I couldn't come back to it. Not even for you."

His words lashed Clarice; she felt them across her powdered face and put her hands up quickly. "You talk as if there was something wrong with your home," she cried.

"There is," he answered. And he added in a cold distinct voice: "I hate it. When I think of myself in that full-dress shirt with the ring on my finger ——" His face twisted. He clenched his hands together with a fierce, violent pressure. "Weyman's given me a job and the fare west. I'm going to-night."

"A job and fare west!" she echoed derisively. "You saved his life, and that's all he can do for you. The slob!"

"Keep that to yourself."

"You're hypnotized, that's what, Harry Hayes! You're seein' things. Why, you'll starve out there. Your swell captain'll forget you. He'll remember you're a tango worm, and forgetting'll come easy. I know! I know life. Where's your punch, Harry? Why, Cohen's mad to get you back again. The women are falling off since you left. You can use make-up on that scar, and let your hair grow. You're going to make big money. We'll have a decent flat somewhere. You won't take me out there to that canning dump? You won't? Promise me you won't."

"I won't dance again. I'm through with dancing."

"Have you got religion?" she mocked. "You?"

"Yes," he said doggedly.

He rose, tossed his cigarette into the shallow shrine of the dead gas log and caught her arm. His fingers closed round it. For a moment she thought that he was going to say something more. His lips parted. A light flashed across his wide-open eyes. Then his grasp on her arm loosened, his hand traveled slowly down to hers, lingered there, fell away. She felt her heart beating because there had been something of the magnetism of the old Harry in that brief caress. Without a word he turned away, picked up his overcoat and struggled into it. Clarice licked her dry lips.

"Where you going?"

"West. You don't have to come. I'll send you enough to get along on."

"Don't you want me?"

He laughed. "You're my wife, aren't you?"

"Can't you wait until to-morrow?"

"If I waited you'd get me. I'd wake up to-morrow and find myself down there—begging a job from Cohen. I'm going."

"The flat, Harry. Toto. My clothes."

Harry went to the door, Clarice stumbling after him. "I can't go like this," she whimpered. "Give me time. Wait a few days!" Suddenly she shrieked: "You're fooling me! You're running away!"

He had two tickets in his pocket. He showed them to her. One he threw on the table. "They're for the Chicago Limited," he said. "That one's yours—if you change your mind."

She laughed. "I won't change my mind, you fool!" she said.

(Concluded on Page 85)

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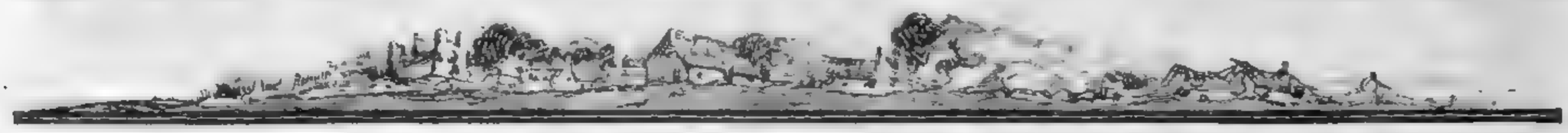

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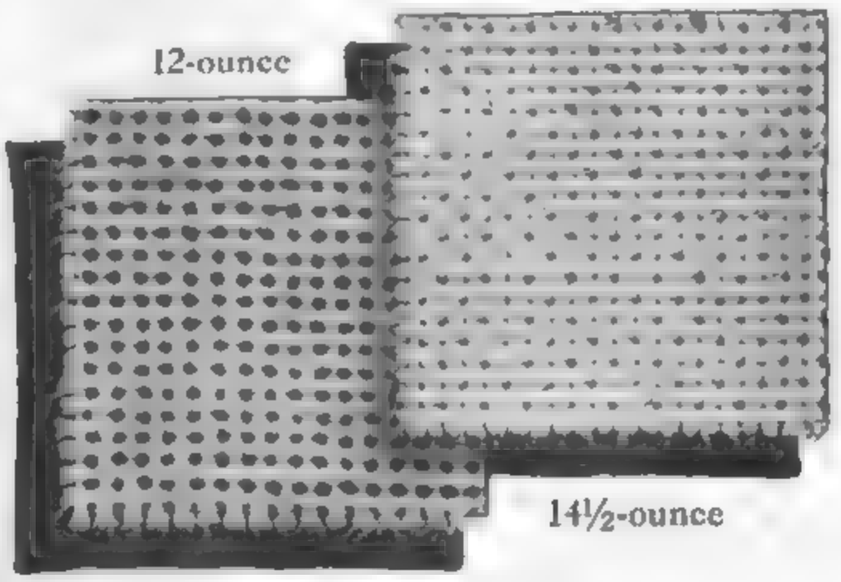

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What you really buy and pay for is *miles*—steady, comfortable, easy-riding, puncture-free, real road mileage. And by the same token the economy or extravagance of a bicycle tire is measured by miles and nothing else.

The Vitalic is a mighty handsome, silver-white bicycle tire with a distinctive, V-shaped, non-skid tread. It is made of the choicest rubber obtainable, with the toughest, strongest fabric used in any bicycle tire. But each and every one of these things is merely a means to a single end—more miles for less money.

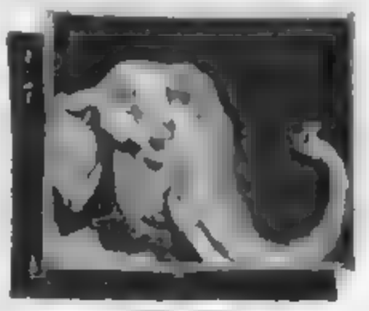
We could make, and you can buy, bicycle tires costing half as much as Vitalics—and they will give you just about a quarter of Vitalic mileage.

We think it bad business to make that kind of tires.

Do you think it good business to buy them?

Some Inside Information

One of the most important parts of a bicycle tire is buried inside and out of sight. It's the fabric. All Vitalic Tires are made with an extra-strong 14½-ounce fabric. The strongest fabric used in any other bicycle tire is 12-ounce—and most bicycle-tire fabrics are even lighter. Here is a magnified cross-section of 14½-ounce Vitalic fabric compared with an equally magnified cross-section of 12-ounce fabric. That's just one of many reasons why Vitalic Tires give you more miles for less money, and that is also why the few punctures you get with Vitalic Tires are so quickly, easily, and permanently repaired.



"Tougher Than Elephant Hide"

CONTINENTAL RUBBER WORKS
ERIE, PA.

(Concluded from Page 82)

She found herself staring at the closed door. Alone again. Alone, as if that solemn scarred soldier had not been there. She heard the metallic clatter of the elevator door—twice. Then silence. He was gone.

"Toto!"

The spaniel fell heavily from his throne on the pink satin bed and trotted into the sitting room. Clarice snatched him up and held him to her breast, heedless of the plaited ruffles of her thirteen-fifty chiffon waist. Her face was hot with tears, tears that washed sallow streaks across her rouged cheeks. Toto whined, struggled faintly, finally in utter abandonment licked her neck with a tepid tongue. It was the best he could do.

Clarice put him down. She went into the bedroom and stared at herself in the triple mirror. A hag. So this was the end of the story. Harry had taken the straight and narrow, all because of a whippersnapper —— Harry in a cannery earning thirty-five a week! Harry, who had such a way with women. She'd been so proud of him. That was over. A hag. Her hair all limp. Her nose red. For him.

"Oh, my Gawd!" she said aloud.

With a quick backward gesture she reached for the telephone and called George. While she waited she watched her face in the mirror, appalled by the strangeness of it.

"Hello! That you, George? . . . Clarice. . . . Yeh. I know I did, but I changed my mind. . . . Sure I'm lonely. . . . Where? . . . All right, I'll be right down. . . . I'll take a taxi. . . . Sure I'm rich. 'By!"

She began feverishly to dress, stripping off the chiffon waist, slathering her face and neck with cream—then powder, clouds of it: powder to hide the faint hollows in her cheeks, the shadows beneath her eyes. A lip pencil. A quick sidewise step into a tight black satin dress trimmed with Carmen fringe. A little jet toque, tipped over one eye. Dangling jet earrings. Then the coat ah, the blessed luxury of the coat! A quick kiss on Toto's soft flat head. "Be a good baby" Then the elevator and Sam's rolling surprised eyes. "Mistah Hayes surely had an awful cut on his face!" The street at last. A taxi, scurrying by, brought up with a loud protesting shriek of the brakes and made a short turn to the curb. "Churcham's—hurry!"

She leaned against the slippery cushions, her eyes on the streaming lights. She had forgotten her gloves. Toto's supper. Poor baby! It couldn't be helped.

There were the tears again. She wiped them away with the tips of her polished fingers. Women weren't to blame. Yes, they were. She had let Harry get away from her. She hadn't spoken of the scar on his face; hadn't been sorry; hadn't wept for it. He was gone. Where? Oh, dear Lord, where? A sharp vision floated between her and the glittering lights—a man riding into a sunset sky holding a girl on his saddle. That wasn't life. It was romance. A canning factory. Thirty-five a week. With him ——

Suddenly she rapped on the window, and the driver, swerving sharply to the curb, looked in at her.

"Grand Central!" she shrieked. "I've got to catch the Chicago Limited. Never mind traffic. Shoot!"

The taxi, quivering, sped down Broadway like a minnow in a stream. The great god Manhattan was gulping the theater crowds. The vestal passed, going to sacrifice, unnoticed. And her face, beneath the jet toque, was a beautiful thing to see.

All that night and the next day, until a suspicious janitor entered with a pass key, Toto crouched beneath the ice box, his eyes on the door, waiting for the goddess who never came.

When your son starts smoking

If you are like most American fathers you want your son to wait until he is 21 before he starts smoking.

And you don't want him to steal off and have his first smoke in secret—you want him to do it openly, right at home, with the family's consent, and in the company of his "Dad".

When that time comes *what are you going to give him to smoke? What he smokes* is even more important to his welfare than *when he starts.*

In this connection let us place before you two significant facts:

The Girard Cigar, smoked with reasonable moderation, will never affect the nerves, the heart or the digestion. The Girard Cigar is recommended by doctors in place of heavy cigars as well as other forms of smoking.

For health's sake, then, the Girard is the right cigar for every man to smoke. But the greatest thing about the Girard is that while it removes the *danger* of smoking, it still brings you all the full-flavored delight of a rich, ripe, mellow Havana. It's brimming full of pleasure, but empty of regret. The right smoke for your son—and for yourself.

Broker size 13c, 2 for 25c, other sizes 10c up

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf

Established 48 Years ***Philadelphia***

GIRARD

Never gets on your nerves

—MANNING—

Speed-grits

ABRASIVES

ON PAPER AND CLOTH

for smoothing wood, paint, composition, leather & metals

If you have a spark of curiosity send for entertaining booklet. Learn many curious facts about Speed-grits made of flint and garnet (real jewels ground up). It tells how Metalite and Durite crystals are created by electricity.

How Gibson found a real antique

A contributed story (we welcome them)

As far back as I can remember, a dingy table in the cellar had been used as a work bench. Last year when the upholsterer was fixing our furniture, he spotted the old table and sent for his friend, Tom Gibson, the cabinet maker.

You never saw two men so crazy about anything.

Work bench! It was a masterpiece. The hand of a great New England cabinetmaker was in every line: Those two workmen could appreciate that old art. They set about it together, with devotion, to restore the nicked, dented, timeworn table.

And they did. Sandpaper did its share in bringing back the original satin-smooth surfaces.

When we got it back, I saw in that glowing mahogany just how it must have looked to its master maker, back in Revolutionary times, when he called it done and wondered how a thing so simple should look so right.

Manning Speed-grits did the work—every bit, to the garnet finishing paper on the last coat. I know, for I asked, and Gibson said in answer to my question, "*Difference?* When you been at it as long as I have you'll say there's a heap o' *difference* in sandpaper."

Good workmen know the difference

MANNING ABRASIVE COMPANY, Inc.

FACTORY AND LABORATORY, TROY, N. Y.

Boston Chicago Cincinnati New York Philadelphia St. Louis San Francisco

ALL ON STAGE

(Continued from Page 21)

rehearsals are usually only marked—that is, chairs are put about to show the room limits, and chalk marks made on the stage. The lighting is still being worked out, so the coloring of the scenery and the effects may not be judged. All the scenery has been shown weeks before to Miss Farrar, who has the leading rôle, so that she may decide on her costumes.

In Europe they generally stage rehearsals first of all for the chorus alone, and work out all the positions and the solo bits to be done by the chorus. At the Metropolitan we usually all begin together.

Our chorus is a great source of pride to us, and is as well taken care of as is possible. Therefore we usually have first the acts in which the chorus is used, so that they may have a rest before the evening's performance. The principals are rarely asked to rehearse a long rôle on the same day that they have a performance, as that is confusing and fatiguing.

From now on the stage manager is quite the busiest man in the building. He is here, there and everywhere. Book in hand he darts to a corner and you hear him explaining, directing, singling out groups and couples, trying to get away from the time-honored mass of merry peasantry grouped at the back of the stage, and still have all the different voices in their right places, so as to make the correctly balanced volume of sound. He puts his book down and both arms wave in expressive gestures; words form in his brain quicker than his lips can pronounce them, and pour in a stream of explanation to right—to left of him. He implores, he begs, he commands. You try to see inside his head and get his idea, however it may differ from the one that you have formed in your imagination during all your long hours spent in preparing the rôle.

Good Bosses and Good Work

He asks for some strange props, some queer unusual stage arrangement; he grows impatient if his idea is not grasped at once, he sees it so plainly in his mind's eye. Men—stage hands and property men, unimpressed, willing, exhaustively used to it all for twenty-five years—listen to him, try to get his meaning from his excited speech. Weary and puzzled expressions form on their faces. They retire behind convenient bits of scenery and say things reminiscently and slowly.

I like to be on hand to hear these things. They are pithy and much to the point, born of a great boredom and years of walking round on that small and dusty bit of carpentry work known as the stage. They have seen prima donnas come and go, and stage managers and conductors pass in succession, and they know what is what, and don't mind saying so. Their humor, the humor of behind stage, appeals tremendously to me, and though it may not be quite printable it is sometimes extremely funny and amazingly shrewd.

The men of the stage have an uncanny gift of sizing us all up, and I have seldom known them to make a mistake in their judgment. Bunk and swank simply do not impress these level-headed Americans; you must have the goods.

Often in Europe when giving recitals in strange countries if I saw gray forms with caps on gazing at me from the wings as I sang I knew I was "putting it over," for they are hard to interest. Wouldn't you be after all those years of rehearsals and performances day and night?

To watch them at work, on the other hand, is a revelation. An army of overall-clad, colorless figures silently gathers behind columns, doors, rocks or trees at the end of an act; noiseless, flexible, unhurried and utterly efficient they wait for the word "Strike!" at rehearsal or the sweep of the golden curtains at night. And then watch how these solid buildings, arches and massive fortresses melt and disappear almost noiselessly. Very little talking, no shouting, the boss occasionally voices an order, which is obeyed without question.

Respect is not a thing you can command in a theater, you must earn it. At the Metropolitan the head of this department is immensely respected by all. His official title is "technical director." When I first went to the Metropolitan in speaking of the work of the stage men to some of them I was always told: "Well, you see, we have a wonderful boss in our department."

Our Puccini trilogy was a masterpiece of stagecraft behind the scenes. The first of the three operas, Tabarro, calls for a tremendous amount of solidly built carpentry work, among other things a full sized barge on the Seine, on which most of the action takes place; the second opera, Suor Angelica, has an intricate transformation at the back of the stage; and the last, Gianni Schicchi, must have a clear, distant back drop, representing far-away Florence, necessitating a full-depth setting. This was all set up and struck in record time—a triumph and a masterpiece of efficiency of which the public knows nothing and cares less.

Sometimes the weather affects the entire company, and damns are prevalent; a wave of damning seems to engulf everybody; but the boss' quiet voice is heard once or twice and it all stops. Somebody has relieved his feelings in days gone by, by hammering brass-headed tacks into the stage floor in the shape of a big "damn" and I sometimes go and stand on it for minutes at a time as a vent.

To go back to our rehearsal: The second act is called. Geraldine Farrar comes on the stage looking very beautiful, pale under the rehearsal lights. She wears no hat. She was trained in the school where the profession is taken very seriously, and she does not stroll through rehearsals with her hat on, making it impossible for her associates to know what she will do till the performance. She has her finger tips kissed by most of the men on the stage, for we all love her, and preparing a production in which she has the principal rôle is made easier by her charm and tact. She never cheats a fellow worker out of a curtain call or snubs beginners unless they deserve it, and her reward is popularity.

She sings and hums her part, using, as we nearly all do, the octave below the one where the score is really written, to save the voice unnecessary fatigue; for these rehearsals belong to the stage manager, and to him singing is secondary.

The stage positions are worked out, following the stage manager's carefully prepared plan. If, however, something new is seen to be more effective, some accidental grouping or business is found, the old plan is discarded and the new one adopted. This goes on for hours, scenes being repeated till the best arrangement is worked out, and the singers know the skeleton of the business.

The Latest Shade in Lightnings

The designer of the scenery wanders round, quite miserable, making unhappy foreign gestures. Knots of men gather round him, trying to get his meaning. Their expressions are a study, for he can't speak English perhaps, and that is their favorite language.

He goes out in front, where a sympathetic friend from his own land sits in the shadowy house; he is disillusioned, cast down. Why? The lighting is wrong. Ruins his idea. Oh, this America! The head electrician—a man who knows his business from A to Z—goes out in front in search of the unhappy one, finds him hunched in his chair, and gently soothes him. Just what does he want? He shall have it; a special rehearsal will be called for lights to-morrow. In the meantime the lighting director goes to the telephone at the back of the auditorium, which connects with the stage. He calls some low-voiced directions to Henry or Bill. Magic changes in the lighting. Ah-h-h! The designer's brow clears, all is well.

This same director of lighting has much to bear. Not long ago he was taken to task by a visiting composer for the color of his lightning effects. As we make lightning in Jove's good old way, by short-circuiting, the electrician was put to it to find out just what was the latest shade in lightnings.

Next act. Those who are not in it go out in front, to watch and sit in little bunches discussing the stage doings.

Mr. Gatti paces up and down the aisle, pondering and critical.

From the foot of the off-stage canopied bed appear the soles of two good-sized boots. The rest of the tenor is to be imagined, but the boots are thrust upon you. Query: Shall they be draped or shall the position of the bed be changed? Discussion

(Concluded on Page 85)

why MICHELIN tires can be priced so moderately

Michelin users, familiar with the unsurpassed quality of Michelin Tires, often ask "How is it possible to sell Michelin Tires at prices no higher than ordinary makes?"

The answer is to be found in Michelin's unequalled experience and in Michelin's watchword "Economical Efficiency".

Michelin invented the pneumatic automobile tire in 1895, and since then has concentrated on the production of pneumatic tires only. This unrivalled experience has taught Michelin how to make better tires more economically.

Moreover, the House of Michelin, unlike many other big enterprises, has not permitted economy to be sacrificed to rapid growth or to the desire for ostentatious display. Every expenditure that will result in greater efficiency is cheerfully made, but any expense that cannot pass this test is scrupulously avoided. Consequently you will not find mahogany furniture or expensive decorations in Michelin offices. Nor will you find Michelin branches located in big expensive buildings where smaller, simpler quarters answer just as well

Hence it is that Michelin Tires and Tubes can be sold at prices no higher than ordinary makes, though they are recognized as the world's *quality* tires.

MICHELIN TIRE CO., MILLTOWN, N. J.

Canadian Headquarters: Michelin Tire Co. of Canada, Ltd.
782 St. Catherine St. W. Montreal
Dealers in All Parts of the World

(Concluded from Page 86)

ensues, grows heated, subsides; the bed is moved. More interesting bits of the tenor are visible, and calm is restored.

The tenor rises from his couch and walks in operatic ecstasy—so different from one's real mood on awakening—across the stage. In his own eyes he is a medieval monk with a heavy and most passionate love affair on his hands; in ours also. However, to an outsider he looks like a man of small stature in a gray business suit with a to-day's Italian newspaper sticking out of his pocket.

He grows impassioned and lets his voice ring out, and he and Geraldine take a lingering farewell of each other, well in their parts, imaginations on fire, hundreds of years away from to-day. Arms entwined they reluctantly approach the door where the tenor must exit.

A cry of protest from the stage manager; a more telling effect has occurred to him. In a second all is changed, tenor and soprano are back on Broadway, ecstatic expressions gone, merely an alert man and woman ready for suggestions and more work. The scene is repeated several times.

This ability to throw moods on and off at rehearsals is sometimes born and sometimes made, but always tiring. After hours of it tempers are very apt to grow frazzled; but only patience will bring the best out of the scene that it is capable of.

The other acts are left for another day, as the stage must be cleared for the evening's performance.

After some days of this another white slip informs you that you are called to a dress rehearsal, with make-up, on such and such a date.

Almost Ready

A visit is paid to the wardrobe mistress in the storehouse to try on your costumes. You take the elevator up six flights and step into a room filled with figures bent over their sewing and piles of costumes. Then you spy madame pinning long sweeps of crêpe de Chine on a white-covered form. You compliment her on her rested appearance, and she tells you she has not been in bed a moment all night, has been toiling to get some special rush order ready, but does not feel the least tired. This at the age of sixty-six is something to be proud of.

A cat comes and rubs itself against your ankles, another purrs at you from a pile of velvet cloaks. Colors are everywhere, and the sewing women as they turn their work on their laps look up at you with smiles of recognition. It is a fascinating place, where everything can be, and is, made that anyone may devise for stage wear.

The dress rehearsal is a morning affair, and is more like a very difficult performance than a rehearsal, for no one is allowed in but the critics and a few invited friends, and you miss the audience and the subtle inspiration of the night.

You are usually in your stuffy dressing room by ten o'clock. You feel very morningish and uninspired and are halfway between nervous prostration and a too phlegmatic calm, all due to the strain of not knowing just how it will all turn out, a success or a failure, and to the singer's very general dislike of singing in the morning. You settle down to the fascinating business of making up, trying to forget the daylight outside. Your costume has not yet come, and your nerves seize on this as an excuse for more quivering. At last the dresser brings it, all smiles, which disarm you. You inspect it with the keenest interest, put it on, change your make-up a little to make it more effective, have your wig adjusted, give the finishing touches, and you are ready.

The morning-rehearsal obsession recedes with the donning of the costume, and what you see in the mirror looks so operatic and so noneveryday that you already feel better. Still you rather hate yourself as you sit and wait for the stage to be ready. Geraldine comes out of her dressing room and you meet her in the hall. To see something so beautiful cheers you up. She is running round in a brilliant orange-splashed kimono, pushed back over one of flesh-colored crêpe de Chine. Her face is made up, and she has her auburn wig on. Her eyes dazzle and haunt you. She flutters in and out of the dressing rooms and everyone cheers up a bit. She is pleased as a child over her new costumes from a famous house, for all we stage people are children and just love dressing up.

Geraldine Farrar and Didur in the Abdication Scene of La Reine Fiametta

At last you sing your last "mi-mi," take your last sip of tea, or whatever your favorite tipple may be, tuck a bonbon under your tongue and go out on the stage before the curtain goes up to look at the props and see that all is as it was at the last rehearsal. The never-failing property man has everything ready for you.

Good mornings are exchanged and the call comes, "Clear stage!" The maestro goes to his place and you hear the overture muffled by the big curtains between you and the orchestra pit. Behind a thin wall of canvas you hear your cue, and you make your entrance and begin to sing.

As you sing the opening bars your voice sounds dull. You get the early-morning feeling increased to the nth degree. You think: "Gracious! All those critics are out in front and I simply haven't any voice!" This is really sheer nervousness, and soon wears off. You warm up, and as you go on you think: "This is rather a good bit. I'll do this. Why didn't I think of it before?" The costume, the make-up, the thought of someone out in front—are all beginning to work their magic. You begin to enjoy yourself, for unless you do so your work will not be good. Your voice brightens and rings in the empty house. You feel it is going well and you murmur this in an aside to the tenor, who agrees with you. First act over.

Next act. Behind a wall of canvas the tenor's wife or dresser waits with a bottle, and the tenor himself stalks up and down with a towel round his shoulders. It is hot work, putting over an opera; and grease paint is a great inducer of moisture. Behind another canvas wing the prima donna's maid is seen with a glass of beaten eggs and port wine, or some other all-important concoction in her hand. And if she is not on the spot where she can be grabbed by a panting prima donna with only a second or two off stage in which to gulp a cooling mouthful and wash away the dust—woe betide her!

Out in front at the back of the house sits Mr. Gatti, his head in his hands. His eyes never leave the stage. Occasionally he turns to the directors of the different departments behind him. "Light; more light on the faces." The phone to the stage buzzes, the order is transmitted and the faces on the stage become more distinct. During the entire rehearsal this is kept up, no detail escaping the watchful eyes at the back.

As half past one o'clock nears and you begin to feel famished and fatigued by the long waits and really hard work of singing you send out for a sandwich, if you have forgotten to bring one with you; and with that and a bottle of hot coffee—what would we do without those bottles?—you cozily sit amidst the disorder of your dressing room and refresh your inner woman.

At last it is all over and ready for the day after to-morrow's première.

At last the day of the première arrives. In the morning you have looked over your part, and perhaps an illuminating bit of business has occurred to you, which you decide to use in the evening. You try to rest or go for a short walk; but the day drags interminably.

About an hour before the curtain time you go to your dressing room, feeling a million years old and decidedly negative. Then it all begins over again; while dressing you tune up, just as the orchestra does.

A bit of your costume is missing. It has been sent to the storehouse to be altered after the dress rehearsal. You wait for it. It doesn't come. You wait. You send someone to telephone. You wait. You phone again. You grow cross. You storm. It doesn't come. You send for the stage manager and tell him. There is only five minutes left before the curtain goes up. You are just considering letting go of yourself and being a real prima donna, for once, when the dresser smilingly dangles the missing piece before you. Madame has just brought it over herself, and madame comes in to look you over. She rearranges a pin here or there. A bell sounds—far off—a hurried call, "Miss Howard—we begin." We're off.

The Curtain Rises

Mr. Gatti stays on stage all evening. Uncommunicative he walks slowly up and down in the wings or stands in the forbidden right entrance. The tension is great. Many thousands of dollars and much labor are involved, and the verdict of the evening will decide whether this will go for little or much.

The first applause breaks in. It helps. The tension is to some extent broken, the applause sounded real. You have debated having the claque, thinking of "when in Rome," but have finally decided against it as being wholly un-American. Foolish as it may be, you cling to these ideals, though perhaps to your own detriment. For our American operatic audiences are not addicted to smiting the palms together unless someone starts them. You are therefore all the more pleased when you get genuine thick-sounding applause after an aria. The artists are peculiarly sensitive to the quality of applause as it sounds from our side of the footlights, and half-hearted handclapping is to me one of the most depressing noises in this noisy world.

The evening wears on. The dressing rooms grow stuffier and stuffier, the air staler and staler, hotter and hotter. Perspiration and fatigue mingle here, and airs and self-satisfaction there. On the whole, however, we are a modest, human lot, and do not strut as much as the world thinks.

By this time the performance is an undoubted success. Mr. Gatti goes back to the Mr. Gatti of every day and his brow is placid, Maestro seems cheerful; you get reports from what they say out in front. Success.

Home and wearily to bed, after eating something very light. You gradually let down and forget it all in sleep.

The next day you see the papers, and if your favorite critic does not agree with your idea of the performance, be it good or ill, you are woefully disappointed. But all they say is interesting, and ten to one you read it, no matter what you may say.

A breakfast they all like

FOR the entire family, the year 'round, serve Amerikorn Breakfast Food; delicious, nourishing; economical; the cereal that *cooks in 3 minutes.* Dainty enough for the warm mornings; possessing the quality of genuine, well-balanced food value, without being heavy.

For children it is the ideal breakfast. The grown-ups like it. No over-heated kitchen after cooking. Just that 3-minute "jiffy" and Amerikorn is ready for serving with milk or cream or a lump of butter, with or without sugar.

At grocery stores and delicatessens in the 1½ lb. blue-and-orange sealed carton.

Prepared by

CHAS. A. KRAUSE MILLING CO.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Amerikorn
NOURISHING - DELICIOUS - ECONOMICAL

"The Nation's Breakfast food"

Amerikorn 3-Minute Porridge

One quart boiling water or 1 pint water and 1 pint milk, stir in 5 tablespoons Amerikorn Breakfast Food; salt to taste; cook 3 minutes; serve with cream, milk or butter. This makes enough for six persons. If any is left over, use for desserts.

Summer Suggestions

Amerikorn Pudding: [illegible] cold Amerikorn Porridge, stir in 2 tablespoons sugar or syrup, one well beaten egg, flavor to taste. Bake 15 minutes in greased pudding pan, serve plain or with sauce.

Amerikorn Fruit Pudding: Prepare as above, adding ½ cup raisins, dates or figs.

Amerikorn Croquettes Form cold Amerikorn Porridge into [illegible], roll in grated cheese and fry. A delicious meat substitute for [illegible].

Hotpoint

Ten years ago when we made our first announcement to the readers of *The Saturday Evening Post* the idea of using electrical appliances in the home was so new that by many it was regarded as visionary.

And we offered nothing but a crude iron and toaster.

It is now recognized that the electric wiring in a home should carry a number of labor-saving appliances in addition to the lighting. Today, almost every phase of homekeeping is made lighter and more interesting by some *Hotpoint* appliance.

Truly, the day of the electrically equipped home has arrived. It is here because—

—the American housekeeper has deliberately gone about the problem of setting her household in order and putting it on a scientific basis

—she has found that with Hotpoint appliances housework loses its drudgery and takes on new interest

—she realizes that with due allowance for convenience, saving in time, healthfulness and many similar items, the use of these appliances is an actual economy. And she is often able to dispense with a servant.

Percolating Coffee the *Hotpoint* Way

First, you want your coffee uniformly good; hot but not boiled. A Hotpoint Percolator will give it to you and in addition you have the enjoyment of brewing it right at the table.

Next, you want it quickly with minimum trouble. Listen: cold water, percolation starts in thirty seconds; pour your coffee in ten minutes or less.

Referring to the diagram in the circle above—that shows you how all Hotpoint Percolators are protected against trouble if accidentally left connected when empty. An automatic switch stops the flow of current; no damage; simply re-set the switch. Percolators not so protected are frequently ruined.

The 6 cup nickel percolator pot shown at the left of the group is $11.50. Same style in aluminum $10.00.

The pot at the right of the group is our 5 cup nickel, price $11.50. Similar shape with panel sides in 6 cup size is $13.50.

The panelled Grecian urn in the center is 9 cup size, price $21.50. Another style, very similar but without panels, is $18.50.

All of these percolators are equipped with the famous Hotpoint valveless percolating device and the safety switch.

Now there are labor-saving, comfort-giving appliances for almost every phase of household activity.

We can give only a general suggestion of the daintiness of housekeeping when done the *Hotpoint* way; but there is a *Hotpoint* dealer somewhere near you who will gladly show you how far they will go to modernize your home-keeping methods.

The picture on the left Our three-heat radiant grill enables you to prepare a meal for two or three people, especially if Ovenette is used above it.

Two operations at the same time, one above the glowing coils and one below in the dishes that are furnished with the grill. Say—scramble eggs above while broiling bacon below—endless combinations.

Heat always under complete control; attaches to any lamp socket and enables you to do summertime cooking right at the table or out on the porch. Complete with dishes, $10.00.

The Ovenette from which the biscuit are being taken is used over the grill and is thoroughly efficient. It will roast meat, bake biscuit or pies just as quickly and just as well as a large oven, price $5.00.

The Hotpoint toaster is shown with removable rack for keeping the toast dry and to facilitate passing.

Hundreds of thousands of families now enjoy their morning toast browned to a delectable crunchiness and eaten piping hot. With rack $6.50.

Colonial pattern, larger, but without rack, $7.00.

This interesting kitchen Your kitchen will be always dainty and clean and sweet after a Hotpoint range is installed. It offers the scientific way of cooking—heat is under complete control. No spoilage and minimum shrinkage.

We suggest that you talk over with your Central Station Manager the advisability of installing one.

As for keeping the entire home clean with minimum labor, the Hotpoint Vacuum Cleaner furnishes the solution. Dust and dirt of all kinds are sucked up into a bag which can be emptied later.

Attaches to any lamp socket—long cord gives wide range of operation. Price $37.50. Set of attachments for cleaning hangings, walls, etc., $10.00.

Several million women all over the world now iron the Hotpoint way; here are some of the reasons—the point of the iron is always hot enough to do effective ironing—no lifting; simply tip it up on the stand—the handle is always cool, no holder needed—the thumb rest "rests the wrist"—the hinged plug minimizes cord breakage, 5 or 6 pound $6.50; 3 pound or traveller's iron $5.50.

Portable Electric *Hotpoint* Sewing Machine

Take it to any room in the house where there is an electric light, or out on the porch—set it on any convenient table or stand—make the electric connection—now sew to your heart's content. No treadle, simply press the switch with your foot to start or stop the machine—the motor does the work.

Rotary Shuttle The very highest type of sewing machine construction embodying all the latest improvements.

Stitch and tension regulator both located on front. Double feed. Complete set of highest grade nickel-plated attachments, cover, and base. $55.00; west of the Rockies $57.00.

Full Size Vibrator The sewing machine most commonly sold.

Equipped with the same motor as the rotary. Adjustable tension; 4-motion feed; short, self-threading needle; stitch regulated from front; automatic bobbin winder; positive thread takeup.

Complete set of attachments, tools. $45.00; west of the Rockies $47.00.

Three-Quarter Vibrator Same as the full size vibrator, except that it is a little smaller in size and about 5 lbs. lighter. Complete set of attachments. $39.75; west of Rockies $41.75.

Hotpoint Division

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE COMPANY, Inc.

CHICAGO

NEW YORK Hotpoint | ONTARIO, CALIF. General Electric | ATLANTA Edison Hughes

Milk always rich always sweet always pure!

And always to be had when you want it—at grocers' everywhere

Such is the milk, and the milk supply service, perfected for you by Libby's and its nationwide distributing organization.

It is the product, this milk, of superior dairy herds that graze on pasture lands rated as among the finest in the United States, some of them hundreds of miles from your home. This is in accordance with the ideal that explains the perfection of all Libby foods—to obtain each wherever it is produced at its best.

Libby's Milk comes to you with one-half the moisture removed by evaporation, which gives it the consistency of thick cream. An equal part of water added to it restores it to the original consistency of milk.

The exceptional quality of Libby's Milk—its creamy flavor, its richness—you will notice at once in coffee, cocoa, cooking and baking. Its perfect uniformity—*always* rich, *always* sweet, *always* pure—will delight you.

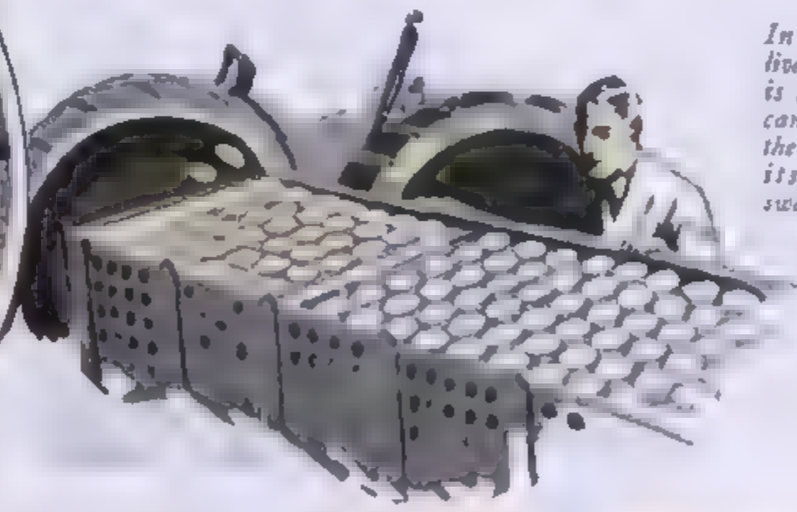
Order Libby's Milk from your grocer today—for cream, use it undiluted; for milk, mixed with an equal quantity of water. See how its creaminess improves flavor, how its wonderful richness saves butter and cream in cooking and baking.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 505 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Libby, McNeill & Libby of Can., Ltd. 45 E. Front St., Toronto, Ont., Can.

Experts apply to every can of milk rigid tests for purity and richness. The dairy herds also are regularly inspected

In spotless copper kettles one-half the moisture is removed by evaporation. This gives Libby's Milk the consistency of thick cream



In huge retorts of live steam the milk is sterilized in the can—this assures the permanence of its purity and sweetness

Experts in the condensaries and laboratories watch and check all operations constantly to see that all milk going out under the Libby label is up to the Libby standard

So exceptionally rich and creamy is this milk thousands of housewives use it in place of butter and cream in much of their cooking and baking—and with really wonderful results. Try it

Libby's

Milk

WHAT WE LEARNED ABOUT WOOD

(Concluded from Page 38)

Several of these kiln methods were tried out, and many of them proved sad failures. When baked—as the wood was sometimes treated—it checked, collapsed, honeycombed, exploded or casehardened so badly that it could not have been used for building a picket fence, let alone putting it into struts, wings, ribs, engine bearers and other points of stress on an airplane.

The Forest Products Laboratory recommended a method of water-spray kiln-drying developed by one of its experts. This method gave perfect stock in ten to twenty days' drying, and because it dried the spruce sticks from the inside outward no honeycombing, casehardening, checking or collapse was present. Kilns were designed for the Army and Navy, and men furnished to operate them until other operators were trained. Thus seasoned stock, equal—and in some respects superior—to the air-dried spruce, was assured in whatever quantity became necessary.

A great amount of slightly defective wood is found in every consignment of spruce lumber. Ordinarily this could not be used for airplane manufacture, but in the war exigency the Government was anxious to utilize every resource. The Forest Products Laboratory therefore prepared a catalogue of spruce-timber defects, showing what lumber should be rejected entirely, what could be used if necessary in lightly stressed parts of the airplane, and recommending strongly that none but the finest stock be used in places that were called upon to bear the shocks and strain of flying. This report, however, nearly doubled what had been considered the available supply of spruce.

Aluminum Waterproofing

The problem of propeller manufacture also went to the laboratory. At the time the United States declared war British, French and Italian plane makers were still struggling to manufacture a satisfactory propeller. In order to obtain one that would give real service it was known to be necessary to use only mahogany or walnut. Blades made of any other wood rapidly lost or absorbed so much moisture—unevenly—that they lost balance and flew to pieces when whirled by a powerful motor. Even with the expensive propellers made from walnut or mahogany sixty per cent were dead loss either from the cause of lost balance or because humidity conditions affected the glue with which the parts were held together

After hundreds of quick tests with spar varnishes, so-called "waterproof" paints and shellacs and other liquid coverings the Forest Products Laboratory invented the aluminum-leaf spirit varnish method for proofing propellers against moisture and the resultant evils of lost balance, changed pitch of blades and warping.

The method consisted of smoothing the surface of the propeller until it shone like a mirror: this meant a coat of silex varnish filler, followed by an orange gum shellac coating for open-grain woods. Then came a coat of size, which was allowed to dry slightly before the aluminum leaf was applied. The latter process was done by hand, the leaf being slipped rapidly from a book held in the hand of the operator, and smoothed down by a dab of cotton. After the propeller was covered completely a coat of colored varnish finished the job.

When treated in this manner propellers could be immersed in water or subjected to long stays in a hot arid region without gaining or losing enough of their moisture content to make a particle of difference. Less than one-tenth as much variation could be observed after a month's trial under the worst conditions as was shown by propellers treated with many coats of the finest procurable varnishes

Immediately upon securing this process the United States started to make arrangements for manufacturing aluminum-leaf propellers. The end of the war came before many machines in France were using them but it was shown definitely that instead of facing a sixty-per-cent loss on propellers the loss need not exceed two or three per cent. It also was discovered that possibly several of the cheaper woods would make just as good propellers as walnut or mahogany if covered with the aluminum leaf. This, with the saving made in spoiled propellers, meant a decided decrease in the cost of each completed airplane.

As it is a matter of great importance we shall mention here that the Forest Products experts, knowing manufacturers would wish a chance to use the process, have dedicated it to the public and have prepared a set of instructions whereby any maker of waterproofed-wood articles can learn, free of charge, the whole method.

In one way most wood is stronger than steel, weight for weight considered. The proof of this statement is easy. Take a bar of steel just strong enough to support one hundred pounds without breaking. Then secure a piece of oak, hickory, spruce, pine or another of the fairly dense woods, of the same length and weight. Fasten the wood in such manner that the grain runs in the same direction the pull is applied, and instead of one hundred pounds the wood will be found to be capable of sustaining ten to two hundred per cent more of a load. In this quality lies the chief reason why wood always has been the best airplane-building material.

When weight is applied sidewise to the grain—that is, so the tension tends to pull the grain apart—no such strength is found, however. Right there is the joker in the pack. Wood is very strong in one direction and relatively weak in another. In spite of the most careful airplane designing it is next to impossible to keep some of the parts from bearing double stresses, one of which is exerted against the weak side of the wood. This necessitates great additions in weight for certain parts in order to provide a margin of safety in strength.

Another fault of all wood used in airplane manufacture lies in the fact that across the grain it shrinks badly, while along the grain this phenomenon scarcely is apparent. No treatment yet discovered has been able to eradicate this condition on a plain bar or stick of wood.

These were the reasons for plywood. Plywood simply is ordinary wood of any variety cut thin into veneer sheets, and then glued back together again in such fashion that the grains of the two sheets cross each other at right angles. In actual use the plies may be of any number. Seventeen plies to an inch of thickness has become a standard for certain parts of airplane construction. When multiple ply is used often a light softwood is taken for the "heart," and the layers of veneer are built up on this, each additional layer being laid crosswise the preceding. The resultant material has satisfactory strength in all directions. It cannot shrink much in either direction because this tendency in the cross-grain pieces is prohibited by the non-shrinking sheets glued on each side. It has a high resistance to splitting, and it is worked with the greatest ease. Taken with the fact that its strength is equal in all directions—unless the maker of the plywood desires otherwise—it is the finest material yet devised for use in certain parts of airplanes.

A Question of Glue

In preparing standard specifications on plywood for this purpose the laboratory faced another stiff problem. Whatever plywood had been made prior to 1917 had been glued with vegetable or cheap hide glue, neither of which was waterproof. When immersed in water this material simply came apart, the glue dissolving in water and losing all its adhesive properties.

Cloud flying necessitates staying for long periods of time in an atmosphere often approaching one-hundred-per-cent humidity. It is obvious that plywood that tended to disintegrate under moist conditions would be murderous to the aviators who depended upon it. The one answer lay in finding a waterproof glue.

Questioning manufacturers revealed the astonishing fact that only four or five concerns were making glue of any kind that laid claim to waterproof qualities. Samples were secured, however, and tests started. By this time—late in 1917—it had been decided to build the DeHaviland 4 in the United States, and the Signal Corps, allotting a small sum of money to the Forest Products Laboratory, became insistent upon securing a waterproof glue in short order.

Pending the results of further tests the laboratory recommended the use of the best of the submitted samples. This had the immediate effect of skyrocketing the price of this material. The company felt that it had secured a monopoly of the sale of plywood glue, and meant to profit by the situation.

This adhesive was made from the albumen in the blood of animals, and after a short series of experiments the laboratory discovered a means for making a similar glue, fully equal to that being purchased by the Government. As the supply of blood albumen was short, though, prices would be dependent upon a control of the raw material. The laboratory answered this by developing a casein glue which, though not quite equaling the resistant quality of blood albumen, still made a satisfactory substitute. The general situation therefore was relieved, and the price of plywood reduced steadily.

Successful Use of Plywood

The most severe tests were made on the new glues. Pieces of plywood were boiled for eight hours and then subjected to the "shear test." This consisted in having a powerful machine exert a mounting force until the point of giving was reached somewhere in the plywood. As the force exerted tended to shear one ply from another weak or defective glues invariably gave way. Even when boiled or when soaked in cold water for ten days the new blood or casein glue retained ninety-odd per cent of its original strength; usually the wood itself proved weaker than the glue which held the pieces together, and a tearing of the wood fibers would occur while the glue still held. In many cases the plywood panels used on airplanes possessed a shear strength exceeding 600 pounds to the square inch.

Plywood made with glues unaffected by moisture became so interesting to experts of the laboratory that they conceived the notion of trying it out as a substitute for linen on the wings of airplanes. This necessitated the development of a new process of gluing, as before it had not been possible to glue together sheets of plywood of one-hundredth of an inch thickness.

The new process consisted in coating tissue paper sheets with blood glue, allowing this to dry, and then applying the thin veneer sheets to each side of the coated tissue with heat and pressure. Though not offering much advantage, weight for weight, over linen the material made in this fashion would not rip when perforated by bullets, and gave more efficiency in lifting power because it did not flap back and forth on the ribs like linen. Whether or not this material will find widespread use in the manufacture of airplane wings still is problematical.

The practical results achieved in developing the plywood made with the new waterproof glues consisted of more than $6,000,000 directly saved to the Government through reduced costs of plywood, and countless numbers of airplane accidents prevented—which last item cannot be measured in money.

For us to-day the work in this field possesses added interest because of the many peacetime uses for plywood particularly waterproof plywood. Space forbids description of many of these, but mention can be made of the fact that door-panel manufacturers are now experimenting with the new material with a view to producing doors that will not warp or crack under varying conditions of humidity. One expert formerly at the laboratory suggested a field for manufacture in which he thought a fortune might be made by some enterprising individual. He professed to believe that the thin plywood, of the type tried out on airplane wings, would make a wall covering of great beauty and durability. He vouches for the fact that this material, which in appearance equals the finest veneer panels, can be made at a cost less than the old-style wood panels or even than the better cloths now used on walls.

Several years ago a well-known American building contractor was viewing the Great Pyramid of Egypt. The guide, calling attention to one wonder after another, pointed out the vast size of the stone blocks of which the pyramid was built.

"Each stone you see," he said impressively, "represents the labor of six slaves for three months, hewing and finishing the block. And the labor of many men was necessary to raise the block into position. In all more than 4000 slaves worked on the pyramid daily."

"And how long did it take Cheops' slaves to complete the whole thing?" asked the contractor, squinting up at the broken apex.

"It is not known exactly, sir. Probably thirty years or more."

The contractor snorted. "Well," he replied, "give me plain American bricks and 4000 plain American bricklayers and I'd have it done for you in six months!"

Though his view in no wise detracts from the wonder of Cheops' tomb the contractor made a distinct point. The vast pile could have been built with a great saving of labor and expense had small bricks been used instead of 400-cubic-foot stone blocks.

The same principle holds good to-day in the main; we may cite some of the work of the Forest Products Laboratory as an example.

Bowling pins, from the inception of the ancient game in this country, have been turned from single wooden blocks. This has seemed necessary, because a pin has a life full of hard knocks; balls hurled at approximately the speed of the cannon balls used by Tilly and Wallenstein against Gustavus Adolphus knock them spinning against the wall, frame in and frame out each evening in the season. A weak pin soon becomes a casualty. Because of the fact that they have to be made from solid perfect blocks they are rather costly. Much waste occurs in securing the original blocks.

The Forest Products Laboratory, mainly because of the new glues it has invented—many of which, as stated previously, are actually stronger than the wood upon which they are used—has perfected laminated bowling pins. These pins, formed of three standard parts, are glued together so perfectly that they stand every bit of the racket possible to their single-block rivals. They can be made out of much smaller sticks of wood, and waste is cut down forty to fifty per cent. This means a substantial saving for the manufacturer.

Laminated Gunstocks

Much of the same situation existed at the beginning of the war in respect to walnut stocks for our army rifles. Because these wooden parts had the function of holding the rifle barrel rigid in spite of the continued stress of firing, specifications called for making them from a single piece of fine walnut. The Forest Products experts working under the presence of an alarming scarcity of walnut and all other woods possible for this use made laminated stocks from several pieces. This daring attempt was rewarded by finding the laminated results fully as good in every way as the single-stick product. On the laboratory's recommendation the Government is now trying out these stocks with a possibility thereby of saving a considerable amount on each gun, and protecting our soldiers from a possible future famine in gunstocks.

It would require considerable space to detail all the activities in this direction of the Forest Products Laboratory. Just in passing it might be well, however, to note that so great have been the steps forward in laminated material made by these experts that they were able to develop new built-up I-beams of spruce for use in airplanes. These beams, made in three pieces instead of one, as previously, stood up perfectly under the stresses of flying, and they cost much less.

When this much can be done satisfactorily the laboratory experts feel that they are in a position to be of great assistance to manufacturers of all varieties of wood-turned articles. Many of these, which tradition says must be made of a single piece, no matter what the wastage incurred may amount to, now can be laminated. The laboratory experts stand ready to help all who wish advice in this direction.

The war activity of the Forest Products Laboratory now is practically at an end. This article has attempted to furnish a few hints of the manner in which the organization can and desires to make itself useful and valuable to business and industry in the United States during the next years of reconstruction. Whatever points may be left in doubt will gladly be cleared up for those interested by the director of the laboratory.

Un-retouched photograph of one of the Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires in service on motor trucks owned by the Commissary Department of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Copyright 1919, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

AKRON

Annapolis Makes Big Savings

THE Commissary Department of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis has effected a very complete improvement of their hauling system by changing from solid tires to Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires. They have made big savings in time, gasoline and truck overhauling. The tires, which have delivered in excess of 10,000 miles to date, still look fit for much more hard service.

BEFORE anybody or anything is admitted to the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, there is an entrance examination to be passed.

This is never an easy examination, whether it concerns prospective students or equipment, and passing it is rightly regarded as a positive demonstration of merit.

After being subjected to such an examination, Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires have been adopted by Naval Academy officials.

Until April 1st, 1918, those in charge of the Commissary Department used solid tires entirely.

But, after that, the Goodyear Cords were given their tryout on two trucks and they immediately effected several important economies.

The big, rugged, easy-rolling pneumatics enabled these units to make the 28-mile round trip to Baltimore two and three times daily, whereas previously the same trucks, on solid tires, covered only one trip per day.

With this decided improvement came a sizable reduction in gasoline consumption, which dropped from the former rate of a gallon for every 8 miles on solid tires, to a gallon for every 14 miles on the Goodyear Cords.

Then, throughout the remainder of the year, the busy highway transports remained in excellent mechanical condition, requiring no special attention.

Being well-cushioned by the Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires, they maintained month after month a schedule of one hour and fifteen minutes from Annapolis to a Baltimore destination with full safety to trucks, cargoes of food supplies and roadbeds.

And the traction of the pneumatics proved a valuable aid when the trucks were called upon to pull through the soft roads around the U. S. Naval Academy Farm and Dairy.

In checking up the performance of these Goodyear Cords, we also find that despite traveling daily in the wholesale and freight districts of Baltimore, they have delivered more than 10,000 miles and appear well able to run much farther.

Certainly plain fact-and-figure records like this, presenting broad improvements and sweeping economies in hauling, indicate why many truck owners are changing over their tire equipment to Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

CORD TIRES

THE DANCIN' FOOL

(Continued from Page 7)

"Fine!" returned Tibble, taking a second helping. "Never tasted anything like it, but it sure is good."

"Have some more tea," said Junie. "Or are you afraid it'll keep you awake?"

II

IN THE grim lexicon of Enoch Jones there were no synonyms for such words as "enterprise," "pepper," "modern ideas." You knew this the moment you stepped into the office of the Jones Jug Company.

Somewhere over New Haven way there were some deposits of a gluey white clay and the pottery of the Jones Jug Company, from which for generations had gone out to a jug-breaking world the product that bore the name Jones.

No family that kept in its domestic stock such staples as molasses, cider, vinegar or the more potent liquids of Medford and Jamaica was without one or more Jones jugs.

The business dated a great deal further back than the equally well-advertised wooden-nutmeg industry of Connecticut, and was far more tangible. The Joneses had been jug makers for so long a time that it was said the earliest settlers of the state had obtained their land from the Indians in exchange for the contents of a Jones jug.

And the business had survived. Enoch Jones, the last of the jug-building Joneses, still owned the little pottery in the neighborhood of New Haven. He still sat at the historic Jones desk of dust-encrusted black walnut in the Barclay Street office of the Jones Jug Company. He still snarled illnaturedly at the few clerks who remained to assist in conducting the jug company's affairs. He still wrote all his letters himself, scorning dictation—wrote them in longhand and growled at the clerk who made smudgy copies of them in a tissue book squeezed in a letter press operated by an automobile steering wheel.

To Enoch Jones came his sister's son, Sylvester Lehigh Pennyworth Tibble. Young Tibble surveyed the dingy old office, up one flight, with its superannuated equipment, and believed it to be a housing of business de luxe. The crabbed old man hunched up at the out-of-date desk was, to S. L. P. Tibble, a captain of industry.

"So," said Enoch, peering at Ves across the frames of his spectacles, "you're Ella's boy, eh?"

Sylvester eased his elongated frame into the rickety stuffed chair by his uncle's desk.

"That's who I am," he said. "I guess you never saw me before, did you, Uncle Enoch?"

"Not since you were six months old. What are you calculating to do in New York?"

"I understood you had an opening for me."

"I wouldn't have if you weren't Ella's boy. Goodness knows what I can find for you to do."

"Well," said Ves judicially, "I could begin by sweeping out, I should think."

This bit of irony was lost on the old man.

"Have you any bad habits? Smoke, drink, run round with the girls, gamble——"

"Not yet," said Ves. "I'm only a boy; and I haven't been in New York ——"

"What you say?" demanded his uncle.

"I said I hadn't any bad habits," said Ves, a trifle louder. "I always put on my right shoe first and drink a glass of cold water half an hour before every meal."

He looked his uncle straight in the eye.

"Well, that's a comfort," said Enoch. "We don't want any ne'er-do-wells round here. Are you good at figgers?"

"Sure. I can add up a column of 'em five times and get five different answers. I eat figures on my bread."

"How?" Enoch leaned forward and crooked a hand behind his right ear.

"I said I kept figures in my head," rejoined the boy. "Is there anything else I need to know?"

"You need to know how to keep a civil tongue in your head. How much pay did you think I'd give ye?"

"I didn't think. I leave that to you, uncle. I don't expect much to start."

"Six dollars a week."

"But, uncle, I wouldn't be worth that much."

"How?"

"I said I couldn't earn sixty dollars a week right at the start. You've got to give me a few days to learn the business."

"Six dollars! Six dollars! I said six dollars."

"Oh," said Ves, "I see. I'm to leave off eating. Well, I'll think about it. How far from here is Wall Street?"

"What do you want to know that for?"

"I'll be running over there to get acquainted with Mr. Morgan and the rest of the magnates."

Ves Tibble suddenly became serious.

"Say, out home they pay a man almost as much for a day's work as you offer me per week, and give him his three squares and a place to sleep."

"Well," sneered Enoch, "why didn't ye stay there, then?"

Ves Tibble rose, and his long frame swayed like a palm over his uncle's desk. He extended a slim hand.

"Because I'd rather work for you, uncle. I told mother I was coming to New York to make my fortune. And I'm going to do it. I might as well start at six dollars a week as ten or twelve. What's a few dollars to a budding millionaire? When do I begin?"

"You're awful fresh," complained Enoch. "I ain't so sure I want you after all."

Ves took off his period hat and his jacket and hung them on one of a series of hooks utilized by the office force. In a corner stood a broom. Whistling softly some bars of that tune he had heard the night before, he began sweeping, gathering the dirt out of the corners painstakingly, to avoid raising a dust. Old Enoch regarded him with sour astonishment.

"Here, you!" he said. "Nobody told you to do that."

"Oh, that's all right," said Ves. "Nobody had to. If you've got a bucket and some cloths I'll wash the windows next. Say, uncle, you know all about jugs. What is a tear jug?"

"A tear jug? Why, a tear jug is a—is a —— Oh, you go to the devil!"

Enoch turned petulantly to his desk. The help, consisting of one bookkeeper and three lady clerks, eyed the intruder slyly. He, unconscious of their furtive scrutiny, employed himself busily, still whistling softly that tantalizing tune:

Oh, I'll come back to you,
My hula Lou ——

And as he worked, his feet involuntarily kept time to the rhythm of the half-barbarous melody.

"Dog-gone!" he mused. "I wish I could dance!"

Enough has been said of the business of the Jones Jug Company to show that Enoch Jones had allowed it to go almost hopelessly to seed. He had inherited the business years before; and his was not a nature that looks ahead with the burning eye of ambition. Enoch had enough outside of the business to make him comfortable. He felt that to expand the business would necessitate the addition of funds to its working capital, and this he was determined not to do.

Enoch was not only conservative; his mind was as narrow as his nephew's body was slim. Taking a prosperous concern with a country-wide reputation he had pursued a penny-pinching policy as disastrous to a business as a heavy opiate is to the human system. Of late years competition had made heavy inroads on his sales. His pottery was running less than half time. Yet each day saw orders come in from different parts of the country, little hand-to-mouth purchases by old and loyal customers who bought Jones jugs from long habit. These helped keep the business going. There were two salesmen out on the road, covering the Atlantic States and the Middle West. These were not salesmen of the new school. They worked their trade in a treadmill sort of way. One of these was an old-timer named Pulsifer, a plodder, who stopped at the cheapest hotels and got orders largely in remembrance of the day when he had been quite a someone among the knights of the road.

The other was Leroy Gaines, who sold more goods than Pulsifer; but his cost per sale was proportionally higher, because his expense account was many times greater. Gaines, however, kept old Enoch scared into a state of panic for fear he would quit. It meant the loss of at least a third of his business if he lost Gaines; so he grumblingly O. K'd the expense account, even though it seemed to increase with each trip.

That was the sort of enterprise with which young Sylvester Tibble had cast his lot. It was not what you would call an inspiring situation, yet somehow it inspired Ves Tibble.

He moved about cheerfully, finding task after task to do.

Then he said: "Say, uncle, this place is clean enough until to-morrow. What'll I do now?"

"See if McPherson needs help. Say, Mac, how about it?"

The bookkeeper, a round-shouldered, middle-aged man with a hunted look in his mild eyes, glanced at Ves Tibble. To him Ves Tibble vouchsafed a grin of such wholehearted friendliness that something happened in McPherson's system—a reaction which he couldn't describe. It felt like a mild electric current playing cheerfully up and down his spine. He couldn't remember having anyone smile at him like that in years.

"My name's Tibble," said Ves. "I'll be glad to help you.

"I took a correspondence course in bookkeeping once. What system do you use? Double entry of course?"

"Oh my, no—plain old-fashioned single entry. Mr. Jones never approved of double entry. He always said newfangled systems were a waste of effort."

"You know double entry, don't you?"

"In a way."

"All right. Let's start in keeping the books double entry. I'll help you. We can change over in no time."

"Oh, but Mr. Jones would be furious."

Ves glanced over his shoulder at Uncle Enoch, who was puttering at his littered desk, paying no heed to the conversation between his bookkeeper and nephew.

"Shucks!" said Ves. "He wouldn't know the difference; and think how much better it would be for you."

"I know," said McPherson timorously. "I know. But—but ——"

"Listen," said Ves. "What business is it of his how you keep them?"

"Oh, but of course he's the boss ——"

"Does he do any work on the books?"

"No."

"He pays you to keep the accounts, doesn't he—how much folks owe you and how much you owe, and figures about the pottery and costs and overhead, and how much the business is making or losing, and all that?"

"Sure."

"Then if you give him the figures when he wants 'em and give 'em to him right, what's it to him how you arrive at 'em?"

"But ——"

"We'll start in double entry right away," said Ves. "I'll help you."

"No one ever opposes him."

"How often is the office swept?"

"Once a week."

"And the windows washed?"

"Once in about three months."

"After this the floor gets swept every day, windows washed once a week; and the books kept double entry."

"But your uncle will be very angry. He'll probably discharge both of us."

"Let him try it," rejoined Sylvester Lehigh Pennyworth Tibble.

III

"I CAN'T make it," said Ves, addressing Junie Budd and her mother. Junie's mother was a rotund lady, a widow, who was doing the best she could in a cold world. She didn't like to have her daughter dance at a cheap cabaret—but what would you? Junie brought home twenty dollars a week; and there was little Bill, in Grade 7 B, and hoping to go to college some day; and a bunch of debts that the late Mr. Budd had been no more able to take with him into another world than a more opulent decedent is able to take his surplus.

"I'd be glad to help you all I can," said Mrs. Budd. "You can have the room for three dollars, and that's a dollar less than I usually get. It leaves you three a week to pay for your food and laundry and car fares and clothes."

"And a few more things besides," added Ves. "I'm going to fix me up an old couch in the office and sleep down there."

"Look out your uncle don't soak you room rent," said Junie cynically.

"If I only had a way of earning a little on the outside," said Ves.

"McGammon's shy a waiter," observed Junie. "Maybe you could qualify there, only you don't know a filley of biff from a charlotte roose."

"I'm not so dumb," protested Ves. "I could learn. But would McGammon have me in his place after what happened the other night?"

"He probably won't remember you. Anyhow, he don't bear grudges. And say, ma ——"

"I get you, Junie," put in Mrs. Budd, her eyes shining. "If Mr. Vestibule could get a waiter's job with McGammon he could keep his room here, and I wouldn't be worried about how you were getting home every night. I'd almost give the poor boy his room for nothing to ease my mind that much."

So, to make a long story into a novelette, three nights after his rather tempestuous début as a resident of Manhattan, Sylvester Lehigh Pennyworth Tibble found himself "dealing 'em off the arm" at McGammon's from six P. M. until midnight. True, the salary was next to nothing. But he picked up enough in tips to pay Mrs. Budd the full price of her hall bedroom; and every night it was his pleasure to escort Miss Junie Budd safely home.

But that was not all.

Ves Tibble, so Junie said, had music boxes in his feet. Most people, except those designed by Nature for "treasons, stratagems and spoils," are fond of melody. To Ves it was the wine of life. From the time the tinpanny piano at McGammon's sounded its first jangly note of the evening until Ves and Junie left at midnight the young fellow lived in a syncopated heaven. He trod on clouds with pink edges. His slim body vibrated like a bow string in unison with the crooning of the fiddle.

Some men get drunk on champagne; Ves Tibble had a musical bun on seven nights a week. Unlike other forms of inebriety it left no depleting hang-over.

Rapidly, too, Ves took on the outward seeming of a dweller between the two rivers. He bought himself a good if inexpensive suit with sleeves that were on speaking terms with his wrists.

The period hat was permanently abandoned in favor of a green Kelly with a bow at the back. Ves wore low shoes, and ran to bat-wing ties and shirts with two colors in the stripes.

Yet he was not extravagant. Every week he trotted round to that big gray-granite savings bank at Forty-second Street and Eighth Avenue and deposited a dollar or two; and he was scrupulous about keeping his room rent paid up.

"A grand young man," said Mrs. Budd. "Some principle. He brings sunshine into this house, and I thank God for the night you picked him up and brought him home—a good thing for him and us too."

"And mother," said Junie, "what do you think? Ves can dance."

"I wouldn't be surprised. A slim-jim like him should be soople and handy on his feet. Who was it I heard playin' that Hula Lou song in the parlor Sunday mornin'?"

"It was Ves. He picked up a little piano when he was a kid, but his mother was too poor to have him take lessons. He can stretch almost two octaves, with those long slim hands of his. If he had time he could learn to play."

Mrs. Budd looked with shrewd kindness at her daughter.

"How's he getting along with his uncle, the old curmudgeon?"

"He doesn't say much. He's made the old man put in a typewriter, though, and Ves writes the firm's letters on it. He said it gave the old man an awful cramp to buy it; and it's only a secondhand one."

"Using a typewriter daytimes should be good practice for the piano," said Mrs. Budd with conviction. "Was you teaching Ves some steps?"

"Yes! The music sort of saturates him, like water in a sponge. He's a living tune when he gets started. He's going to dance with me some night soon; McGammon said he could. If he makes good with some of those eccentric steps I'm teaching him it means more money; because then we can team up and get a regular job. McGammon's isn't my idea of a place for a nice girl to work."

"God save us!" said Mrs. Budd. "Any step away from it's a step up, I say. If

(Continued on Page 99)

The Swiss Yodler throws his voice across the valley —

the Fiery Little Columbia can throw a voice across a continent

THE Big Swiss Yodler throws his voice across the valley—the echo registers that fact in four seconds. We marvel at the power behind such a voice. But let us not forget—

The Fiery Little Columbia can carry the Big Yodler's ordinary conversation over a thousand miles of telephone line, and deliver it instantly.

THE DRY BATTERY

CONSIDER, too, that besides tuning up telephones, Columbia Dry Batteries run toys, ring doorbells, and furnish the vital spark of life to thousands of autos, trucks, motorboats, tractors, and farm engines.

The Fiery Little Columbia is never sick, for his constitution is tough; he is never tired, for he works only when you need him. Always healthy, rested, and vigorous, he meets every battery need faithfully and long.

THE STORAGE BATTERY

THE Columbia Storage Battery is built and sold to yield *definite power* for a *definite time.* In a Columbia you buy definite service; you receive a clearly defined guarantee, a specific agreement that you will be entitled to thorough repairs or another battery without additional cost if the original battery fails within the guarantee period.

The Columbia Battery Terminal Seal protects the battery, the purchaser, and us. The guarantee is a record of that fact.

Stop at any Columbia Service Dealer's or Columbia Service Station and learn how thousands of auto owners are avoiding the costly battery tinkering that used to be tolerated as part of the day's work.

Columbia Storage and Dry Batteries

C-19

If all your floors were Blabon floors

—You could have them in lovely shades of plain blue, gray, green and brown, according to the color scheme of each room.

—Or you could, if you wished, have floors in many other colors with designs inlaid in them, instead of in a plain color such as we show in our illustration.

—You could, for example, choose a Blabon floor with a hardwood, tile or mosaic design, which would be more appropriate and attractive for some rooms than a plain floor.

—Or, in some rooms, you could have a Blabon floor with a carpet or matting design, dispensing with a rug over the floor if you wished, because Blabon floors are quiet and springy to the tread.

In fact, if all your floors were Blabon floors you could make your housework easier these fine spring days by removing all your rugs. Your floors would still be beautiful, colorful, comfortable—and much easier to keep clean, because Blabon floors do not absorb dirt, and the only regular care they require is a light wiping with a damp mop.

Blabon Floors of plain or inlaid Art Linoleums cost less than hardwood, and thickness-for-thickness they are even more durable. They can be just as beautifully waxed and polished, they never require refinishing and they are positively the most sanitary floors that you could have in your home.

Write for our illustrated booklet on the use of Blabon floors throughout the house—or see your dealer.

Important Notice: Floor coverings made upon a felt paper base are not linoleum. Such felt paper products have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge of the fabric.

Established 68 years **The George W Blabon Company** **Philadelphia**

BLABON ART Linoleums

(Continued from Page 96)

you and Ves can do it together, no one'll be more thankful than me."

IV

MR. MORRIE ELKUS, proprietor of the Garden of Roses, had a habit of stopping in at the more obscure cabarets to see what new talent was developing. It was likely that in the third-rate places like McGammon's he would see the has-beens sloughed off from the more favored supper resorts on Broadway; but occasionally he hit on something good.

For some weeks now Mr. Elkus had had his eye on little Junie Budd. Junie would have been pretty nervous had she recognized the great Mr. Elkus among the spectators at McGammon's. She would have been doubly so had she known him to be present on the night of her try-out with Ves Tibble.

Ves had stripped off his waiter's apron, and stepped out into the spotlight, holding Junie's hand. About his slim hips was girt a sash, Spanish fashion. He wore a soft white shirt and a toreador's jacket bordered with innumerable buttons. Junie Budd had designed this jacket and Mrs. Budd had done the tailoring. Junie had also built up the dance, step by step. It was a lively thing, with a tremendous lot of action and a touch of rough stuff. Junie was clad in an alluring little composition with a distinct Spanish flavor, and this too she had designed herself.

"Dog-gone!" Ves had said as the ingenuity of the girl became more and more evident to him. "Dog-gone, Junie! You're a wonder, a livin' wonder! There's nothin' you don't think of."

Now he stood grinning with easy amiability at the expectant crowd. The spotlight did not make him blink. Instead his blue eyes glistened metallically in the white rays. No one could ever say of Ves Tibble that he was embarrassed or nervous. Holding Junie's hand he felt it tremble a little. It touched a tender spot in Ves's nature to realize how hard Junie had worked in preparation for this moment, and how much its success might mean to them both.

Crash! The music started and they were off. It seemed as if his veins were full of some volatile substance that became aflame with the intoxication of melody. He swung Junie with hands as strong as steel, whirled her about, spun her like a top, caught her to him, and went gliding over the floor in such perfect unison with her that the blasé crowd applauded.

Realizing his inexperience Junie had purposely made the steps simple; yet with a nice art she had staged them so that they appeared difficult and complex. Moreover, the astonishing aptitude of her pupil invested these elementary steps with a finish and grace that made them seem exceptional. The music quickened, the partners whirled and swayed.

Back beyond the doorway in the main café, but so seated that he could see all that went on, Morrie Elkus watched the act.

"What do you know about that!" he murmured to himself. "That boy's a world-beater. Damn him, he's a dancin' fool, that's what he is, a dancin' fool!"

V

IT WAS a far different Ves Tibble that appeared nightly at the famous Morrie Elkus Garden of Roses with the graceful Junie Budd, from that prosaic young devotee at the shrine of business who drudged by day in the office of the Jones Jug Company.

"I don't know why I do it," said Ves to his dancing partner. "Here are you and me getting regular money from Mr. Elkus, and I might sleep every morning until noon if I wanted to."

"Well, if you don't know why, Ves Tibble, I'm sure nobody else can tell you. Of all the silly things I ever heard of ——"

"What—me dancing? Of course I know I'm a hick—or I was three months ago. Guess I am now. N'York don't take the green all out of a feller in a few weeks."

"I mean, silly to slave yourself thin at the old jug business. My goodness, haven't you got any ambition? Think of the future for you in the dancing line. You better cut out jugs and pay more attention to jigs."

"I don't know, Junie. Maybe you're right. But anyhow if the jug business keeps me thin, that's no harm. I'd mighty soon lose my grip as a dancer if I began to fat up. And say, the jug business isn't so bad after you know it. It ought to have a future, Junie. Nobody ever built any Standard Oil Companies on a foundation o' patent-leather pumps."

"Oh, you make me tired!" snapped Junie.

She admired the slim countryman extravagantly.

In him she recognized opportunity personified. He had come and knocked at her door, so to speak, and she had extended the glad hand of hospitality in a sense both professional and domestic.

To Junie Budd the future meant a few years of hard conscientious work at her profession, with thriftily saved dollars, and then retirement to make room for some new favorite. She knew only too well the brevity of a dancer's vogue. With her it was a case of making hay while the calcium lights revealed only the dimpled graces of her glorious pink-and-white youth, the round comeliness of her figure, the delicate smoothness of her cheek, the brightness of an undimmed eye. There would come a day when her grace might not be so spontaneous, when a few pounds of added weight would spell the difference between perfection and beginning mediocrity, when the searching rays of the spotlight would discover those tiny evidences of a departed youth which no arts of the make-up box would avail to hide.

Junie declined to cherish any illusions. But she religiously avoided all temptations to indulge in late suppers and wine. No shopgirl ever hastened home more promptly from her work than Junie. Between one o'clock and the next noon she got the exact amount of sleep she needed, and she had home-cooked food selected for its sustaining rather than weight-making properties. She also followed a rigorous routine of exercise, cold baths and coarse towels.

Junie was, therefore, the embodiment of physical fitness. Her beauty was far more than skin deep. It was expressed in the vital quality of youth—buoyant, bright-eyed, wholesome; and Junie's soul was as wholesome as her fine young body.

Giving her entire attention to her business and to the resultant effect on her bank account and the increased comfort and convenience of her mother's home, she found it hard to understand the divided allegiance of Ves Tibble. She hated the jug business. She knew Ves' Uncle Enoch treated him like a dog, making of him a general utility man at the salary of an office boy. It was utterly incomprehensible to Junie that Ves could really see anything in his uncle's business except hard work, small pay and humiliation.

"Well, then," said Ves, "why don't Ma Budd give up keeping boarders and just she and you live together? She could wait an' 'tend out on you more or less and sort of take life easy."

"Oh, she won't. I've begged her, as you know yourself. She says there's something sort of substantial and comfortable about having a houseful of lodgers. She can't quite take it in that I'm earning enough to provide for us both. She's thrifty."

"Well, Junie, she's right, your ma is. That is, theoretically. Dancin' isn't a business; it's a sport. Ma Budd and I think just alike, I guess, because I can't realize why anyone should pay me all that money for just havin' a good time. When I hear those dance tunes start I'm just like a dope fiend with a big shot of hop in his arm. And something tells me it isn't quite the normal thing for a young feller like me to get that way. I guess I'm sort of a nut. Did you hear what Elkus told someone I was?"

"You mean when he called you a dancing fool?"

"Sure. I dance like some men fight and others gamble or—or drink liquor. It's a kind of mania. Dog-gone! It's too darned allurin'!"

"Anything you have a talent for and can made a success of ——"

"Now who knows but I've got a talent for business—the jug business? I'd be terrible sorry if I thought I couldn't be a success at anything but shakin' my shape round a giddy cabaret with a lot of out-of-town buyers and tango hounds looking boggle-eyed at me. But, oh, kid, when that old music sneaks into my soul! Why, one of those street pianos stopped outside our window the other day and I had to twist my shins round the legs of my chair to hold myself down. Junie, dancin' isn't a mere enjoyable exercise to me, nor yet a means of makin' money. I'm—I'm—I'm plumb addicted to it, like some men are to booze. That's a fact."

Junie contemplated her partner sadly and shook her little head.

"Ves," she said, "I guess you're hopeless. I just don't make you. But, dog-gone! There, you've got me saying it. I like you. You're an awfully nice boy even if you are sort of loony."

"Think so?" cried Ves. He slipped an arm about Junie and kissed her suddenly.

"Ves Tibble! What do you mean? My goodness gracious! There! I'll teach you to get fresh with me!"

Junie's "there" was accompanied by a healthy slap that nearly dislocated poor Ves' jaw. He put up a rueful hand and rubbed the smarting surface, grinning sheepishly.

"Junie, you sure pack a wallop. But honey, I wasn't gettin' fresh. I couldn't help it. I'm plumb gone on you, and you know it. I'm going to marry you—soon as the jug business makes good."

"Huh!" snorted the indignant Junie. "Then I have a swell chance! The old maids' home for mine. Jug business!"

VI

AT THE end of three months Ves Tibble had managed to pry a weekly wage of fifteen dollars out of old Enoch. He knew his uncle saved more than the difference between this amount and his original six when one of the three young lady clerks, Miss Stoker, left to get married; for Jones made no effort to replace her.

Ves helped McPherson the bookkeeper start the new set of books. Neither one said anything to the boss about the change in system, but it worked wonderfully. Once in two weeks Mac laid a neatly compiled balance sheet on his employer's desk.

"What the devil's this?" demanded Enoch.

"Condition of the business," said McPherson timorously. "Idea of Ves'."

"Condition hell!" growled Enoch. "Who asked you for any such thing?"

"Well, I thought you'd find it—er—interesting."

"I'll let you know when I want any figures off the books, Mac. Don't be too previous."

"No, sir," agreed Mac, and went back to his desk.

To Ves he said: "There! What'd I tell you? We only made him mad. He didn't want that sheet. I know the boss of old, I do."

"Never you mind, Mac," soothed Ves. "In a couple of weeks we'll slip him another; see? I've a reason."

"You'll lose me my job, boy."

"You should worry. 'Twouldn't be such an awful loss, anyhow."

Two weeks later a new balance sheet appeared on Enoch's desk; and in the meantime Ves and the bookkeeper had nudgingly observed the old man poring over the columns of the first.

He growled a little at the second; but oddly his complaint was not that McPherson had disobeyed orders, but because of certain expenditures that appeared to him unwarranted. One would have thought it was Mac's fault.

A third sheet appeared two weeks later, and Enoch neglected his morning mail half an hour to study it.

Afterward he spent nearly the whole day figuring with a hard sharp pencil on scraps of torn envelopes. Jones never bought a penny's worth of writing paper that he could avoid buying.

But at the end of the next fortnight, when McPherson was about to lay a fresh balance sheet on the boss' desk Ves Tibble said: "Hold on, Mac. Let this one be a little late. I want to see what happens."

Mac looked mystified, and slipped the sheet back into his own desk out of sight. The day passed without comment, but along toward noon of the day following, old Enoch suddenly burst out: "Say, McPherson, where the devil's our fortnightly balance sheet?"

Mac, who had been carefully coached by Ves, replied that he was quite sure his employer had the sheet.

"No such a thing!" snarled Enoch. "I bet you haven't made it out yet. You get busy and do it right away."

McPherson fumbled in his desk drawer and produced the sheet.

"Here she is, Mr. Jones," he said cheerfully. "I'm sorry. I'd have sworn I'd given it to you. Funny thing I should forget. Still, I didn't think you much cared ——"

"Think? Well, what's that got to do with it, what you thought? You better do the thinkin' you're paid to do. I want to know how this business is doing from week to week. I don't know's a fortnight's often enough to make up that balance."

Ves winked at McPherson.

"Sylvester," said Jones, so sharply that the young man jumped, "what were the quotations we made Spencer Crockery Company last week?"

"I'll show you the letter," said Ves; and presently laid a carbon copy on his uncle's desk.

"What's this?" demanded Enoch.

"Letter we wrote Spencer Crockery ——"

"Where's the tissue book?"

"I'm not usin' the tissue book now."

"What d'you mean? You calculating to scrap that letter press? Well, I guess not! No newfangled sheets that'll get lost or stolen. I want my correspondence in a book. D'ye hear me? In a book!"

"Want me to write Spencer anything?" asked Ves.

"No, I don't. I'll write them myself, longhand. Then you can copy the letter in the book, like it ought to be."

Later Jones handed his nephew a penned letter, written in his cramped and somewhat tremulous hand.

"There, copy that," he said.

Ves sat down at the secondhand typewriter and transcribed the letter, with carbon copy.

"Will you sign this?" he asked, laying it before his uncle.

Enoch glared.

"I didn't tell you to typewrite it; I said copy it," he growled.

"Oh," said Ves. "I thought you meant copy it on the machine. Well, now it's done you might as well sign it."

"Damned if I will! You send the other."

"Dog-gone! Darned if I didn't tear it up!"

Enoch gnashed his teeth, snarled something that sounded like "fresh yap," and scratched a smudgy signature on the letter. Then, too mad to talk, he seized his hat and coat and stormed out.

"Gone for the day," said Ves, grinning slyly.

"Madder'n hell," said McPherson.

"He'll fire me in the morning," said Ves.

"How many times will that make this month?"

"Four. The last time was when I bought the typewriter. That was the day I collected that bill from Bartlett & Binch. Got forty from B. & B., and paid twenty for the machine on the way back."

"He sure was mad, Ves. Say, you've got your nerve. Don't see how you dare."

"You watch," said Ves confidently. "He's going to be madder yet. Mac, maybe if he fires me enough times you and I can put this old shebang on a paying basis. I've got a dickens of a lot to learn about jugs yet; but I'm in the jug game to the finish. I've got nothin' to lose and everything to gain, Mac. Wouldn't it be funny if Uncle Enoch fired me once too often and I got mad and went and got a job as bank president or something?"

"Anything at all you did wouldn't surprise me, Ves," said Mac.

He regarded the young newcomer with a wondering kind of affection. At first it was Ves' grin; afterward it was his nerve. He was no more afraid of the irascible Jones than he was of one of the waterbugs in the sink in the corner.

"We ought to have a new office," said Ves, swinging round toward Mac and throwing a long leg over the arm of his chair. "I was wondering if the Woolworth or the Singer'd be the best location."

"Quit your kidding, Ves," said Mac, laughing and filling a pipe he never dared to smoke when the boss was round.

"I'm not kidding," said Ves quite soberly. "You know yourself this poky old building is no place for an up-to-date business."

"Up-to-date!" McPherson snorted. "Ye gods!"

"I know," went on Ves. "We aren't real modern just yet; but you wait, Mac. Wait and watch!"

It will be seen that the life of young Sylvester Lehigh Pennyworth Tibble was far from humdrum. Tibble had a peculiar faculty, indeed, of investing anything he touched with a lively interest. One can hardly imagine a more prosaic, a more hopelessly drab business than that of the Jones Jug Company. For young Tibble it possessed vitality, possibilities of success. He refused to accept its mediocre status. Indeed he had heard of Jones jugs ever since he could remember.

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'Nobby Cord' for trucks

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'Nobby Cords' are big—husky—incredibly strong.

Layer on layer of tough, powerful cords form a tire wall that is virtually impervious to wear—a perfect base for the great, thick non-skid tread.

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"Why is it, Mac, that we don't sell more jugs? As many as we used to sell twenty-five years ago?"

"We!" repeated McPherson. "You weren't born that long ago."

"Why is it?" persisted Ves.

"Because we have competition we never had before. Take the Harkins Potteries Company, for instance. They do an immense business. Why? Because they've got enterprise. They make up a lot of cheap stuff, too, to sell at a price to department-store trade and big hardware dealers and supply houses."

"Poorer quality than ours?"

"Pretty bum, most of it. You see, we have one advantage. Our clay deposits are the finest in the country; in fact, there's really no pottery clay like it. The other fellows have hunted the country over for just that fine, smooth texture of clay, but they can't locate it.

"A Jones jug is to-day just what it has always been, the very best jug on the market, because no other company can get the material."

"How much material have we?"

"Oh, Lord, I don't know. I guess there's plenty—enough for twenty years' output at least, if we sold fifty times as much as we do now. Oh, we don't have to worry about the quality of our goods. But the other fellers are alive. They bring out novelties now and then; odd shapes, special milk pitchers, mugs, ornamental vases; I don't know what not."

"Why don't we do the same?"

"We're dead from the neck up, Ves. The old man's so narrow he can't see anything but the old line, and that's had the stuffing cut out of it by these up-to-date birds with real merchandising ideas."

"Real merchandising ideas," repeated Ves Tibble. "Real merchandising ideas."

He returned to his typing, which consisted of making up a lot of invoices. Between them Mac and Ves had schemed out a handy system for filing a copy of each invoice in a loose-leaf book, and Mac posted direct from this invoice book into his account ledger. It was one of those little things that Ves was always getting fired for.

Now, as he worked, those words kept turning over in his mind. Real merchandising ideas! As he thumped his keys real merchandising ideas began to sing themselves to him, to the rattling accompaniment of the keyboard.

"Say, Ves," said Mac, "you have a funny way of running a typewriter. Sounds kind of in waves. Darned if I don't think you do it in time, like you'd play a piano. Fond of music, Ves?"

"Oh, so-so," replied Ves.

Rattle, rattle, rattle—real merchandising ideas—rattle, rattle, rattle. Ves had a curious feeling, almost as if he were listening to a dance tune. Here in a dingy, dusty, fusty old office of a gone-to-seed jug company there was rhythm and music in business. By George, there was, just as sure as Ves was a foot high!

"A dancin' fool," he said to himself. "Real merchandising ideas. A dancin' fool. How could a dancin' fool have any real merchandising ideas?"

VII

THAT night at suppertime Junie Budd started to teach Ves some new stuff for their act. Junie was nothing if not inventive. Now, in Mrs. Budd's parlor, with Ves drumming out the time, Junie in a sort of makeshift costume permitting lots of bodily freedom showed Ves how the dance ought to be done.

"Now," she said, "get busy and try your part. Here, I'll play."

It was a cheap piano and Junie was no expert at the keys, but the lilt of the air crept into the blood of Sylvester Lehigh Pennyworth Tibble, and he danced. It wasn't any trouble for him to learn new steps, new business, new stunts. Now he waited through Junie's well-devised novelty without the appearance of making an effort. So light, so velvety-smooth his steps, the floor gave back no answering vibration under his tread.

"Did I do it right, honey?" he asked.

"Ves, Ves!" cried Junie. "Did you do it right? Oh, *boy*, did you do it right!"

It was on the tip of Ves' tongue to say to Junie that all the time he was practicing the step there were ringing through his head in time with the music the words, "real merchandising ideas." They were not musical words in themselves, but they fitted into the measure of that particular tune as if they were part of its own proper lyric.

But what was the use? Junie wouldn't understand. Still, he could see it coming. He couldn't go on making a jumping-jack of himself to amuse the patrons of Morrie Elkus, when he knew the business world held bigger things, more worthy things—yes, more respectable things.

How could he make that clear to poor Junie—loyal, hard-working Junie, to whom he owed so much? She had done the heavy thinking, she was the business man of the team. At the Garden of Roses they were billed as Pierre and Péonie. What would the patrons of the garden have thought of a dancer named Sylvester Lehigh Pennyworth Tibble?

Pierre got hundreds of requests to give private dancing lessons. He had monstrous offers from managers jealous of the perspicacity of the great Morrie Elkus. The first he refused, the second he referred to Junie.

"Not much," she would say. "We owe something to old Morrie. He dug us out of McGammon's and gave us a start. Besides, these others only want to get us away. You can never tell. Morrie's solid. We'll stick. Let them offer. Some day when they come strong enough we'll go to Morrie and say, 'How about it, Mr. Elkus? Little raise, eh?' But not now."

"That's about the way I look at it," said Ves. "But I leave it to you."

Elkus was paying the team five hundred a week. For ten weeks Ves Tibble had salted down two hundred and fifty iron men every Friday. He lived on his fifteen a week from Uncle Enoch.

"Wouldn't it be a joke if Uncle Enoch found out you were making a wad of money?" cried Junie.

"I don't know who the joke would be on," rejoined Ves. "But take it from me, sister, the old boy'll find out sooner or later—if I keep it up."

"Oh, I suppose there's always a chance. Still, he never goes to a place like the Garden—and I doubt if he knows anyone who does."

"That's right. But the old boy'll get off his beat some night, and then there'll be a show-down. However, we won't worry about that. I don't see that it would make any difference."

So, from one week to another, while the obsession grew stronger and stronger that he had to make his choice, Ves put off telling Junie that he was strongly inclined to make it jugs.

She'd be so bitterly disappointed. Something told Ves that Junie loved him; and he was certainly head over heels in love with Junie. Dog-gone! She was a little queen.

It meant the breaking up of the team. It meant that Junie would have to find another dancing partner. There were plenty, Ves supposed. But he hated to think of the sort of chaps most of them were. He loathed the idea of Junie's dancing with anyone but him, and knew it would be equally hateful to her.

Ves doubted if Junie and a new partner would be able to command from Morrie Elkus or any other manager along Broadway as good a salary as she got with him. It was because he and Junie were so exactly suited to each other, because they loved each other, because they understood each other as if they thought with one brain—that their act was so delightfully smooth. That was one big secret of its success.

So, for Ves to quit meant financial hardship for poor Junie. It did not matter that he would drop back to his pittance in the jug business. He could take care of himself. He was figuring now on a way to make old Enoch raise him to twenty. But it would be thundering mean of him to leave Junie in the lurch. There was Ma Budd—and ma had been kind to him too. There was little Bill Budd, in Grade 7 B. The debts of the late Mr. Budd had been liquidated, and the Budd family had a bank account which was growing—but that, after all, was only an earnest of what was to be expected with continued prosperity.

Truly Ves Tibble faced a tough job. He was working too hard. The excitement of his nights was in a measure exhausting. He wasn't getting enough sleep. Of course Ves was young and hardy. He might go on for months, even years, dancing at night and working daytimes. His habits were good. He slept like a log, got up, took a cold shower, and reached the Jones Jug Company's office by eight o'clock. But oftener and oftener he was able to observe a physical dullness at round two or three o'clock.

So Ves was forced to the conclusion that he wasn't giving his best to his dancing or to the jug business. Sooner or later he would have to give up one or the other. The longer he kept on dancing the bigger his bank account grew; and likewise the more tired he got. If he stayed in bed until ten or eleven o'clock every day he would get the rest he needed. He would be a better dancer, no doubt.

Ves had self-respect enough to think contemptuously of a man who danced at night and stayed in bed next day. The big salary did not quite excuse it. At night, when the music raced in his blood, he forgot jugs and old Enoch Jones and danced with his soul as well as his body. The music was hypnotic. But let him get away from the Garden of Roses, let him get down into Barclay Street and the dingy jug office—and he was immediately engrossed in business. The music and the rhythm and the applause all seemed far away and dreamy and unreal. Only the comfortable lump in his waistcoat pocket was real and tangible evidence that the nights at the Garden of Roses were not dreams.

Ves plunged into the work of the Jones Jug Company with all the available energy at his command. He was afraid that this wasn't enough. The jug business opened up like a newly blown rose as he studied it. Every day he managed to do something to annoy his uncle and increase the efficiency of the office force. Every day he saw new possibilities in jugs and new impossibilities in the proprietor of this particular jug company.

Once in a while he would say to McPherson: "Gee, Mac! It's five o'clock, and I haven't been fired once to-day."

And to Junie Budd, at the Budd home between moments of practice, Ves would say: "Great business—jugs."

"Great humbug. When is old Jones going to give you some real money?"

"Never, if he can help it."

"For goodness' sake, Ves, why don't you quit? I think we could make Morrie raise our pay a hundred or so if you'd show a little more interest."

"Don't I dance all right?"

"You do, Ves; you dance like an angel. But you haven't got a commercial mind, like me. You haven't an eye for the main chance.

"You couldn't get along without a manager. If you were more aggressive in a business way—why, we'd have Morrie up to seven-fifty a week pretty soon. I can't do it all alone, you know."

"You're grand, honey; I've got to admit that you're a commercial genius. I wish we had you in the jug business. Maybe you're the very thing we need to make our company a big success. We need something."

"Oh, bother the jug business! All you talk about is that old jug business. If commercial instinct is necessary to get you ahead in that, as it is in dancing, you've got a pretty poor chance. You're too easy-going."

"I guess so," agreed Ves. "I guess that's what's the matter. I guess I need—need—real merchandising ideas. That's what I need."

"Well, if talent is merchandise you sure don't know much about selling yours," said Junie. Then impulsively she went close to Ves and reaching up pulled his head down and kissed him. "Nice old Vestibule," she said. "Was Junie mean to him?"

This was the second time Ves' lips had ever met Junie's, the first having been when she had slapped his face. He now gathered her in his arms and made good use of his opportunity. Junie did not try any strong-arm tactics this time, but accepted his caresses with considerable enthusiasm, as if they were something to which she had a right—as she undoubtedly had.

"Ves," she said, "you said you—you'd like to marry me. Do you still love me? Because if you do, why not let's be married. You quit that old jug business and devote yourself to your art and me—that's some combination."

"I'll marry you and quit the dancing business and become a jug magnate," said Ves.

"I'm ready to begin any minute."

"And live on what?" demanded Junie.

"I'll squeeze Uncle Enoch for a raise. I guess I can make him give me twenty a week; and then I've got quite a lot saved up ——"

"Ves Tibble, do you mean to say you'd touch your savings to live on? Well, not to take care of me. In a year or so you'd be down to your salary ——"

"But honey, the jug business, with my undivided attention, would ——"

"Please, Ves, don't talk foolish. You know where the money is for us. We can be rich in a few years."

"I'm looking for something besides that, Junie; I want to build something useful and substantial, something I can leave my children ——"

"Well, you're not going to leave my children any musty old jug factory," snapped Junie, pushing Ves away. "Oh, gee, you're the stubbornest human being I ever knew."

"I bet you I am," said Ves.

"And proud of it," went on Junie. "Well, all I've got to say is, you can go stick your head in a jug, for all I care. I pass you up. As a matrimonial proposition you're—you're jugged! But oh, Ves, dear, don't pass up the dancing game; please don't! See you at supper."

She went sadly out of the parlor and upstairs, leaving the unhappy Ves to his own misery.

Dog-gone! What was a fellow to do? Yes, he guessed Junie was right; he was pretty stubborn. He was playing a hunch, and hunches are notoriously untrustworthy. It would be so easy to yield to Junie's pleadings, stick to the dancing game for four or five years, and insure a life of ease thereafter.

Not by a darned sight! You had to gamble high if you were to pull down big winnings. There were so many things that could happen to upset such a plan. A few weeks of illness, for instance, might put the team out of business so that it would be impossible to get back into a job and public favor. An accident, a broken ankle, a strained tendon—blooey! Besides, the public was fickle. Who could tell if the vogue of Pierre and Péonie would not be a thing of the past in a few months? No one, with certainty.

Better be patient and build more slowly, but surely, and have something when you have built. Clay is a good, plastic, permanent kind of material, especially when well fired. Ves grinned to himself.

"I may be pretty poor clay for the jug business," he mused, "but I sure have been fired some."

However, he got very little comfort out of that joke. It was a darned funny, old, mixed-up, baffling world.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
"WITH THE COLORS"

Somewhere in France,
November 2d, 1918.

Dear Mr. Walton:-

It was exactly two months from the day that I entered the Service that our Company was reviewed by General Pershing in France.

That was the first day that I had seen any STERLING TIRES.

His car had a new STERLING on the rear as a spare, and one or two of the other big closed cars of his staff of officers were completely equipped with STERLING HIGH BARS.

I can assure you that that made me swell up with pride.

The following day we were equipped with Nash Quad trucks with steel bodies and started on our overland trip to the front.

From the first day near the front up to the present time STERLING TIRES have been present wherever I went.

They are used extensively on ambulances as well as heavy closed cars, touring cars, motorcycles, etc.

I think that there are as many if not more STERLINGS in use here than any one other make.

The road conditions here are very good considering the extremely heavy traffic.

The roads are made of crushed stone covered with a light coating of dirt, which forms a cement after being wet and once dried.

That covering soon wears off leaving the road in a condition that is very good to drive on but is terrible on tires as the stone edges, which are cemented solid, cut the tires quickly.

This makes it very hard on the tread of the casing as well as on the fabric.

Of course the ambulances are rushed to death, so consequently they often carry double the number of men that they are intended to carry.

Also the drivers are always busy, often driving nineteen or twenty hours at a time, so you see if a tire goes soft, they are apt to let it run so 'till they reach their destination.

They are not extremely careful of the pressure they keep in the casings at any time.

By this you can readily realize that with all these things to contend with as well as the speed and using of chains a good share of the time that no tire can possibly give the same service that they would give on our roads at home under ordinary conditions.

Never-the-less a number of drivers have told me that they get very good mileage from our tires.

I have found only one who kept a record of the actual number of miles obtained.

He told me that he had a pair of tires on the rear of his car which at that time had run 5208 miles without ever being removed from the wheels.

The treads of these tires were still in very good condition, not yet worn down to the breaker strip.

They looked as if they would easily go that distance again before finally giving out.

That car was a G.M.C. ambulance on a three-quarter chassis.

The tires were 35 x 5 HIGH-BARS.

The driver also told me that since he had been in the Service here in France he had been issued four other makes of tires and that he got better service from STERLINGS than from any of the others.

Believe me if tires will give such service here and under these conditions they will sure make good at home.

Sincerely yours.

Glenn E. Grover.

Truck Company 5,
Second Corps Artillery Park,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,
A.P.O. 775.

For practical purposes our guarantee is that the user shall be satisfied. We say 5,000 miles (6,000 on 30x3½ and 31x4) just to have a basis for adjustment. But we expect, and our customers rightly expect, the tires to average very much greater mileage. If there were any way of barring accidents and under-inflation, we would as cheerfully guarantee 10,000 miles, because we know how STERLINGS are made and what they will do when they are properly treated. STERLING Super-Size Cord Tires give exceptional service on trucks using 35x5—36x6—38x7—40x8.

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Sterling Tires

TRADE MARK

THE WAY OF THE RANGE

(Continued from Page 11)

become obstinate at the same time. But her chin is an oval chin, and when you get real determined she will let you have your way. At any rate she'll let you think you are having your way, and that amounts to about the same thing so far as a man is concerned.

"And then, too, your noses ——"

"Now here, you've said enough about my chin," Wendling interrupted. "Never mind about my nose."

"It's a perfectly good, straight nose," Anna Jane retorted. "That is the trouble with it. It is too straight. It indicates that you are not aggressive enough. You take things too easy. Elizabeth has a convex nose. That means it has a tiny hump to it. And Elizabeth, though she is a quiet girl, has ambition and energy enough for both of you."

"You say this Elizabeth girl is engaged to her pa's foreman," Wendling said. "So far as I am concerned they have my blessing."

"They are not engaged yet," Anna Jane cautioned. "You'd better not say anything that can be brought up against you when you are a married man. Besides, Elizabeth is the best-looking woman in this part of the country."

Wendling laughed.

"Matched for size," he said. "Mismatched as to chins and noses. Matched for looks. I'll certainly give this Elizabeth girl an opportunity when I go to work for her pa."

Then he confessed he had always wanted a big girl. "And it has always been my luck to be chosen by these little women, the kind that have to stand on tiptoe and then make a man stoop away down to say good night.

"For me, I'd like a girl who can stand flat-footed when she's looking into my eyes and telling me ——"

Wendling's lips quirked upward in an amused smile.

"This Elizabeth girl sounds right interesting," he admitted.

Anna Jane returned his smile with a wise sidelong glance.

"You've been assigned a new lesson," she said. "Elizabeth isn't like these little women who have to stand on tiptoe. She just naturally isn't the kissing kind."

"Huh!" Wendling's grunt was expressive of vast skepticism. "You say she is easy to look at! And she is human enough to be getting engaged to her pa's foreman! Where do you get this nonkissable stuff?"

"A full-grown man!" Anna Jane mocked; "and asking such intimate questions about my best friend."

Before the ride was ended Wendling learned that the Maxwell ranch was located a few miles above Mill Creek in the Ochoco Valley.

Anna Jane told him something of the place, and of the people he would meet there. She spoke of Milt Slater, Maxwell's foreman. "He is not a bad-hearted fellow," she said, "but he usually does his thinking afterward, and as a consequence he is always in wrong with someone. The trouble with him is that he has never been licked hard enough to teach him anything."

It was late afternoon when Wendling reached the ranch.

Maxwell glanced once at the mare and then invited him to dismount.

"You'll be riding for the stallion," he said in a matter-of-fact manner.

He led the way to the barn and showed where to put the mare and pack horse.

As Wendling pulled off his chaps Maxwell picked them up and looked at them closely.

"Did you happen to meet up with Charlie Moore?" he asked casually.

Wendling said that he had met the rider along the trail.

"Was he just a-riding or was he going somewhere?"

Wendling smiled when he answered:

"He had money in his pocket, a good job in prospect, and he was wearing my best pair of leather chaps."

"He was a right good rider, that Charlie Moore," Maxwell said. Then as an afterthought: "My girl, Elizabeth, she seemed to set quite a store by the lad."

That evening when Wendling went to the house with the other riders he was introduced to Elizabeth. He appraised her with a glance of open admiration that brought a warmth of color to her cheeks. She remembered another of these adventuring riders who had often watched her with such a look in his eyes. For months she had been vaguely troubled about him. She wondered if he would ever return.

When the evening meal was finished and the men started to their bunk house Elizabeth followed them to the door. In her hand she carried a little time book in which their names were kept.

"Oh, Mr. Wendling," she called.

Jake turned and walked leisurely back to the house.

"I keep the books for the ranch," Elizabeth explained. "If you'll let me get your name correctly ——"

"Why it is Wendling—Jake Wendling: the same as your pa told you."

Elizabeth opened the little book and then paused. Wendling regarded her gravely. He searched slowly through his pockets and at last found the stub of a pencil. He looked at it a moment and then put it back into his pocket.

"If you had a pencil you could write it down," he suggested, but he did not offer his.

"I'll remember your name," Elizabeth said, becoming suddenly indignant at the man for trying to embarrass her.

Then Wendling smiled a slow, friendly smile.

"Yes, ma'am," he said; "and what else were you going to ask me?"

Elizabeth realized this was but bait he offered. She decided his smile was a friendly, understanding smile, instead of bold as she had thought.

She looked out across the valley for a moment before answering, and in her eyes was a troubled look. She found it hard to voice her question. It seemed so bold for a girl to be asking about a man.

"You were saying ——" Wendling suggested.

"Dad says you met Charlie Moore down in your country."

She said this as a statement, but Wendling realized that it called for more than a casual reply. He decided that the man who was away might be more of a factor in the situation than the man who was Maxwell's foreman. So he stepped up on the porch and stood beside her, and his gaze followed hers out across the little valley.

"Yes, ma'am," he said softly. "I had sold my outfit and was riding away. Then I came to the fork of the road. One way led to a little town, and the other way led to another little town. So I tossed a coin to decide which road to take. I never did see how that two-bit piece fell. Some folks think that everything happens just by chance. But I hold it must be some sort of destiny that guides us. There are others believe this too. A woman once wrote a poem about it. She called it Fate. 'Two shall be born the whole wide world apart. . . .' It is a right truthful poem. Some day I'll teach it to you."

For a moment they were silent. Elizabeth was held by the soft cadence of his voice and by a new thought he had presented. Wendling was waiting for the next play in this new deal. Then the import of his words came to Elizabeth. She realized that in a way new to her this man was speaking the language of love. Why, she had never seen him before this night!

"I believe I asked about Charlie Moore," she said tartly.

"Yes, ma'am. About Charlie! I was just going to tell when you interrupted me." Wendling became reminiscent. "Charlie is doing quite well. He was trading a bit when I saw him the last time. He was picking up some easy money too. Yes, ma'am. And I suppose by this time he is riding into the little town quite regular. If he were the marrying kind I would think —— It's odd about that quiet kind, how they can sit round and look at a girl sort of mournfullike and never say a word, never even think a word for that matter, and the first thing that happens ——"

Wendling paused. And during the pause Elizabeth realized that Charlie Moore had sat round looking mournfully at her, never saying a word.

What if he had never even thought a word? She was assailed with sudden conviction that this was the truth. She faced Wendling with heightened color.

"Well," she said, "I must get the dishes done." She paused for an instant at the door.

"We're mighty glad to have word of Charlie," she added briskly. "Dad, he seemed to set quite a store by the lad."

Elizabeth dismissed Wendling more easily than the emotions he had awakened. For months she had persuaded herself that in spite of his silence Moore cared for her and that some day he would return. Because of this she had been more or less indifferent to Slater's attentions. And yet she realized Slater cared for her. She knew he was loyal to her father, and it was to be said in his favor that he was a hard worker, a man who saved his money. She felt sure that in time he would outgrow his habit of boasting, his impulsive criticisms.

Now this other rider had come to add a new element to her indecision. She was not wholly displeased with the stranger's open admiration.

She remembered his quotation: "Two shall be born the whole wide world apart. . . ."

She wished he had not left it unfinished.

One day a few weeks later Elizabeth had occasion to drive to town with Slater. He spoke of Wendling and upbraided her for receiving the rider's attentions. In the end they quarreled.

That evening when the dishes had been washed and put away she slipped out of the

(Continued on Page 110)

Here at Last Was a Man Who Needed None of Her Sympathy, for Whom She Need Find No Excuses or Apologies

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Walk all day in Hood Wurkshus—the patented Pneumatic Heels prevent tired feet.

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A comfortable, easy, restful shoe that fits—conforms naturally to every outline of the foot.

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Here is that shoe—offered to you at a price much below what you would expect to pay.

Why are they so comfortable? Why do Hood Wurkshus wear so long?

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The sole is of tire-tread composition. It is made tough and pliable by the same process used in the manufacture of Hood Tires.

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The patented Pneumatic Heel—found only on Hood shoes—has specially constructed chambers which receive and eject air at every step. Gives lightness to the foot—makes walking easy—you literally "walk on air."

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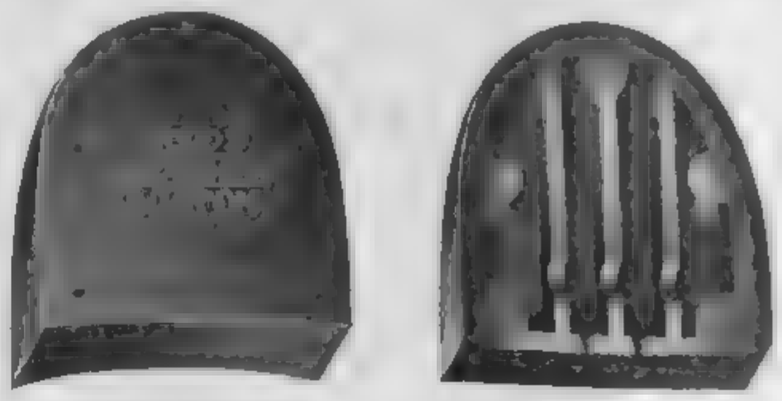

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Then there's an inner lining of lighter duck—that means extra strength, comfort, coolness. And leather-topped fibre inner soles to insulate—prevent that drawing of the feet, so common to rubber-sole shoes of ordinary make.

Heel, sole and upper—in fact, every part of the shoe—are welded together under a heavy pressure of live steam. This is called the "Hood Pressure-Cure Process."

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Perhaps you have noticed how quickly the toes of most canvas shoes sink in and lose their shape. This is not true of the Hood Wurkshu, which has a resilient box toe constructed of special fabric. You can press it down, but it immediately snaps back into place.

Hood Wurkshus are made on the Munson Army last.

They are manufactured in the largest rubber shoe factory in the United States, where modern methods and scientific management have united to produce the finest possible product with no waste of time or material.

Ask your dealer for Hood Wurkshus. If by any chance he hasn't them in stock, please let us know and we will see that you are supplied.

They'll rest your feet on the hottest day. Make walking a pleasure. Prevent slipping. Reduce your shoe bills.

And no matter how hard you try, you'll find it almost impossible to wear them out.

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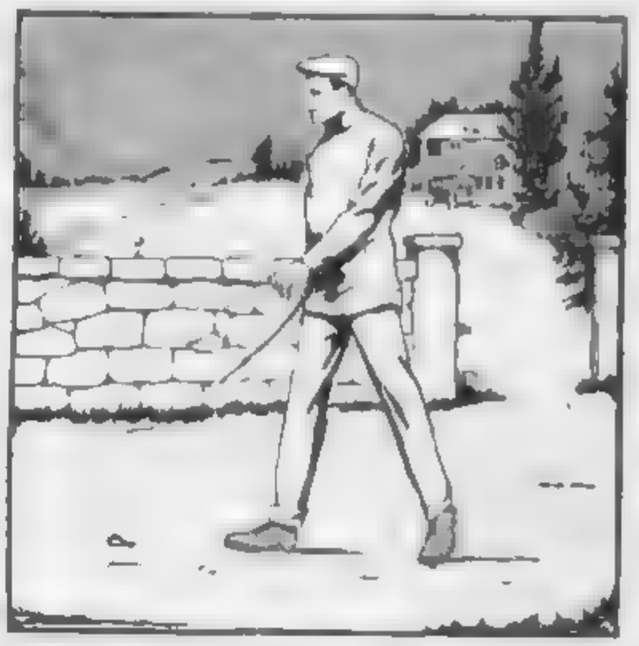

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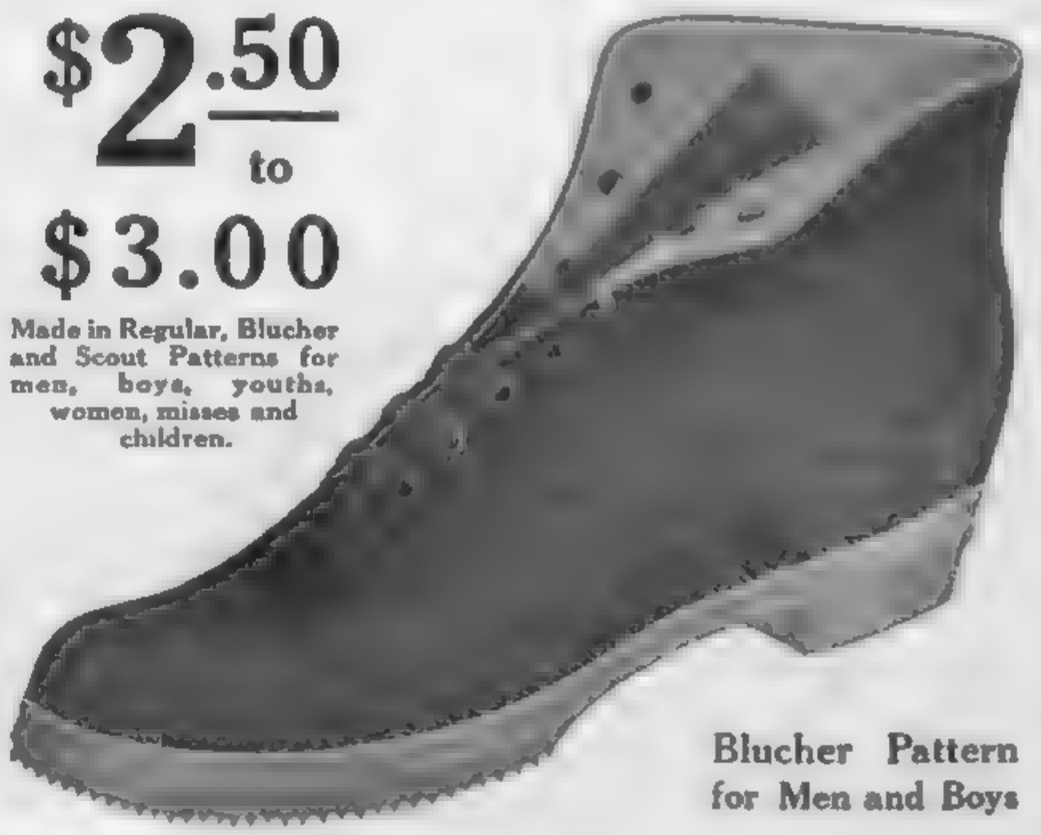

Blucher Pattern for Men and Boys

(Continued from Page 107)

house and across the alfalfa fields to a trail that led into the timber above the ranch. Here among the cool impersonal trees she could forget the discord of the day. It was here she had dreamed her girlhood dreams and had let her spirit attune itself to the spirit of these silent groves. It was here she still came when her heart was troubled.

At the edge of the pines she paused to watch the purple shadows gather over the familiar valley. As she watched she became conscious of a movement in the timber near her. Then Wendling rode down the trail and dismounted beside her.

She had missed him from the table that evening. Her father had said he had taken some cattle to a ranch on Mill Creek. They concluded he had decided to stay there for the night.

"I tried to find a short cut through the timber and lost my way," Wendling told her.

Then his eyes twinkled. "I knew you were getting powerfully interested in me," he said, "but I didn't look for you to come hunting me just because I happened to be a few minutes late."

"I been worrying about this very thing," Elizabeth said, answering his jest. "It always happens when a man from the plains tries to ride in the timber. He's bound to go and lose himself. Now that I've found you," she added, "I'd better take you home and feed you."

She led the way down to the valley road.

"The longest way round," she said, coquetting for the first time in her serious life.

She felt a sense of satisfaction, of comfort in his presence. Here at last was a man who needed none of her sympathy, for whom she need find no excuses or apologies.

As they walked he reached to tuck a wayward lock of her hair into place. Then his hand slipped down across her shoulders and rested there. It was a strong, considerate hand, content to rest against the curve of her throat; and she was content to have it so.

When they reached the house she went to prepare his supper while he cared for his horse. Later he helped her put away the dishes, and then they loitered together on the porch.

"'Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,'" she repeated. "Will you teach me the rest of the poem?"

He found another straying lock of hair to tuck into place. This trick of caressing a girl's hair had been effective in more than one twilight dalliance.

"Two shall be born the whole wide world apart. . . ."

Few were the girls he had known who had not accepted the suggestion of these lines. He drew Elizabeth toward him as he commenced speaking, and as his voice flowed on in the cadences of the poem they stood in the instinctive attitude of lovers, his hands clasping her arms, her hands resting against his breast.

". . . and one day out from darkness they shall meet, and read life's meaning in each other's eyes.'"

There was a catch, a huskiness in Wendling's voice as he finished, and as he watched there dawned in Elizabeth's eyes a look that dawns but once in a woman's eyes, a look that but one man may ever see.

As baser metals may be mistaken for gold, so may other emotions be mistaken for love; but never may gold appear as aught but gold or love be mistaken for aught that is base. Wendling as he read Elizabeth's heart knew that this emotion was the pure gold of the spirit. He would have taken her then in his arms, but she held him gently away.

"Not yet, please," she pleaded. "Milt Slater has been asking me to marry him, and I have not told him no. He cares for me, too, in his way. And so for love's sake I do not want to hurt him more than I can help."

With another girl it would have been Wendling's whim to win her lips by persuasion, by jesting argument. But for that brief moment he had seen with the eyes of the spirit, not with the eyes of the flesh, and he was held silent by a sense of awe, of reverence he could not define. So he let her have her way.

That night Elizabeth came to a full realization of what love meant, and her heart was troubled. The years would be so long, and she had known this man such a little time. That very day Slater had told her she was foolish even to waste time with such a man. He had said these riders were triflers, that Wendling had most likely left a girl on every range where he had ridden who thought that some day he would return. She remembered Wendling had made no open avowal of his love, though his every word and act had carried a suggestion of affection. She wished she could know his thoughts. He had said no word of marriage. But she did not deny the knowledge of her own heart. She knew that when the day came she would go with him and have neither the power nor the desire to deny him.

The next morning she watched for his coming with a strange mingling of timidity and eagerness. When he came with the rest of the men for breakfast he was whistling a gay little melody. He came in through the kitchen, which was not permitted. He swung the dining-room door shut and then cupped her oval chin in his strong hands.

"Last night I told you I would wait an eternity for you," he said, his eyes twinkling as he spoke. "I've changed my mind. I'm going to make it a week."

He went on into the dining room and during the meal was by turns gay and quiet. Once Elizabeth caught him watching her, his expression grave, serious.

"It's odd about these quiet kind," she jested, "how they can just sit, mournful-like, never saying a word."

There were cattle to be fed that morning, there were colts to be handled, there were the hundred and one never finished tasks of ranch routine, but none of these things was for Wendling that day. As soon as breakfast was finished he saddled his mare and rode out toward the open range.

During the weeks he had worked for Maxwell he had learned something of the trails the wild horses followed. From time to time reports of the chestnut stallion had reached the ranch. Once he had been seen on the crest of Lookout. Again a lone rider had seen him for a moment in the brakes at the head of Trout Creek. A few days later it was reported that he was in the timber with a band of mares on the McKie Creek side.

Wendling was only casually interested in these reports. It was too late in the year to begin riding for the stallion. Already the higher hills were covered with snow, and with each storm the white edge of winter crept nearer and nearer to the valleys.

Wendling knew too that his mare would need the winter's rest to bring her back to the strength she must have when once he started to trail the stallion. In spite of the care he had taken the effects of the long distance he had ridden her were still evident to him.

This day he unconsciously turned toward the little meadows Moore had told him of that nestled in the timber in the narrow valley of the upper Mill Creek. Toward noon he came silently to the edge of one of these natural clearings. There, guarding the trail over which he had come, stood the chestnut stallion. Beyond, in the meadow, several mares were grazing. For just an instant the horse stood, poised, curious. Then he whirled and raced desperately across the clearing. The Brandy mare was running at his flank as Wendling's rope swung in an opening noose, and then settled, slack for a moment, across his neck and shoulders. In another instant the rope tightened in a choking, strangling grip, and the stallion's life of freedom was ended. As his flight was checked he whirled, reared, struck madly at the slender rope that held him captive. Then, conscious again of the strange mare and her stranger burden, he tried to break back into the timber, but the rope held him in its narrow, agonizing circle.

Wendling, watching the stallion's every move, reined the mare backward, sideward, keeping the rope taut, giving him neither rest nor mercy.

At last the stallion's only thought was to pull free from the torturing rope. He was flecked with the lather of his own sweat, strangled, blinded by the pulse of his blood-clogged brain.

The mare, braced until her haunches were almost against the ground, held the weight of his straining body until he sank unconscious to the ground.

In an instant Wendling was kneeling beside him. Swiftly he removed the noose and rigged a Spanish hackamore, a cunning halter of rope by which the wildest horse can be controlled without punishment.

Then he remounted the mare and waited. In a few moments the stallion's muscles began to twitch. Before long he got slowly, uncertainly to his feet.

Immediately Wendling commenced the work of breaking him to lead. As he had been ruthless in conquering, now he was infinitely patient in teaching. He worked slowly, talking the while in a soothing, caressing voice.

"We'll call you Brandy," he said. "Brandy and Blondy! We'll break you so Elizabeth can ride you. And we'll break you to drive so we'll have a proper courtin' team."

Step by step the stallion learned to yield to the tightening of the halter. By mid-afternoon he followed a slack rope at the mare's flank.

At sunset when Wendling rode to the ranch the riders gathered from the barns and corrals, and Maxwell and Elizabeth came down from the house.

Side by side, there in the level rays of the evening sun, the mare and stallion stood, seeming like twin statues cast in bronze.

Maxwell inspected them with practiced eyes, and found no flaw.

"I'll give you a thousand dollars for them," he said.

Wendling laughed as he refused the offer.

"I'm going to break them to drive," he said. "I'll be needing a courtin' team soon."

Elizabeth had been appraising the animals with appreciative eyes.

"Most any girl would let you take her with such a team," she said.

"I'll be asking a girl," Wendling replied, "but I'm telling the world that when I take a girl driving with this team it will be when we start for the parson's."

Then he turned to Maxwell. It was conceded that the stallion belonged legally to the rancher. When his riders had failed season after season to corral the horse, Maxwell had said he would give it to the man who captured it and then rode it in his corral.

"I'll ride him here next Sunday," Wendling said. "You can tell your neighbors there will be no exhibition. Anybody can break a horse to buck. I aim to break this fellow so he'll never know how."

Though the word was passed that Wendling intended to gentle the stallion before he rode him the riders gathered from all parts of the range that Sunday afternoon.

A murmur of appreciation went up from them when Wendling led the stallion out of the barn. And the stallion—nervous, resentful of the high-poled corral—lifted his proud head and sent forth a defiant challenge.

Working alone with infinite patience and gentleness Wendling succeeded in saddling him. He took no advantage of blindfold or bridle as he swung into the saddle.

For a moment the stallion stood with tensing muscles. Then he became aware of a gentle tugging of the hackamore rope. His first lesson had been well learned. Now he yielded reluctantly to the command of the rope. Step by step as Wendling urged and coaxed and forced he circled slowly round the narrow inclosure.

For several minutes this continued until for the men who watched the interest was gone. They had seen the horse ridden, but they were not wholly satisfied. According to their code he should have been broken with spade and spurs, taught by force that Wendling was his master.

Slater voiced this feeling as he and several others entered the corral.

"A broke horse!" he said contemptuously, and flung his wide-brimmed hat under the stallion's feet.

As the horse whirled to escape the menace of the whirling hat Wendling instinctively clinched with spurred heels. Mad with nervousness and fear, goaded by the sudden pain of the spurs, the stallion raced across the corral and tried to win to freedom in one magnificent leap. His forefeet cleared the top pole, but the height was too great for even such a daring effort. Wendling threw himself clear as the stallion fell back. He was in the saddle again when the horse regained his feet.

The men who had come to see an exhibition of riding were not to be disappointed. The stallion rose to his feet fighting, screaming with sudden rage. He did not buck blindly as some horses do, but with fearful strength and intelligence he fought to be free of his living burden. Had he been on the open range no man could have ridden him, but in the narrow corral his movements were hampered. Wendling rode with a balance, a perfect coordination of thought and muscles that comes only with years of practice. At last the stallion reared to his full height and threw himself backward. Again Wendling fell clear of the saddle and remounted as the horse struggled to his feet.

Now the stallion trotted nervously round the corral, seeking only to escape its barring walls. When he had become quiet, and again responded to the gentle tugging of his rope, Wendling sought Slater in the crowd.

"I'm going to put the horse up now," he said. "If you are here when I come back I am going to whip you."

He dismounted and led the stallion into the barn. When he returned the men who were standing with Slater instinctively drew away from him.

It was Elizabeth who advanced to meet Wendling.

"Please don't start anything like that," she pleaded.

"Get out of my way and go to the house where you belong."

Wendling spoke in the same flat monotone he had used in speaking to Slater. When he realized Elizabeth had no intention of obeying him he took her by the arm and roughly crowded her out of his path.

Then Slater came forward to give battle. There were no preliminary words. When they were within striking distance Wendling struck viciously, powerfully. Slater staggered back from the blow and stood staring stupidly.

Anna Jane's words were recalled to Wendling: "He's never been licked hard enough to teach him anything."

"I'll teach you something now," he said grimly.

He closed with Slater again and commenced striking with deliberate method, bruising, flaying him with slashing knuckles. Slater rocked back from the storm of blows, swayed on uncertain footing, and then slipped unconscious to the ground.

Wendling stood over the inert body, still unsatisfied, waiting for a movement that would justify continued punishment. Some men are like that in anger. The heart seems to draw the blood to itself, leaving the face white, the brain cold and pitiless, dead to mercy or compassion.

Elizabeth came and knelt beside the prostrate body.

She looked up at Wendling as at a stranger.

"You can go whenever you are ready," she told him. "You have the horse. There is nothing else here for you." She spoke dispassionately as one pronounces a well-considered judgment.

"I told you to go to the house," Wendling replied. "Get away from that fellow and do as I told you."

Maxwell walked up and took him by the arm.

"That's enough from you," he said shortly. "What the girl says goes. You have the horse. You can roll your blankets and be on your way."

Wendling's hand clenched at his side as he faced Maxwell. His impulse was to whip him for interfering, and then force this girl to do his bidding. But he had liked the elder man. He liked him now for his courage.

Wendling's thoughts became sane as he stood deliberating. Elizabeth's words repeated themselves in his mind: "You have the horse. There is nothing else here for you."

He remembered how impersonally she had spoken. He wondered why she had wanted to interfere. Suddenly it seemed very clear to him. He thought of a verse he had read:

Hath she grown suddenly gracious?
Reflect, is it all for thee?
The black buck is stalked through the bullock,
And man through jealousy.

He smiled grimly as he threw off Maxwell's restraining hand. So she had simply been playing him against Slater.

The rancher followed him to the bunk house.

"If you'll figure out what I owe you I'll pay you now," he said.

"I wasn't riding for pay," Wendling told him briefly. "I was riding for the horse. As you and Elizabeth say, I have him now. I'll be gone in a few minutes."

It was in accord with his mood that when he left the ranch he rode the stallion and led the mare. His pack horse followed contentedly behind. He came to the road in the valley, and here he tossed no coin to decide the way. Without so much as a backward glance he turned toward the little town.

This was not the first girl from whom he had parted in anger. He wondered if he

(Continued on Page 112)

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The boys from the Front will tell you

(Continued from Page 110)
could forget her as easily as he had forgotten the others.

He decided he would stay in Prineville for the winter. It was too late in the year to ride to another range.

As the days passed he devoted himself to the task of educating the stallion, teaching him to stand without being tied, to respond to the lightest weight of a bridle rein, to understand the whirling lass rope. Later, when these first lessons were well learned, he broke the team to the harness.

But the time passed slowly for him. He began to drink steadily. And he became morose, taciturn.

Anna Jane sent for him one day.

"You ought to cut out this kid stuff," she told him. "Drinking never gets you anything with a girl. And being sulky doesn't help either."

She jested with him, and coaxed, until he responded to her mood.

"I have been acting like a fool," he confessed. "And I once thought that men who acted over a woman as I've been doing were not very smart."

"They're not," Anna Jane assured him.

Then she asked him to tell her the truth about the whole matter. She said she had heard half a dozen versions of it; and that Elizabeth refused to tell her.

Wendling decided that if Elizabeth had refused to talk he might as well keep what he knew to himself. But he told Anna Jane part of the story.

"You were right about it being terrible to have such a quick-acting heart," he concluded. "Elizabeth had let me kid myself into believing ——"

He stopped speaking for a moment, remembering girls he had known before he knew Elizabeth. "I had it coming to me," he admitted frankly.

"Elizabeth never let you kid yourself into believing anything that wasn't true," Anna assured him positively. "That is one reason I sent for you. I want you two children to get together and talk this thing over when you are both feeling good-natured. We are getting a crowd together for a dance," she explained. "You telephone to Elizabeth and persuade her to go with you."

Anna Jane said the dance was to be given the following evening; that they had decided upon it just the preceding day.

"Has Elizabeth been told of this?" Wendling asked.

"She has," Anna Jane said. "I told her myself, just this morning. And I told her she would have to come."

"Do you suppose Slater knows?"

Anna Jane thought he had not been told.

"I'm doing this against my better judgment," Wendling said; "but I'm going to give that Elizabeth girl another chance to turn me down."

A few minutes later he telephoned to the Maxwell ranch.

Elizabeth answered the call.

"This is Jake Wendling speaking," he said. "Anna Jane tells me there is to be a dance here in town to-morrow night. I'm wondering if you are willing to go with me. I'll not drive the chestnut team unless you say so."

Elizabeth pressed her hand to her breast. Why should her pulse quicken so at the sound of his voice? Only that afternoon she had promised Slater that he could take her.

"Oh, I can't go with you," she answered. She wondered if she could tell Wendling she would dance with him.

"Thank you." His voice came to her, a flat, colorless tone she had heard him use once before.

Maybe she would have a chance to explain to him at the dance.

Wendling went back to Anna Jane's.

"Am I invited to this dance without Elizabeth?" he asked.

Anna Jane assured him he was.

"Thank you," he said gravely. "I'll most likely find some girl so I'll not have to stand round too much."

"If you're set on making a fool of yourself you may bring anyone you want," Anna Jane replied impatiently.

The evening was nearly spent when Wendling arrived at the hall where the dance was being held. When he saw Elizabeth he appraised her slowly, impersonally, with no look of recognition. She tried to reason away the hurt his apparent indifference brought her.

The evening was nearly ended when he came to her. "Good evening, Elizabeth," he said. There was a smile on his lips, half-whimsical, half-mocking. "When I was a kid I played baseball some. I just happened to remember that a fellow is allowed three strikes before he is called out. I've made two already. I'm taking another chance."

The music for the next dance was beginning.

"It is a waltz," he said, and held out his hand.

Elizabeth took his hand and they stood together until they caught the rhythm of the music. She knew she had promised this to someone else. She hoped it was not to Slater.

For a little while they followed the music in silence. He held her to him closer than she would have permitted another man to. She looked full into his eyes once, and turned away from the ardor of his gaze.

"May I explain things to you?" she whispered.

"Some other time," he answered indifferently. "I reckon you'll be good at explaining. I'll have to hand it to you, you certainly know how to play the game. And I fell for your work." There was a note of wonderment in his voice. Then the music ceased and he led her back to her seat.

"I'm sorry about the play I made that Sunday," he whispered just before he left her. "I'd hate to have you think I did it because I was jealous of him."

From time to time as they passed on the floor he flashed her an apparently friendly smile, but he did not speak to her again.

During the rest of the winter they went to the same dances and entertainments, and though he always had a smile and a jesting greeting for her he did not dance with her again or try to see her alone.

He had got his buggy with yellow wheels, and a tan harness for the team. There was much speculation as to who the first girl would be to go driving with him. He avoided complications by hiring a livery team when he took a girl with him. And he seemed careful that it should seldom be the same girl twice.

In the early spring McNaughton, a sheepman whose ranches lay to the south of Prineville, came to Wendling with an offer of work.

"What would I have to do?" Wendling wanted to know.

"I have a chance to buy another ranch and two bands of sheep," McNaughton told him. "I can raise feed enough for the sheep and I have winter range for them, but I'll have to find a summer range."

McNaughton watched Wendling shrewdly as he talked.

"Maxwell fired you, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever ridden that ridge from the head of the McKie to the head of Trout Creek?"

"Yes."

"Is there enough grass there to carry two bands of sheep through the summer without robbing the cattle too much?"

"I get you," Wendling said. "Maxwell told me he figured you would try to horn in there before long."

"Does he feel pretty violent about it?"

"I believe he doesn't," Wendling answered after a moment's thought.

"Would he take on any sheep himself if he could get them right?"

"We talked about that once," Wendling admitted. "He says he is getting too old to change, and that it would cause too much hard feeling among his neighbors."

McNaughton nodded.

"I'll talk to him some day," he said. Then he returned to his first topic.

"About these two bands of sheep: Will you run them for me this summer if I buy them?"

"I'm not looking for wages," Wendling parried.

"What do you want?"

"I'll run them on shares. I'll take them to this ridge we were speaking of for the summer for one-third of the clip and increase at this time next year if you furnish supplies, grub, everything. Or I'll take them in and furnish everything for two-thirds. Or I'll take them in and we'll share fifty-fifty."

McNaughton did not hesitate.

"That fifty-fifty business!" he said. "You have a lawyer draw a contract and I'll sign with you."

It was not long until riders from other ranges began to drift through Prineville on their way to McNaughton's home ranch. And following them came hard tales of other well-remembered range wars.

There came a day in the late spring when McNaughton and Wendling bunched the two bands and started drifting them toward the timber.

Toward evening the bleating of the sheep could be heard close to the town, and Maxwell with several other cattlemen rode to meet them.

Wendling and McNaughton rode in front of the sheep. Behind them the camp tenders followed with their pack horses. In a wide circle the gunmen rode guard.

The riders stopped their horses, and Maxwell plunged at once into the subject.

"We understand that Mr. Wendling has a working interest in two bands of Mr. McNaughton's sheep, and that he intends to run them on our side of the creek this summer."

McNaughton and Wendling remained silent, forcing Maxwell to take the entire initiative.

After a moment's awkward silence he continued:

"There was a deal of trouble over this matter once before. You men know of it. We've come to see if we can't make some sort of compromise. We don't want to reopen an old trouble."

"I know how you men feel about this," Wendling answered. "When I was a kid my father ran sheep and had no use for cattle. But I sort of grew away from the sheep business, and I have been running cattle for several years. Now I'm not for either sheep or cattle, only incidentally. I'm looking now where the money is, and where it will be in the future. So I'm going into the sheep business. When I get located here I'll take on cattle too. I'll run them side by side and make both pay. You fellows will be doing the same within a few years.

"Now, about going into the timber: The Government is going to include all that in a forest reserve before long, and the Government doesn't play favorites in the stock business. The range will be divided between the sheepmen and the cattlemen, and the ones who are running stock in the timber will be the first to be taken care of when a reserve is established. So we are going in now.

"The Trout Creek and Willow Creek cattle run mostly on the west and north slopes of the ridge, and your cattle run on the east and south. I'm aiming to keep the sheep on the top of the ridge, and to range them from the head of the McKie to the head of Trout Creek."

"Why not wait until the reserve is established?" Maxwell counseled. "It will save a lot of hard feeling, maybe worse."

"If it were going to hurt you personally or if you were crowded for range I would stay out. I want you to be sure of that. But for the trouble ——" Wendling shrugged his shoulders. "We are going in, and we intend to come out again."

The next day the sheep were herded across the Ochoco and over the divide toward the McKie. Later Wendling built corrals and established his camps at the springs on the high ridge where he intended to spend the summer. Then he marked out the limits of the range he intended to appropriate for his sheep. He divided the gunmen McNaughton had employed into two groups and had them erect cabins for themselves.

The summer months passed quickly, but never for an instant did he allow his men to relax their vigilant guard. The methods of range fighting were not new to him.

He had planned to hold the sheep in the timber until the last week of September before starting them back to their winter range. It was mid-September when McNaughton advised him to get ready to move them.

"We'll earn our passage back," McNaughton told him, an ugly light playing in his eyes. "They are holding all the cattle they can gather on the divide between the McKie and Ochoco."

"I've been watching them," Wendling said. "Old stuff! They figure on cutting us up with a stampede. Old stuff!" he repeated contemptuously. "But we'll fall for it. We'll bunch the two bands together when we start out, and trail them down the McKie. We'll build a corral in that little box cañon at the edge of the timber, and we'll figure on reaching there just before dark. These fellows will be just smart enough to believe we intend to camp where we build the corral. There is a dry cañon, a wash, leads into this box cañon. We'll hold the sheep in there until they turn their cattle loose on us."

Wendling figured his time to a nicety. Just as twilight was blending into the dusk of night the sheep entered the cañon where he had built his corral. Then there was a sudden urging of the dogs, a great flapping of coats, the insistent whistling of the herders as they turned the band into the shelter of the smaller cañon. And above the bleating of the sheep could be heard the shrill crying of riders and the excited bellowing of frightened, hard-pressed cattle.

An old bellwether broke back from the band and started down the cañon. A yearling followed. Wendling shot them, and the other sheep that might have followed crowded away from the dead bodies.

Then a steer galloped past. Another followed. And then a thousand more, like a torrent in flood, swept down into the cañon. They were gone almost as swiftly as they had come.

A lone rider followed. Slater, unthinking as usual, had ridden away from his companions intent on seeing the damage the cattle had done. The herders were holding the sheep on the chance that other cattle might be driven down.

Slater was almost past them before he saw them. And as he realized the situation two riders were at his horse's flanks, a rope whirled in the air, and he was jerked violently out of his saddle.

He was dragged back to where Wendling and McNaughton waited with their gunmen.

He was stunned, dazed by the fall from his horse.

"Shall we hang him or drag him?" he heard a brutal voice asking.

"We'll turn him loose," he heard Wendling reply.

There followed a moment's argument. Then Wendling came and released the rope.

"Go and tell Elizabeth about this," he said. "Tell her I'm sending you as a gift."

Wendling went back to his men.

"Spread out behind the cattle," he instructed his riders, "and keep them on the move until morning. Then you can go on to the ranch. I'll stay with the sheep."

A few days later Slater told Elizabeth of that night's events. They were returning from the town together.

"It wasn't that he would hesitate to kill a man," Slater said. "It was just that he thought it another chance to insult you."

Slater's hand had been resting on the back of the buggy seat. Now he reached hesitatingly and petted her shoulder. Then he drew her to him, and Elizabeth, unresisting, unresponsive, permitted him to hold her so for a moment. But when he would have kissed her she drew away from him.

"Don't," she said listlessly. "But I suppose I will marry you some day. I'll tell you when I am ready."

The County Fair was an institution that for several days brought the ranchers and townsfolk together. Here Shorthorn and Shropshire might be paraded side by side with no thought of range difficulties to mar the admiration of their perfection. Here too the work of a skillful herder with his dog received the same unstinted applause as was given for an exhibition of riding or roping.

The day before the fair opened, a year since Wendling had come adventuring to this new range, he drove into town behind his chestnut team. As the team came swiftly down the street many a girl there was who looked with inviting eyes at the vacant seat beside him. And many a guess was made by the men as to which of the girls would be first to ride.

As Wendling neared the livery stable he saw Herb Staley, Anna Jane's man, standing with a group of riders on the corner.

Obeying a sudden impulse he turned back and drove to Anna Jane's home. She came to the door at his call.

"Herb is over at the barn," he stated.

"Yes?"

"Yes. And you know what I've said about the first girl who goes driving with me!"

"Yes?"

"Yes. But I'm thinking I might let a right good friend of mine drive the rig down Main Street if she happened to be in the rig alone."

"I get you!" Anna Jane exclaimed delightedly. "You're an old dear! Wait until I doll up a bit."

When Anna Jane took the lines Wendling cautioned her not to pass the barn until he had time to get there.

(Concluded on Page 115)

The Health-Importance of Clean Furniture

IT is only natural for women to advise their friends to use Lyknu when they see what a transformation this superior polish effects in their own homes.

LYKNU contains ingredients which have a positive germicidal action—a feature of great value during the prevailing epidemics.

LYKNU leaves the furniture absolutely clean, hard and dry without the least suggestion of dust and germ-harboring stickiness.

LYKNU saves time and labor by making a second cloth and laborious rubbing unnecessary.

LYKNU produces best results when bottle is first shaken well and cheesecloth simply moistened—*not saturated*—by holding it against mouth of bottle.

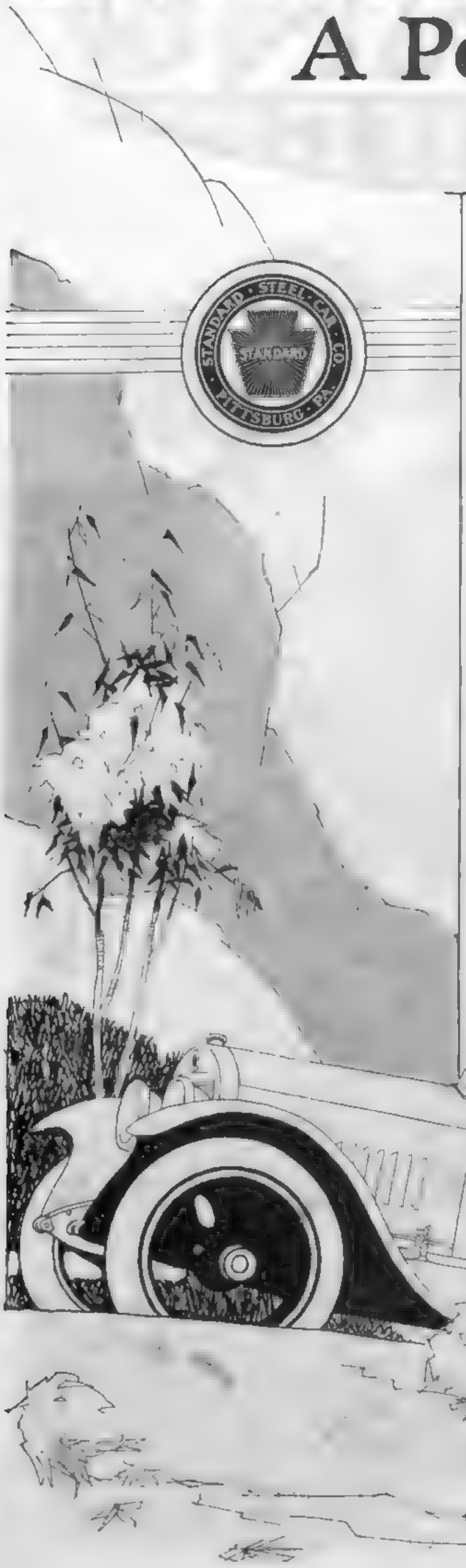
Add to the attractiveness and sanitary cleanliness of *your* home by using Lyknu. Get a bottle today!

Three sizes: 25c, 50c, $1.00

If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name and 25c for bottle mailed prepaid.

LYKNU POLISH MANUFACTURING CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

STANDARD EIGHT
A Powerful Car



More power than you need is what you want—and that is the power of the Standard Eight

You don't need to climb the steepest and longest demonstrating hills in the country in high gear, but you can in the Standard Eight.

—and accelerate while climbing.

It is this power that makes the control as flexible as that of an electric motor car in crowded traffic.

It is this power that makes driving a pleasure, and motoring a pastime.

Whatever power you want—just press down the throttle—*and there it is.*

And behind this car is the power of an immense organization—The Standard Steel Car Co. of Pittsburg. The vast resources of this company are backing up the demand of car owners and dealers for more Standard Eights.

New territories are being opened and new dealers appointed who wish to build a business of permanence with a car of integrity.

Write for particulars of dealers' agreement.

STANDARD STEEL CAR COMPANY
Automotive Department, Pittsburg, Pa.

(Concluded from Page 112)

Staley was standing in the doorway of the stable when Wendling returned.

"Where is the team?" he asked.

Wendling looked carelessly up the street as if expecting to see the outfit.

"They'll be along directly," he answered.

"You don't seem to have any luck getting a girl to go driving with you," one of the men standing with Staley said jestingly.

"I'm tolerably particular who I ask," Wendling retorted.

"Will you look!" another man exclaimed.

Down the street Anna Jane drove, the team speeding as if matched in a race.

Staley flushed angrily. He faced Wendling.

"Where do you get that stuff?" he demanded. "Horning in with my girl!"

"Is she your girl?" Wendling asked politely. "I looked right close and I didn't see your brand. And any time they don't wear a diamond brand or the plain circle I figure my claim is as good as the next.

"To tell you the truth I sent for one of those diamond brands sometime ago," he continued. "It is in my pocket now. I'm figuring it will look right pretty on a girl's finger."

As Anna Jane passed the barn she caught a glimpse of Staley's angry frown and of Wendling's provoking smile. For once in her short life she decided she had overplayed her hand. She swung the team smartly and started back.

Staley walked deliberately into the street to meet her. Anna Jane did not stop until the team swerved to avoid running into him.

"Get out of that rig!" he commanded.

"I will not!" Anna Jane declared stoutly.

Staley hesitated an instant. Then he stepped into the rig and took the lines from her resisting hands.

He drove across to the one jewelry store of which the town boasted.

"Here, you!" he called to a loitering boy, "take this team back to the livery barn."

Holding Anna Jane by the arm he led her into the store.

"I want a diamond ring for this girl," he stated. "Never mind the size," he said in answer to the clerk's question. "I want the best stone you have in the house. If the ring doesn't fit her finger she can wear it on her thumb."

When a suitable ring had been found and crowded unceremoniously upon Anna Jane's finger Staley led her back to the livery barn.

He thrust her hand out for Wendling's inspection.

Jake inspected the hand and the jewel gravely.

"A right pretty hand," he pronounced. "It's a fine setting for such a stone."

Then he looked up at Staley and smiled a friendly smile.

"I wish I had your speed in such matters," he said. "I have had one of those rings in my pocket since last spring and haven't found anyone who wants to wear it."

Staley looked from Wendling's frank, friendly face to Anna Jane's demure, downcast eyes, and then back again.

"I believe ——" Staley commenced to speak and then paused. He was a right good poker player, Staley was, and he had sat in at more than one smooth frame-up.

"I'm darned if I don't believe ——"

Then Anna Jane looked up into his eyes, her gaze wistful, tender; and his sinful thought was banished.

"I believe we're going to the courthouse to get the license now," he told Wendling. "We'll be proud to have you go with us."

At the courthouse the clerk who issued the license congratulated them in the formal way.

"When is the event to be?" he asked.

"To-morrow afternoon," Staley stated promptly.

"A double wedding!" the clerk suggested. "Milt Slater got a license for himself and Miss Maxwell this morning."

Anna Jane looked at Wendling and sighed a faint regretful sigh.

Staley looked at him and whistled a soft note of sympathy.

"I'll be glad to congratulate Mr. Slater," Wendling told them gravely.

That evening Anna Jane telephoned to Elizabeth. She learned that the Maxwell household expected to be in Prineville the next morning for the opening of the fair.

Then Anna Jane told of the ring she wore.

"I hear you are wearing one too," she said.

"I am not," Elizabeth replied.

"Well, if you're not I'd like to know why Slater took out a license to-day," said Anna Jane.

There was a long moment of silence. Anna Jane thought she heard a stifled sob. When Elizabeth spoke her voice was controlled, but it held a note of resignation, indifference.

"How can I tell you?" she said. "You know that half the neighbors are on the line."

Anna Jane realized the whole truth.

"Listen!" she said eagerly. "I am sending you a gift. Don't you leave the ranch to-morrow until it comes. Will you promise?"

Elizabeth promised simply because Anna Jane insisted.

Staley was with Anna Jane while she telephoned, and now she slipped her hand into his.

"Let's go and find Wendling," she said.

They found him at the hotel. He was sitting apart from the men who crowded the hotel office. They went and stood beside him for a moment, but he was too absorbed in his own thoughts to notice them.

Anna Jane touched him on the arm.

"We've come to take you for a walk," she said.

Staley realized something of Anna Jane's plan, and so as Wendling rose to join them he said they must go alone, that he would be waiting for them when they returned.

Anna Jane flashed him a grateful smile as she left the hotel with Wendling.

They walked in silence for a way, and then Wendling, being curious, asked the reason of her desire to walk with him.

"Do you care for Elizabeth?" she asked bluntly.

"Do you care for Staley?" he parried.

"But how much do you care for her?" Anna Jane wanted to know.

"If you thought Mr. Staley cared more for some other girl than for you what would you do?"

"I'd go and scratch her," Anna Jane declared.

"Is that all you care for him?" Wendling asked gently.

"So that is the reason you sent her Slater as a gift!" Anna Jane exclaimed. "Oh, you old stupid! And Elizabeth has been breaking her heart for months because she thinks you don't care."

Wendling stopped and faced Anna Jane.

"Do you know what you are talking about?" he demanded.

"Of course I do," Anna Jane assured him. "I telephoned to Elizabeth a little while ago. She didn't even know Slater had gotten that license. I told her I intended to send her a gift in the morning. She promised to wait until she received it."

Wendling took Anna Jane by the arm and started back toward the hotel.

"Where are we going now?" Anna Jane asked.

"We are going to get Herb Staley. And then we are going to find that clerk and get another license."

A few minutes later they were at the courthouse. At the last minute the clerk registered a feeble protest. He doubted his right to do such an unheard-of thing.

"I'll guarantee there will be only one of the licenses used," Wendling assured him.

Then he looked levelly into the clerk's eyes.

"I've never made a threat in my life," he said, "but if anyone learns of this before to-morrow noon I'll know who told."

Maxwell's riders were waiting, their horses saddled and impatient, when Elizabeth left the house, dressed for the ride into town. Slater sat with Maxwell in the two-seated buggy, his best team groomed for the occasion.

But Elizabeth loitered. Far down the road a spiraling cloud of dust told of a rapidly approaching rig. For a little distance the road was hidden by the willows that bordered the stream. Then Blondy and Brandy flashed into view, their golden manes flaunting in the wind, their dappled hides gleaming. Their feet drummed a swift, rhythmic measure as they turned into the lane leading to the house.

Wendling drove up to the gate.

"Good morning, Mr. Maxwell," he said. "Howdy, boys."

He stepped out of the rig and removed his hat.

"Are you ready, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth did not hesitate.

"What a girl wouldn't do for the sake of driving such a team!" she said.

Wendling assisted her into the buggy and, handing her the lines, stepped in and settled himself comfortably beside her, his arm resting in approved fashion along the back of the seat.

"We'll see most of you folks in town," he called as the team started.

The men watched in silence until the rig turned back toward the town.

Then Maxwell spoke.

"One of you boys get me a saddle horse," he said. "And, Slater, I reckon you know you're fired."

He went into the house and telephoned to the McNaughton ranch.

"That proposition of yours!" he said when McNaughton answered his call. "Yes, about you and me and Wendling going in together. I've changed my mind regarding that. You get Wendling this afternoon and we'll talk it over together."

Elizabeth sat very erect in the buggy, devoting her whole attention to the team.

"I came to the fork of the road ——" Wendling was saying.

"Yes," Elizabeth interrupted, "you told me that once. But you told it to Anna Jane first, didn't you?"

"Part of it," he admitted. "You see, Anna Jane had just told me about you and I was so sure you were the girl I had been looking for it seemed kind of fair to tell Anna Jane the first part."

Elizabeth leaned back, ever so little.

"I thought you said the first girl you took driving with this team you were going to take straight to the parson's."

"I did, and I am," he declared positively.

"One of our riders said he saw Anna Jane driving this team down Main Street yesterday."

"Yes," Jake explained. "You know Anna Jane was just getting engaged yesterday, and she is going to be married to-day. It was a sort of engagement gift. Anna Jane has always been wild to drive the team and I couldn't take her, because I intended you should be the first, and she couldn't have let me take her on account of Herb Staley. So I let her drive alone for a few minutes."

Wendling found the tiniest wisp of Elizabeth's hair to tuck back into place. Then his hand slipped down across her shoulder and she leaned back contentedly.

"That Milt Slater!" she said after a moment's silence. "He had the nerve to go and get a marriage license without even telling me."

"I heard about it," Jake acknowledged. "I couldn't let him try any of that fast stuff with a girl like you, so I just naturally got one myself and came for you."

He took the lines from Elizabeth and with deft fingers looped them in a half hitch round the dashboard.

"I've always wanted a man I would sort of have to stand on tiptoe to kiss," Elizabeth confessed a few minutes later.

"I hoped you'd be that kind of girl," Jake told her.

Mileage

When a truck has run 50, 75 or 100 thousand miles, every question relating to power, upkeep, operation and profit has been answered.

No further investigation or argument as to that truck's merit is necessary.

For if the component parts of that truck were not well-designed and honestly built to give service, the truck would long since have been sold for scrap.

In the actual mileage records is the one great dominating demonstration of the success of the worm drive principle and of Timken-Detroit Worm Drive Axles.

Although they have been in use now for seven years —although they are under thousands of trucks, of which many have run 100,000 miles, some 200,000, not one to our knowledge has as yet been worn out in legitimate service. In fact we don't know how great mileages they will attain and it may take seven years more to find out.

Furthermore, these trucks *seldom change hands*. Men who buy worm-drive trucks hang on to them, for they know that they will take out the resale value in actual operation not once but several times, and still have left in the axles alone a resale value greater than the sum for which many another truck has been sold after but a few years service.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

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For Efficient COMMERCIAL Haulage

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Send For The Plumber Before You Need Him

He is a good counselor on household sanitation, as well as a valuable man in case of trouble.

Why wait until trouble develops? You want to feel secure in the knowledge that your plumbing functions properly all the time. Your building may have settled, and weakened or broken some joints in your piping system, thus developing unseen leaks. Rubber washers deteriorate with age waste pipes and traps not examined for years collect sediment and waste. These are some of the things which may happen to neglected plumbing and will show up through an inspection.

Why wait until your fixtures are obsolete when, at reasonable cost and with competent assistance from your plumber, you can have new, sanitary, good-looking and up-to-date fixtures with the measure of safety that accompanies such equipment?

Is Your Plumbing Over Ten Years Old?

If so you are probably in need of new. At any rate, you should have it carefully examined, whether defects are visible or not.

It is more dangerous to neglect the plumbing in your house than it is to neglect the teeth in your head. Neglected plumbing may bring sickness to the entire family, while bad teeth are dangerous to you alone so the plumber is important from the health standpoint. Call a good plumber now and have all your plumbing fixtures and fittings examined.

"Standard" Plumbing Fixtures, for Bath, Kitchen and Laundry, represent practically unlimited wearing qualities, but styles change and patterns progress. This is evidenced by the rapid development of the built-in bath, the one-piece sink and the white enameled sanitary laundry tub, not to mention other items.

Plumbing In Public Places

In hotels, garages and other places dependent upon public patronage the plumbing is an important item of service. Its good condition may bring people back. Its bad condition may keep them away. Owners of such buildings should seek frequently good plumbing advice and counsel.

If you live in a city or town write for booklet "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home" If in the country, ask for "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Farm Home."

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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BOSTON	166 DEVONSHIRE	*CLEVELAND	4409 EUCLID	*ALTOONA	214 11TH	KANSAS CITY	201 RIDGE ARCADE
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Service at "Standard" Branches In the cities marked (*) are carried complete lines of Plumbing and Heating Supplies, Farm Lighting and Water Supply Systems, Tools and Supplies for Mills, Mines and Factories, also for the Water, Gas, Steam and Oil industries. Write or call on nearest branch.

"Standard" Fixtures for Factories Factory efficiency is no less a necessity now that we have turned to the industries of peace. Sanitary plumbing conditions increase the efficiency of every man and woman thus employed. Our booklet on this subject—"Factory Sanitation"—will be sent to manufacturers on request.

"Standard" Plumbing Fixtures

ALICE THROUGH THE WORKING CLASS

(Continued from Page 19)

opened and a man in evening clothes flung himself into the room.

"I say, Toddles ——" The angry voice stopped abruptly as the intruder noted the figure with the prostrate locks. "Oh, beg pardon; didn't know you had baited a Lorelei. I say, though, why didn't you let me know before, you were going out for dinner?"

"Oh, didn't you get my note, Dudley?"

"Of course I didn't get any note! I never get anything since you've discharged Dixon. Confound it, why would you do it, Toddles? Best man we ever had. It wasn't his fault he couldn't read all those Bolsheviki and I. W. W. pamphlets you gave him. Too busy laboring, he was, to read about labor! Anyway, I call it thin—your going out to-night. Where are you having dinner?"

"I'm taking Alice to the Black Droshky," replied Belinda with great dignity.

Uttering a groan Dudley Bennington sank into one of the black chairs with the gold silk cushions. As he sat there with outstretched legs, arms hanging limply at his sides and eyes closed, Alice noted what had been lost in her amazement at the preceding dialogue. It was that Comrade Bennington's husband was exceedingly good-looking. He was in fact very like one of the high-stocked old Benningtons on the stairs—only, thought Alice, just a trifle dissolved.

She was still looking at him curiously when his eyes opened upon her. For a moment the glance of his blue eyes was lazy. Then abruptly he sat up in his chair.

"Egg-colored! Real yolky," he exclaimed, staring fixedly at her hair. "And, by Jove, she scrambles it too. So glad, so glad! So tired of poached hair.

"Tell me, Comrade Lorelei, are you—are you—er—one of us?"

The soulful breathlessness of the question was exceedingly well done, and in spite of Belinda standing there near by Alice laughed.

"What? A real long laugh and real long hair! Yet, tell me, you are a 'Red,' aren't you? Even now in your innocent girlish way you are wondering if the pincers are hot enough ——"

Belinda interrupted him with a stamp of her foot. "My husband," commented she, turning to Alice, "is one of those who get their idea of the Bolsheviki entirely from the New York press. He wants to believe these wicked reports about Russia that are being spread by every capitalistic nation in the world. He is content with mere prejudiced observations ——"

"Prejudiced! Oh, come now, Toddles!" And the girl from Duluth saw a flicker of real feeling in the lazy eyes. "For you to talk about prejudice! How about your cute little gentlemen who report the goings on of the Soviet for The Squall and The Glib Spectator? Don't they go over to Russia with theories, with prejudices of their own —— Oh, well, what's the use? I suppose," he added peevishly, taking out a cigarette and tapping it on his gold case, "you're going to tell me that your friends in Russia haven't shed any blood at all?"

With a sweet dreamy patience Comrade Belinda surveyed her husband. "Of course, my dear," remonstrated she, "the revolution hasn't been a pretty perfumed little thing. Nobody would ask that. It's too big—too full-skinned ——"

"Full-skinned!" roared Dudley, springing up from his chair. "Jove, Toddles, I don't like it—this slang you've picked up with the new poetry and the proletariat!" He strode over to the door and with his hand upon the knob turned suppliant eyes to his wife. "Oh, Belinda," he wailed, "please get a new pet, a clean pet. Find just one friend that washes the back of her neck. Give up the Bolsheviki—they're too, too"—and going out the door he added the final word—"full-skinned."

When he was gone his wife turned to Alice. There was a long silence between them, and then at last the figure in the pomegranate robe came over and laid her hands on Alice's shoulders.

"And now, my dear," said she, "you see why it was that I so loved your poem? 'And then I ask myself, Who am I that I should have the touch of your arm?'" she quoted solemnly. "Ah, don't I know it—the love that is merely ease—that is only one long cheating of the X-ray?" She sighed as she lifted her hands from the girl's shoulders, and on her way toward the orange curtains of her dressing room she suddenly stopped and wheeled about. "If only Dudley worked," cried she fiercely, "then things might be different!"

"But doesn't Mr. Bennington—I mean, Dudley ——"

Belinda caught her up wearily. "Architect! Is that work? Sitting at a desk—making more prettinesses of life for a class that has had too much prettiness already! Oh, if I could only see him doing something real—watch him bringing up the treasure of the earth. If he were only—well, a miner or a longshoreman!"

Alice looked about her at the beautiful room, and again she wondered if Comrade Belinda was not really the Red Queen and

"There, All Right, Aren't You?" She Heard Him Ask

if the black kitten wasn't waiting for her round the corner.

It was not the black kitten, however, but the Black Droshky which waited for her. This famous eating house was in a basement, reached by a flight of stairs that was more flight than stairs.

It, like its competitors in the neighborhood, went to prove how easily depressed were Aida and her lover.

If when they found themselves underground the famous operatic pair had set up an eating place instead of giving in to duets about dying, if they had only provided a place to talk about a revolution instead of trying to carry one out—they would have soon had the people above them slipping down for a taste of the sunless gab.

When Belinda and Alice entered the Black Droshky they found the former's particular set awaiting them in a far corner of the damp candle-lighted room. This set was soon introduced. First, there was Dorothy Benton, society woman and satellite of Belinda's, whose locks had so recently been deleted by her friend. She, too, was a woman of about thirty-five, and her dark eyes had an expression in perfect keeping with the Russian character of the place. "Ten thousand rubles, driver, if you will only get me away from myself!" those eyes seemed to be saying as Dorothy smoked endless cigarettes.

Next there was Hildegarde Mordenhouse, a social worker. She had commenced tippling with Fabianism, had progressed through various brews of socialism, and now even Bolshevism was too gentle a drink for her progressive taste in stimulants. On the side Hildegarde dabbled with souls. She was quite a psychoanalyst and she would have written Mary's Little Lamb thus: "There was a beast with a Mary complex."

Between Dorothy and Hildegarde sat Mr. Hummington Rutherford, known affectionately as Harpy because of the absentminded way in which he took odd tidbits from the plates of his fellow diners. Hummington unmade his living by art. He regarded most of the old masters as mere illustrators, and even Cézanne was now somewhat discredited by him. A close observer can always tell that it is a tree Cézanne has painted. There wasn't even circumstantial evidence to convict one of Harpy's trees.

"Yes," Harpy was saying as Belinda and her guest sat down at the table, "I'd like a revolution here, too, if only"—and he knitted his brows—"it could be bloodless."

Even his associates found something amusing in the kind-hearted condition. They all laughed heartily.

Suddenly, however, this wholesale merriment was interrupted by Belinda. "Look!" she cried, and her eyes dilated with excitement.

Alice, together with the rest, turned her eyes in the direction of Belinda's. There at a table right near them a sailor had just sat down and was looking over the menu.

For a moment the group stared at him in silence—a silence that managed to communicate to Alice its uncomprehended thrill. It was Belinda who was the first to speak.

"Dorothy," said she solemnly, "shall I speak to him or will you?"

"Go ahead," whispered her friend magnanimously. "You approach them so much better. Anyway, I did get one ——"

"What!" exclaimed Belinda in joyous surprise.

"Yes," responded Dorothy with simple pride. "I was in at the Titmouse Book Store a minute ago—I wanted another copy of The Squall with that wonderful Death of a Red in it—you know, I promised it to that dear longshoreman you had to tea last Sunday ——"

"Yes, yes, go on," breathed Belinda impatiently, stealing a look to assure herself of the stability of her own prey.

"Well, I was talking to the clerk when I saw this young sailor—such a handsome one too. At first I couldn't get the courage to ask him, and then I remembered what

(Continued on Page 122)

McGRAW

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Duplex Process

THE **Duplex Process** enables McGraw Tires to *average* the highest mileage of which quality materials are capable at their best. It removes uncertainty from tire life. The McGraw owner has a sense of security that his tires will outlast their full expected limit. Their durability is doubled by *The* **Duplex Process** in two ways:

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Cleveland, Ohio

Factories: East Palestine, Ohio

Established 1909

Branches: New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Kansas City, Atlanta, Dallas, Minneapolis, Des Moines

"That We May Ride In Comfort"

TIRES

(Continued from Page 119)

you told me, Belinda. I said to myself, 'What is your shyness compared to humanity, Dorothy Benton?' Well, that's all. I got him and he's coming down here tonight."

Her friend had not waited to hear the last. She was now on her way to the sailor at the near-by table.

He was none of your gentle recruits—this victim. Yet hard-boiled gob as his look proclaimed him, he did not even see the periscope. And as the friend of the people in her black velvet tan, her swaying emerald earrings and her sables—they had been Russian before Belinda even dreamed of being so—loomed over him he gave one look of wild-eyed astonishment.

"Er—pardon me, young man"—Alice could hear distinctly each syllable of the hand-tooled contralto—"do you know that uniform of yours is a badge of servitude?"

The gob's jaw dropped. "Ay, ay, ma'am," he answered meekly at last.

"Why, you've realized it already, then?" cried Belinda. "Ah, I thought so—the capitalistic governments can't expect to fool the workingman forever. He's waking up at last. Come with me, comrade!" And she linked the sabled arm in the flanneled one.

The introductions made by Belinda were brief. "This is Dorothy Benton, and Alice, and Hildegarde, and Harpy. Now—your name, comrade, if you please?"

"Mr. James Kelly," replied the sailor with no disciplinary intent—only deep embarrassment.

"Jim—ah!" Belinda took heavy draughts of that sturdy workingman name. Then tucking the stranger in between Alice and herself she leaned over to him with her elbows on the table. "Tell us, Jim—when did you first feel it wasn't right?"

"Huh?" asked Jim, ducking his head forward and staring about him in a dazed way.

"Why, when did you first realize you were the victim of a capitalistic government—that you were being made to fight by shopkeepers who played on all your lower feelings—love of country, love of flag—just so that they might fill their own pockets?"

Still Jim stared about him with that stupefied look. But he was after all the son of people who chat with fairies over the fence, and the supernatural couldn't make him nervous very long.

"Well," he answered grumpily, looking down at his tattooed hand, "it's enough to make you chew the fat when a bloomin' striper that never done nawthing but unwind the teacups at his mamma's place in Newport ——"

"Class consciousness!" whispered Hildegarde exultantly to Harpy. "Isn't it wonderful to see it creep over the laboring classes?"

"You see," continued Jim, unconscious of the interpolation, "I was getting a man to break out the holystones when the little striper comes along. 'Don't you know enough to salute?' says he, giving me a poke in the ribs. 'Aw, go home and tell your mamma you seen a real sailor,' says I. I tell yuh, this war has spoilt the service—that's what it has."

It was not exactly the speech that they were all prepared to hear, and they were evidently trying to reconcile its spirit with that of the people's revolution, when suddenly Dorothy Benton's eyes widened.

"There he is—my sailor!" she cried; and they all turned to the door.

It did not surprise Alice that the man advancing toward them now should be her own sailor of the bus. She had been prepared for this very coincidence by the sudden quick hope that had sprung up as Dorothy was telling about the sailor in the bookshop.

Quite plainly, however, he was astonished to find her. And as she acknowledged Dorothy's introduction of Comrade Lewis Effingham she caught in the bluey-gray eyes a swift attempt at fitting her into the strange group.

As he took a seat across the table from Alice the friends of the people examined this new specimen curiously. It was quite evident to them perhaps that Lewis was a different kind of sailor from Jim. Jim thought so, too, and though the newcomer was not the despised kind who wore a wrist watch and exploited his fountain pen, he looked at Comrade Lewis with more or less contempt.

"What ship are you on, Jack?" he asked gruffly.

Lewis Effingham hesitated a moment. When at last he spoke his voice seemed to Alice as grave as the steady forward gaze. "I have been on a destroyer," said he slowly. "Then I got the flu and they shipped me to Ellis Island. I've been there for months and I can't get away—back home or back to my boat. You see, they lost my records somehow."

"Mn-hm," grunted Jim, and his under jaw shot forward. "What was I just telling youse all? The service ain't never been the same since the war. Of course they'd lose your records—they would—them little yeomen they took out of Newport! I guess you ain't been gettin' any pay, either?"

"Pay?" retorted Lewis bitterly. "That isn't the worst of it. For four months I never got one line from home. The last time I did hear, my father had just had a stroke—you can just guess what I went through—sick and alone and not knowing what had happened at home."

There was a silence, and then Dorothy Benton reached out and touched the sleeve of his middy. "But tell us, Lewis," she asked in a horrified whisper, "why did you ever let them put it on you—this—ah—badge of servitude?"

"Put it on me?" exclaimed Lewis haughtily. "Nobody had to put it on me. Just as soon as this war started I beat it to an enlisting place. That's what makes it so hard," he added somberly. "Of course I didn't do any more than any other decent American, but it wasn't easy for any of us. Take me—I wasn't a youngster. I'm twenty-nine years old and when the war started I had just got the law partnership I had been wanting for five years. And now, after making my sacrifice, to get a deal like this! Why, it's like having your own family go back on you!"

"Your own family—bosh!" cried Hildegarde. Her big voice was exactly like that of a Valkyrie engaged in the business of funeral directing. "There's the whole spirit of the bourgeois governments. Feudalism! Doing something for your own because your own does something for you. That was the way the old nobles got the people to fight their battles. That is the way the shopkeeper governments do it to-day. You tell us without a blush, young man, that you are an American. Shame on you, I say! Don't you know that patriotism is the great obstacle in our progress—the progress of the workingman of all countries?"

"Ah, yes," put in Belinda soulfully; "the goal for every one of us should be the international spirit. That is what the Bolsheviki have taught us."

"Bolsheviki!" echoed Jim in a stunned voice. It was apparently the first word he had understood. Thoughtfully he stared at Belinda's sables, and as he did so a sort of crafty illumination showed in his face. "It's what the papers say," he mused, half to himself—"that they grab the fur coats right off your back."

The explanation of how she got her costly wrap was, however, quite lost on Belinda.

"Nonsense, Jim!" she retorted tartly. "Those stories of the Bolsheviki stealing and murdering are all gotten out by the capitalistic press."

"The gentlest, most idealistic people in the world!" barked Hildegarde. "Just let Jim read what Smart Tootums has to say about the Bolsheviki in this last number of The Squall."

"And did you read what Smart said about Lenine and Trotzky?" Belinda asked excitedly of the social worker. "He talked to them a long time, and he says Lenine is so tender, so wonderfully learned. Of course—well, not so full-skinned as Trotzky."

"Lenine and Trotzky?" repeated Lewis Effingham. "Do you mean to say you people rate those two scoundrels? Why, they're nothing but opportunists in the pay of Germany."

"Forgeries!" hissed Belinda. "The capitalistic press! They don't dare print the truth about Russia. If they did there isn't a country in the world that wouldn't set up a Soviet."

"But how do you know they were forgeries?" insisted Lewis.

"Because one of my best friends is a friend of a man who has just got back from Russia," snapped Belinda.

Lewis made no reply, but the smile that greeted this second information twice removed was patently scornful.

"Ah, I see you have the legal mind, my friend," commented Belinda with cold pity as she caught the significance of this smile.

"Well, it's certainly not the illegal one," retorted the reserve.

And as he spoke his eyes met those of Alice for the first time since their introduction. Even before that, however, she had been watching him change from the somber, self-absorbed young man she had first seen into the combative lawyer now arguing with Belinda.

She had followed the change, too, with an illogical pride. Now as she met his eyes she realized the truth. She was with him and against the others. With all her heart she wanted him to win.

At this point food began to fall upon the table. The fall was broken partially by a waitress in a Russian headdress. It was due to this intervening presence perhaps that Alice did not see the man in evening clothes now coming toward the table. Then she heard Belinda give a gasp, and she looked up to find Dudley Bennington placing a chair between her own and that of Jim Kelly.

"Hello, Lorelei," he greeted her, without noticing the others. "Is it all arranged? Is the scaffold to be put up in Madison Square? And has Belinda offered her limousine as a jitney service—tumbrel de luxe, as it were—to take the poor doomed capitalists to their execution?"

Nobody answered him. This, however, did not seem to bother the intruder. With great self-possession he helped himself to one of Dorothy's cigarettes and began to smoke.

"Why, Toddles," he remonstrated at last, fixing his eyes upon his wife, "what's the matter? You don't seem a bit glad to see me."

"I just can't understand," replied Belinda stiffly. "You know I could never get you to a meeting before this." Her glance as she finished rested upon the girl from Duluth. It was perhaps quite by accident, yet Alice felt all of a sudden a little chill.

"But since I do now?" replied Dudley easily. "Tell me, Lorelei"—and he wheeled his chair about to face the girl—"isn't there any place on these broad prairies—I mean to say, steppes—why use an American figure when we can get a Russian one—isn't there any place on these steppes of thought for a poor capitalist gone right?"

His tone was mocking, yet the way in which he addressed her—that frank attempt at blotting out all the rest of them—made her first discomfort widen to uneasiness. Without making any answer she looked down at the tablecloth. Then involuntarily, wistfully, she looked across to Lewis Effingham. He refused to meet her eyes, but hot waves of color beat upon her face as she realized that he had been watching her with scornful interrogation.

Oh, why had she come? When could she get away? In utter wretchedness she stole a look at the clock on the wall. Ten! Just the hour at home when her mother always came into the little room with the carbon prints and the drifts of radical literature. "Better go to bed, dearie, or you'll get your head so full of that nonsense you won't be able to sleep." The familiar words with the accompanying concern of the nearsighted brown eyes came back to her as she heard Dudley Bennington's voice in her ear.

"Do you know," he was saying, "somebody wrote a poem about you once. It starts:

"'Oh, amber eyes, oh, golden eyes,
Oh, eyes so softly gay.'"

"Please—don't." She was just breathing the words when she caught the look bent upon her from between the Florentine locks of Belinda. Her comrade jealous! Belinda—blaming her! In a torture of humiliation the girl rose to her feet.

"What!" exclaimed Dudley, putting out a detaining hand. "Going already, comrade?"

Belinda's face changed. She was clearing it for a smile. It came now, brilliant and hard, with a lift of the carmined upper lip over small, even, white teeth.

"Now, Dudley," she intervened, "remember that Alice has had a long trip. Jim"—and she turned to the gob, now pushing up potatoes to his fork with the aid of the tattooed hand—"wouldn't you like to take Alice home?"

"Jim take Alice home!" cried Dudley, springing to his feet. "Rather not! Why, I've got Stanley outside this minute!"

"Oh," cried Belinda sharply, "you didn't make Stanley come out to-night?"

"That I did," replied her husband, helping Alice on with her coat. "A chauffeur can always go to a Bolshevik meeting. What, Toddles —— Why, I'm surprised at you. We with a great big car, letting this poor little girl—all tired out—stranger in the city, too—go all the way to Morningside Heights in a bus!"

"Oh, please, Mr. Bennington," whispered Alice, not daring to look up, "I don't want anyone to take me home. Please!" And the downcast eyes filled with tears of humiliation.

Through the mist of those tears she saw Lewis Effingham half rise from his chair. But any impulse he may have had was checked by Belinda.

"Good-by, comrade," she said, rising to her feet. Again she cleared her face for a smile, and as it appeared she took both of Alice's hands in hers. "Remember," she whispered, "those lovely smocks I was telling you about as we came over here. Madame Toby has reduced them to thirty-five dollars."

In the Bennington limousine waiting outside Alice was careful to occupy only the primmest frontier. She was afraid of Dudley Bennington. The long ride with him to Morningside Heights was the last thing in the world that she wanted. And the fact that he had taken a corner almost as suburban as her own did not reassure her. Neither did the silence that fell upon them as the pantherlike car glided up Fifth Avenue.

Suddenly that silence was broken. "The Bide a Wee Home for Lost Intellects—eh what, Lorelei?" she heard him saying; and it seemed to her that the light mocking accents were impersonal, as if she had been the chauffeur. Yet! She stole a look at the high hat, the caped overcoat and the stick upon which Dudley's gloved hands

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Peet's Crystal White

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LUNCHEON in the country—a bountiful spread, appetizingly served—that's the real event of the day's outing.

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rested. No, it was not a reassuring costume. Thus had been illustrated all the handsome gentlemen of established social position who figured in stories—well, of his kind of man. She must be very, very careful. So she made no reply to his words—only squeezed more tightly into her corner and looked out to where the great golden-flaked square was now whirling past them.

It was many blocks beyond Madison Square that her companion spoke again. Quite suddenly he began asking her about herself, why she had come, what she was going to do. At first Alice was very guarded. Then gradually the remoteness of that kind lazy glance began to make her feel that perhaps after all she had misunderstood. By and by, indeed, she found herself chatting with him quite freely. And in the end she told him of the small amount upon which she must live until Belinda found her work.

"Sixty-three dollars in bank!" he repeated after her. "And Belinda wants you to get a blouse that costs thirty-five dollars!"

He was looking out the window on his side of the machine, but she caught the grim amusement which jerked upward the small waxed mustache. As she stared at his face that amusement of his made more vivid the small fear that had crept over her there in Belinda's stately hall. Now for the first time she realized that her comrade had said not one word about the position. Had she forgotten? Why—why—what should she do—alone—a stranger? Terror of the great light-swept city rushing against the padded car—terror of the group she had just left—locked her stiff and quiet there in her small corner of the limousine. And then all of a sudden she began to cry.

"Oh, my dear—don't—please don't!" she heard Dudley saying.

Still the sobs continued, and then suddenly she felt a gloved hand on her shoulder. "Listen, Alice—promise me—you're not friendless—not so long as I live here—promise me, won't you—if anything happens —— Oh, please don't cry."

That night in her room the girl thought of the way he had said these words—of the friendliness which, so different from his manner at the Black Droshky, had finally quieted her sobs. She had not been afraid of Dudley then, and as the limousine brought them to her boarding place she had promised to let him know if she needed help. Now, however, away from that disarming gentleness of tone, the old fear began to revive. After all he had placed her in a hideous position there at the restaurant; he had brought upon her that look of Belinda's which she did not dare recall. Oh, it had been mean—mean! And later—just now when he had seemed so concerned—why, wasn't that always the way with his kind—the storied gentlemen who wore high hats and caped overcoats—didn't they always try first to lend a girl money?

Yet as she closed her eyes that night it was neither Dudley nor Belinda who came between eyes and hot, pricking lids, and early the next morning when she finally went to sleep she was saying to Lewis Effingham's remembered profile, "Oh, you might have understood! Why, even a side-face could see that that it wasn't my fault."

In the next two days she received no word from Comrade Belinda. What should she do—what should she do? The one question gnawed its way into every minute. Wandering from the lugubrious little tea rooms in the neighborhood of Morningside Heights to the art galleries, where she pecked lifelessly at these treasures to which she had looked forward all her life, she counted each hour until she should again see Belinda.

Yet the more she thought about her comrade's ungenerous suspicion of the other night the more she dreaded this encounter. To go to the house of a woman who had almost insulted her—why, it was impossible! But what should she do—what should she do? For the only other course open to her was even more unthinkable. No, she might go back to Duluth, but she would never, never seek Dudley Bennington for assistance.

Go back to Duluth, where she had given up her position, where she had told everyone of the career that awaited her in New York! The thought did tempt her many times in these two days, but something always drew her back. That something was more than youth's deep-grained vanity, and perhaps even she herself admitted that it was the thought of Lewis Effingham—the determination that he should see her aright—which made her turn resolutely from such a retreat.

So on Wednesday afternoon she decided to take affairs in her own hands. She went down to Park Row and tried to see editors. The editors, it seemed, were prepared for just such a move. The embattled office boys kept her off from all but one. He was a kind-hearted gentleman who couldn't bear suffering on the place, so he took her address and told her that as soon as there was an opening, et cetera.

Even that was cheering to a girl who for two days had spoken to nobody but waitresses at tea rooms. However, at first sight of the cheap Mission furniture in the Morningside Heights room fresh waves of loneliness and dismay broke over her. She would go back to Duluth—what did it matter what they thought—what did it matter even what he thought? Yes, she would take a train that night, and with a violent step to her closet door she swung it open upon her straw suitcase and the few dresses hanging on their pegs.

As she stood thus a knock sounded upon the door. A few seconds later a boy was thrusting into her hands a large pasteboard box. Madame Toby! The name on the Watteau-figured lid had no significance for her. And it was only when she lifted the sea-green silk from its foam of tissue paper that she remembered Belinda's last words of the other night. The smock reduced to thirty-five dollars! Her comrade had sent it to her. It was a sign from her that she was sorry and that she wanted to see her again.

At the sight of the wave-tinted charmeuse with its embroideries of gold and black Alice felt a wild radiance. She wasn't friendless now. Belinda would get her the position. She didn't have to go back to Duluth—not anyway until Lewis Effingham knew it wasn't her fault.

It was the profile so like the one which hung on her wall at home that she sought instinctively the moment she entered Belinda's drawing-room the next afternoon. And a little pang of disappointment went through her heart as none of the groups revealed him. She was still staring blankly into the room when Belinda swept over to her.

"Sister!" she cried. "Why—how lovely!" And she drew back to appraise the slender figure in the green silk smock. "So you did get yourself one? Ah, that is better. Now—if you'll just let me bob your hair—you'll look as if you really belonged to us."

Alice's eyes widened. She was about to speak when the paralyzing truth entered her mind. Dudley, not Belinda, had sent her the box from Madame Toby's! Her cheeks flamed, and for a minute Belinda, the noisy groups about her and the Queen Anne chairs with their petit-point covering were no more than a pattern—like the wall-paper at which we gaze so fixedly when destiny seems to hem us in. And then in a moment she had taken her decision.

"Mrs.—Belinda," she stammered with desperate courage, "I wanted to ask you—you know about that position ——"

"Oh, yes, my dear!" And Belinda's eye roved somewhat hungrily to the group across the room, where Hildegarde's voice was going off in words like bombs. "I wanted to explain to you about that. It seems that position isn't vacant yet, but in a very few weeks—well, you just stay by us until there's an opening."

And with a little dismissing pat of the hand she moved over to Hildegarde's group.

Dumbly Alice watched her go. Thirty-five dollars that she must pay back to Dudley Bennington—that from the fifty-eight now remaining—why—would it take her back to Duluth? She was trying vainly to count when she saw in a trancelike way a figure moving over to her from one of the Queen Anne chairs.

"I say, Alice, don't I rate it?" And Jim Kelly held out his tattooed hand.

She let him lead her over to a settle in the far corner. It was in a very far corner indeed, but even so, Hildegarde's big voice carried to them:

"Let there be violence—bloodshed! We can't be gentle with the capitalist any longer. Look at me! I was once an evolutionary communistic anarchist, but the Bolsheviki are right. Purge—purge—I say, before you heal!"

"Ah, yes," cooed Belinda. "Is there anything more magnificent than just the mob aroused to a sense of its rights? Like the sea, you know—irrepressible, relentless."

Jim listened to all this with dropping jaw. "The sea!" exclaimed he disgustedly. "What does that yeoman know about it? Say, Alice"—and he turned to her with a puzzled grin—"I can't dope it out, can you? I thought the Bolsheviki was something with winter-weight whiskers that was poor and wanted to be rich. What are these rich people chewing the fat about?"

Alice was saved the conscientious explanation she was about to make, for at that moment Dorothy fairly ran into the room.

"What do you think, Belinda," she cried breathlessly, and every group turned to look at her. "I've been arrested!"

"What?" cried everyone present.

"Yes," explained Dorothy with simple pride. "I was talking last night to some sailors in the Titmouse Book Store when in walks an officer."

"But what had you been saying?" questioned Belinda; and Alice saw a little spasm of—could it be envy?—cross her sister's face.

"Oh, nothing really dangerous. I was telling them that the easiest thing in the world was to get excited about your own flag and then die for it. I told them what Smart Tootums said in The Squall—that men don't mind dying if they can do it in bunches. And oh, Belinda, you know what you told me to say about the Soviet—how it's so much superior to our autocratic Congress—well, I was just getting to that when in walks the officer. But oh, Belinda, who would have ever thought that I'd be arrested before you were!"

"Well, of course, dear, it's perfectly fine and you deserved it, too—the way you've fought your shyness. Only—what if they should really put you in jail?"

"Jail!" echoed Dorothy, her voice rising in terror at the conscientious suggestion of her friend. "Oh, but they couldn't! Why, my husband has just paid bail—five thousand dollars."

"Of course they won't put you to jail." The gentleman who repudiated the suggestion was tall and spare and wore glasses with tortoise-shell tires. "Look at the juries when I have been up for seditious utterances. Poof! It's easy. You can always change a word or explain some circumstance."

Dorothy, whose face had grown deathly white, seemed to discover afresh the bracing qualities of martyrdom. "Of course it'll be all right," she said jauntily. "They'll not do anything to me."

Jim, who on the settle beside Alice had been listening to every word, now turned from one to the other of these modern radicals who proved how antiquated, how grossly sensational were the methods of Savonarola and other misguided people who have died for a cause. Finally now he grabbed Alice's hand.

"Jail birds!" he whispered hoarsely. "I thought there was something phony about the bunch when I saw her wearin' that fur coat the other night. They want to tear up the government to get more swag—just like they're doing in Rooshia now. Come along with me. They're jail birds, I tell you."

She was glad to be out of it, glad that she had this simple friendly soul to give her the courage to leave. And it was with a sinking heart that she saw at this instant Dudley Bennington enter the room.

"What—not running away?" And he caught her hands in both of his. "Rather not! Oh, Belinda"—he raised his voice to attract his wife's attention—"come over here a minute. Alice and I have something to show you."

Alice saw her friend, the gob, beckoning her wildly from the doorway. She was still trying to break away from Dudley to catch up with him, but the grasp of those long square fingers was like steel. And when she saw Belinda walking slowly over to them she ceased to struggle. With sudden courage she had made up her mind to defend herself against that smile, brilliant and hard, which lifted the carmined lip over the small, even, white teeth.

"Say, Belinda, how do you think our Alice looks to-day?" Dudley Bennington's tone was so low that it could not have reached beyond the three, yet in the girl's ears it sounded deafening. "Don't you think it's exactly the right tint to go with her eyes?"

She had thought that she was going to defend herself against Belinda, but in the dizzy sickening of that moment before Belinda replied Alice realized that Dudley was now her more bitter enemy. Ah, how plain it was at last! He had sent her that present as a test. He had wanted to know if she would tell Belinda about it. She had not done so, and now—with a ferocity which she had not believed possible—he was going to expose her. She was to sum up to his wife, once and for all, the cheapness of her radical friends.

"Why, lovely, of course! Didn't I tell her so when she came in? Is that all you wanted me for, Dudley?"

It seemed to Alice that there was now none of the hostility of the other evening in Belinda's beautiful contralto. Both it and her eyes expressed only one impatience. It was to join the group in the corner, where Hildegarde's voice was now booming: "I say let the mob have its way."

"Let the mob have its way," hummed Dudley Bennington softly. "What a beautiful refrain!" He looked down at the two women in front of him and smiled. It was a long, luxurious, gloating smile that did not even end when he spoke again. "Ah, Belinda," said he, "I'm glad you like that blouse that Alice has on. You see, I bought it for her myself."

The words stunned his wife into one moment of utter frankness. The masking smile went and left something from which Alice turned her eyes. Yet Comrade Bennington had been trained to different reactions, and almost immediately she had recovered herself.

"Why, really," she drawled, "even if she didn't tell me I might have known. No, no"—and her dark eye traveled coolly down the ill-made skirt Alice was wearing under the smock—"Alice could never have picked that out for herself."

"Tell you?" cried Alice fiercely, standing before the other with clenched hands. "No, I didn't tell you. And do you know why I didn't? It was because I wouldn't hurt you—not when I meant to pay him back the very minute I got home." The last words ended in a choke and Alice turned on her heel.

But even as she took her first step Dudley Bennington stopped her. "Stay here," he commanded sternly. "Don't dare leave. Not," he added with a faint return of the lazy, whimsical smile, "until I tell you all about when I stopped being a gentleman." Pausing here he turned to his wife. "Oh, Belinda," he groaned, "if it only hadn't been so easy!"

"Easy?" repeated his wife in scornful bewilderment.

"Yes, easy. I sent that blouse to Alice—sent it so she would be sure to think it came from you. Oh, I'm not saying I wasn't a cad—but I was desperate—I had to do something about your fool Bolsheviki stuff. Well, Belinda, I know now just how far your freedom from the property sense goes. It was because I was yours—do you hear that?—yours—that you resented what you thought was my attitude to Alice. No, don't interrupt," he said sternly. "It's the truth. You felt about me what people are always going to feel for the thing that belongs to them—country or family. Why, do you mean to say you can't see now what infernal nonsense it all is? International? We can't be that any more than we can be intermatrimonial or inter-anything else. Each one of us is bound to be influenced—influenced perhaps no more prettily than you have just been—by the sense of ownership. And let me tell you something else: When there is a big labor revolution it will be won by the laboring man—not by Red teas—no, nor black or green ones, either."

Stunned by the development of the last minute Alice had at first felt only a wide impersonal justice in Dudley's words. Then came joy in these quick fast blows dealt by her unexpected avenger. As he finished speaking she looked for the first time into the face of her enemy. Triumph was lost in the wonder at that look. Belinda was turning to her husband eyes, fresh, smiling, undismayed.

"My dear Dudley," said she blandly, "you always will argue a man's love of humanity, of the people, from his mere personal relations. It's quite impossible to make you see ——"

"What? That because a person neglects the duty nearest to him—that because a man starves his cat and never writes to his mother—he is bound to be faithful to the beautiful far-off duty. Oh, Belinda, Belinda, you to talk about justice—you who bring a strange little girl to this city, who take her away from her position to

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accept another that you are not even sure about ——"

A breathless voice from the doorway interrupted him.

"Quick," the voice was saying, "you have got to get out of this place! We're going to be mobbed!" And even before she had turned Alice had recognized the tones. They were those of Lewis Effingham.

"Mobbed!" shrieked Hildegarde after the first startled silence of the various groups. "Why, what do you mean?"

"Jim Kelly! Just met him outside—he's getting together a lot of sailors. Quick—they'll be here any minute!"

Paralyzed by terror the Bolshevictorians looked into each other's eyes. It was Hildegarde who recovered first. "The cowards!" cried the lady who had been baying to have the mob take its way. "The police, Mr. Bennington, the police!"

"Police?" roared Dudley, striding over to the center of the room. "Not for a minute! Come, my comrades, here is a chance to show what we really believe—together let us die for the cause."

One instant of horrified silence, and then Dorothy Benton was clutching his sleeve, was peering up wildly into his face.

"Oh, Dudley," she pleaded, "isn't there a back door?"

"Back door?" repeated he with a frown. "What? Not going to die for the cause? But I thought Smart Tootums said it was easy for men to die if they can only do it in bunches. He said that, you know, about the patriots who go to battle."

"Oh—quick—please—how can we get out without being seen?" cried Dorothy, bursting into frantic tears.

"Oh, pardon me, pardon me, I misunderstood. Too spectacular to die for the cause, isn't it? Or to go to jail or to be inconvenienced in any way? Only easy for men to talk in bunches in our enlightened circles—eh, Belinda?" Then in an instant his whole look changed. "Get out of here—you—you ping-pong martyrs—you play Bolsheviki!" he thundered. "Downstairs and out! When this mob comes I'm going to join them."

It was after the last of them had scuttled downstairs that Dudley put out his hand to Lewis Effingham.

"Fine work, old man," he grinned; "you're a born actor."

With stately scorn Belinda rose from the settle where she had sunk at the sailor's entrance. "So ——" she began.

"Exactly, my dear," her husband finished it for her. "Another trap for lofty spirits! I got hold of Effingham yesterday and we worked it all out."

At this moment all four turned at a scratchy tread upon the bare floor in the hall.

"Trotzky," breathed Dudley as the big chow which Alice had seen the night of her arrival entered the room and stared about him with solemn benevolence. Then when the animal drew closer he bent down and took his face between his hands. "Ah, poor dog," sighed he sentimentally, "do you know that your day is over? Do you know that to-morrow you will be living downstairs with Swami, the goldfish, and his wife Subconscious, and that you won't be getting any more attention than Freud, the Persian kitten? The Bolshevist fad is over now—eh what, Toddles?—just like the Swami fad and the Freudian fad is over."

He stole a look over his shoulder at his wife, still completely unstrung by her minute's terror of the mob. "Well, dear," he said at last, going over and putting out a hand upon her arm, "don't grieve too much. There's always some perfectly good fad for the leisure class. You'll soon find something to fill the gap left by the proletariat. Perhaps not so -well, so full-skinned—but still sufficiently engrossing."

A few minutes after this Alice Sunderland and Lewis Effingham were riding on the Fifth Avenue bus toward an uptown restaurant far from the Black Droshky.

"I was so afraid they were going to get you—that bunch of hobo intellects," he was saying as the bus passed Madison Square. "At first I thought you were just a stranger that they had roped in just as they did me. Then when I saw how well Bennington seemed to know you -why, I just couldn't believe that you were one of them."

"Oh," breathed Alice, looking out at the great golden-flaked square, "so that was it? I thought—it was something even worse you were thinking." Then hurriedly, in an effort to cover up the embarrassment of these words, she added: "But you? How about you? I was so anxious about their getting you."

"Me?" he repeated scornfully. "They cured me. That night when I met you I was in the mood—I was so sore at their losing my records and all that—well, I think if I hadn't met that crowd I might have turned radical—if only," he added grimly—"I hadn't met the radicals. But tell me, Miss Alice, how was it you ever got in with them in the first place?"

"Oh," said Alice wearily, "I got to taking a magazine called The Squall. Somehow reading about what noble people the Bolsheviki were seemed different from meeting the Bolsheviki—the rich American ones, that is. First they seemed just like fairy-story people—shadowy and harmless—the things they said were so ridiculous. Then they seemed to me meaner and meaner—it was like the Red Queen coming true."

"The Red Queen," he grinned. "That is Comrade Belinda. All she and her crowd can say is 'Off with their heads.' She hasn't any suggestion for putting on a head, you notice. All she wants to do is to destroy the things that wise and patient people have tried to build up. Well"—and again as he turned away from her she found the steady forward gaze so like that of the picture on her walls at home—"they taught me a lesson. I commenced to see that just because my country had happened to lose my records was no reason for my going back on it—any more than my mother making some little mistake was a reason for my not loving her any longer. America is mine for the rest of my life."

"Ah," breathed Alice, "I always knew you'd be like that—not influenced really by what people said to you -that it was what you'd see—in your own heart—that would always count with you."

He bent a puzzled eager look upon her face above the nutria collar. "Always?" he repeated.

She told him then with some little embarrassment of his resemblance to the Michelangelo David.

"Why, how funny!" he cried gleefully. "Do you know that you look exactly like a picture on an insurance calendar—one that I fell in love with when I was sixteen and have kept on my desk at home ever since? Why, that's the reason ——"

He did not finish, but as his hand sought hers under a fold of her coat the great golden-flaked city was no longer an impersonal miracle.

VIVE LA BULL PEN

(Concluded from Page 34)

"It don't make any difference, sir. If I can't get a ball team outa the old bull pen that can beat them other birds you can have me busted all the way down to a plain buck private the minute the game's over," replied Mickey.

"In that event you have my permission to obtain passes for the—ah—bull-pen occupants who are not on duty when the game is played Sunday," said the general. "And sergeant!" as Mickey started off.

"Yes, sir."

"See that your boys win. Vive la bull pen!" said he.

That evening there was a line-up of all the Depot Brigade. Major Murcheson spoke a few words and turned them over to the mess sergeant.

"Boys," said the latter, "the Thirteenth Trainin' Company has got the champ ball team of this here camp. No one can lick 'em. The rest of the camp wants to see 'em beat, an' they hadda come to the old bull pen after all to get the job put across. You boys all know how the rest of the camp, includin' this here Trainin' Company, has been kiddin' you an' puttin' it over on you. You're the laugh of the place. You bull-pen lads always are. But you gotta chance now to show 'em just what the old bull pen can do. Now, fellows—do you think we can get nine ball players outa this here old pen that can scalp them smart Trainin' guys an' make the whole dog-gone camp sit up an' take notice an feel nice 'n' cheap? Can we?"

"Can we? Oh boy! Just leave it to us, Mickey. Wow! Three cheers for the old bull pen!" roared the rookies.

"And," continued the mess sergeant, "they're gonna leave the rest of us go over with our team an' see 'em trim these guys."

"Yee-ow! Hoo-roo! Oh lady!" howled the mob in a joyous frenzy.

"Now, are there any professional ball players here?" asked Major Murcheson.

"Are there?" chorused the crowd. "We got Jack Henderson of the American Association." "Pete Doyle of the Giants is here." "Slam Pelke, the Reds' first baseman, is right in my tent." "Gene Larson of the Coast League was on K. P. with me just this morning." "Artie Nevins, the Cub fielder, is on the woodpile right now, Mickey, old sport." "Two guys from the International come down with me." The answers came popping out like shots from a machine gun.

"Just a minute, boys. Let's get at this thing right," broke in the major. "Is there a sport writer in this crowd?"

"Sure there is, sir," answered Mickey. "There's anything you want."

"Get Bob Jardine," said Scuff Joyce, stepping forward. "He's a New York baseball writer. He's wallopin' G. I. cans on K. P."

"Get him here," ordered the major.

Presently a tired figure in greasy clothes, sleeveless undershirt, grimy face and a scrub brush and dish rag in his grease-covered hands, stepped up.

"Oh you K. P.!" howled the delighted crowd.

"I'm Jardine, sir," said the greasy apparition in a smooth pleasant voice.

"You're a big-league baseball writer?" questioned the major.

"Yes, sir. Travel with the New York club," replied Jardine.

"Do you think you could select a good ball team from this aggregation of wild Indians?"

"I sure could, sir," grinned Jardine.

"You're released from all company duty. Go to it," ordered the major.

"Here's your ball team, Mickey," said Jardine, handing the sergeant a slip of paper the next day.

"I hope you got a good one, buddy," said Mickey anxiously.

"Good! Say, this outfit I dug up could give the world champions a lot of trouble," said Jardine. "We'll pitch young Jack Cullen. He was bought by the White Sox this spring. He's just up from the Iron Mountain League, but he's a bearcat. Pitched a two-hit game against the Boston Americans last month. All kinds of stuff and great control. Then we've got big Pelke of the Reds on first, Henderson of the American Association on second, Eddie Carson of the Southern League on short. The Yankees have an option on him right now. Scuff Joyce, who hit .364 with Toledo last year, is on third, and Van Blarcum, Nevins and Doyle in the outfield. Van Blarcum never played professional ball, but he's the greatest college find in years. If young Cullen should get hit at all freely we have enough good pitchers to keep putting in from now until Saint Patrick's Day. They can practice a little to-day and they'll be ready for Sunday."

On Sunday, an hour before game time, the ball field back of the guardhouse was lined thick with spectators. Except for a thin fringe of color where the officers' ladies occupied the benches along the first and third base lines the place was a mass of khaki-clad soldiers.

"The old bull pen is going to play Training Thirteen," was the word that had been passed about the camp from company to company, and the camp was out in force. The Training Company team in new uniforms were in the field practicing. The Training Company rooters were assembled in a noisy throng back of first-base line and made profuse and audible comment at every snappy play made by their team.

Suddenly a cry went up round the field. "Here they come."

"For heaven's sake, what on earth is that?" exclaimed a pretty girl on one of the benches.

"Ye gods!" murmured the officer with her in amazement. "They've let the entire bull pen out of detention!"

"The bull pen! The old bull pen!" echoed the crowd.

And from back of right field, raising a great cloud of dust, on the bull pen—team, rooters and mess sergeant came. They swept past first base in a mad hilarious rush, an excited joyous mob, in all manner and degrees of civilian clothes, punctuating the atmosphere with frenzied yells. A motley weird-looking mob, they swarmed about the place.

A laugh went up as they took the field for practice *sans* baseball uniforms and baseball insignia of any kind.

"Oh boy!" chorused the laughing rooters of the Training Company at sight of the unkempt-looking aggregation. "So these poor civilians 're going to beat us." "The Nat Wills team of tramps—they couldn't beat a rug haw-haw-haw. So the bull pen's gonna trim us!"

"You chirped a gunful; the old bull pen's gonna give you smart guys the worst lickin' you ever got an' make you an' all the rest of the camp like it," sang out Red McVey.

"Oh, you'll like it!" roared Pop Watson with a happy grin. "You'll know where we're all from. We're from the bull pen!"

"Where did you get 'em, Mickey?" chuckled the Training Company.

"Right outa the old bull pen," answered the sergeant; "an' don't you forget it!"

And then the game began.

Game? It was a massacre a procession.

"C'mon now! Let's, let's go! Snap into it!" howled Red McVey. "Attaboy, attaboy, bul. pen! Wow, let's go, start her off, get going, get going!" howled the bull-pen mob; and Carson, the first man up, singled neatly over second base.

"Whee-e-e, Yow! That's gettin' a start," roared the bull pen in a delighted frenzy. The next man flew out to right field.

"Better lay down a bunt an' sacrifice him along. Them guys play a tight game an' you can't slug in runs on 'em," advised Flynn, the M. P., as Pelke, the big first baseman, came up.

"Sacrifice your grandmother!" howled Scuff Joyce, in the first-base coacher's box. "Slam her out, Pelke! Bust it on the nose. Them other boobs might hafta play safe, but this is the old bull pen now."

And Pelke slammed her, sending the runner to third and perching on first.

"Wow!" screamed the bull-pen gang. "Oh we'll like it! You bet we'll like it. An' you birds'll have to like it."

"Better wait him out," advised the anxious M. P. again as the next man came to bat. "Play it safe. Work him for a pass. Wait him out."

"Aw, wait your sister out!" roared the bull pen. "We don't hafta wait him out. Bump that old onion, Hendy."

And Henderson bumped it—for three bases, chasing in the two other runners the while Scuff Joyce did a dance in the coacher's box to the tune of a chorus of sarcastic "You'll like its" from the pen rooters.

Every bull pen hit was the signal for a chorus of mad bull-pen howls and every snappy put-out meant an encore from the same chorus. Hits rattled off the bull pen bats through every inning to the tune of a continued roar of delighted "You'll like its." And Cullen, pitching with a savage energy born of his remembrance of much ridicule from the outside camp, completely checked the Training Company attack. When the smoke of the battle had lifted the Training Company ball club was annihilated, pulverized and whipped to the tune of 14 to 0.

Long after taps had been sounded that night, long after the jubilant cries of the pen had died away, two figures were seated in front of the bull-pen kitchen enjoying the night breeze that blew gently over the darkened camp.

Between puffs of cigarettes and a pipe the two were playing the afternoon game, over and over again.

And when at last they rose to depart the big rotund one turned to the other and said impressively: "I told you, Joe, you can always get anything you want outa the old bull pen."

The other figure flipped a lighted cigarette butt afar into the sand.

"You said it, Mickey," he replied almost reverently.

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When Merchandise Sells Itself

By JAMES H. COLLINS

SUPPOSE you had a factory making silver-plated ware. You want to make all you can, for reduction in cost and bigger profits. You find there is just one limitation—selling the stuff. The country buys only about twenty cents' worth of silverware yearly per capita.

Sales in big cities with well-managed department stores and jewelry shops show that people are ready to buy more of your stuff if you can only get it to them.

You are selling three-quarters of your output in the cities.

But more than half the people of the United States live in or round towns of twenty-five hundred population downward. If you could reach this public as handily as the city folks you might order a new addition to your factory, doubling it.

That looks important. You send your salesmen out to visit some of these towns. They report few jewelry stores, and those of doubtful value as outlets.

The country jeweler, they tell you, is often a watch-repair man who has worked at his trade in the city, saved some money, bought a little shop in Bingville, and makes a living chiefly at his trade. He is not a merchant by training. The most prominent fixture in his store will be the repair rack where he hangs the watches that people bring in to be mended and cleaned. That will be placed in his show window, and his workbench will be right behind it. If he were a merchant of course his instincts would lead him to fill his show window with merchandise, and let it exert its fascination upon passers-by, and the repair room would be placed out of sight. Being a repair man, when a customer enters the shop owner will probably be so absorbed in examining the vitals of an old watch that he has not time to sell a new one.

He buys a good deal of merchandise from traveling salesmen, but it is a queer hodgepodge. With no experience on the purchasing end he does not know what will sell. If a customer asks for silver-plated ware he will probably be shown a half dozen teaspoons in one pattern, a half dozen tablespoons in another pattern that was a leader twenty years ago, a cold-meat fork and a berry spoon in still other patterns. Probably a salesman traveling for one of your unscrupulous competitors unloaded this dead stock upon him. He does not know the current fashion in flatware patterns. He does not know that the big city stores sell your stuff largely on the pattern principle, a dozen teaspoons in one of your standard designs to-day, a dozen knives and forks in the same pattern to-morrow, with housewives adding tablespoons, orange spoons, serving pieces, and so on, in that particular design until they have a complete and consistent outfit.

Birthdays and anniversaries are selling events with such a merchandizing plan: people choose tableware for gifts, keeping the design in harmony.

But the country jeweler has not heard about this.

Competition Dreaded

Furthermore he is haunted. He has an obsession—the competition of the mail-order house and the department store in a city forty or fifty miles away. He thinks that the city concerns control trade through their large purchasing power and low prices, and that he cannot compete. As a merchant he has never studied his buying public or learned that the chief strength of the city stores is in the display and sale of merchandise in harmony with the public's tastes and buying habits.

Thus your salesmen report.

So you find yourself facing a problem that to-day confronts manufacturers in many lines—that of making merchants out of country storekeepers or of mechanics who have plodded up to the ownership of a store and then stuck there for lack of mercantile training. With the greatest consuming market in the world our manufacturers face this difficulty of underconsumption, due to inadequate retail channels to more than half our free-spending population. This half of the American public buys less than twenty cents' worth of silverware a year where it might buy a dollar's worth, because manufacturers cannot get their products to the people. There is a high cost of selling which discourages purchasers—the manufacturer's sales costs are high because his travelers do not sell large enough quantities to the small storekeepers; and the latter do not have sufficient turnover, their overhead expenses are too high, their shelves are cluttered up with dead stock, and their sales costs are high too.

Increasing the volume of output in a factory through quantity production lowers costs. Increasing the sales of merchants, as well as the number of stores in which your stuff is sold, is carrying the quantity-production plan into retail trade. That is the way out of this blind alley, and manufacturers are beginning to give storekeepers the benefit of their wider business experience.

They go to the country jeweler with a standard stock of silver-plated ware.

"For an investment of fifty dollars," says the salesman to the jeweler, "I am going to put you on a footing with the big city stores and show you how to sell to the people here at home."

Under the old plan of selling the traveler would have displayed a large assortment of samples and let the jeweler make his own selections in articles, patterns and quantity. Having little experience in either buying or merchandizing the jeweler would probably order a hundred dollars' worth of miscellaneous goods. What patterns are selling best in the big city stores? He does not know. How should a stock of silverware be balanced in the right quantities of knives, forks, spoons, and so on? He does not know. So half his stock would probably be dead before he bought it, being wrong in pattern, out of balance, with too much money tied up in elaborate pieces unsuited to his public.

Stocking by Easy Stages

The standard stock is purposely limited, with a view to starting the storekeeper right with goods that sell in the cities, and give him a basis for growing as his mercantile ability develops. His fifty-dollar investment will be concentrated on knives, forks and spoons. These will be harmonized in pattern, and the patterns will be those found most popular in the factory's national sales. The customer who buys a dozen teaspoons from him to-day as a wedding-anniversary present for his wife can match them with knives and forks next Christmas. The breath of life is in this standard stock from the beginning, and it can be turned in a little while at a good profit. Perhaps it is accompanied with a special display rack which gets goods out where people can see them.

Leaving the standard stock of silver-plated ware with the storekeeper, the traveling salesman goes on his way and lets it work for his customer and teach him merchandising. Every good merchandizing influence is behind it—consumer demand, fashion, buying habits, quick turnover, the law of averages.

Three months later the jeweler will have made enough money on that line of goods to start him in another line. For seventy-five dollars' investment the traveling salesman equips him with a standard stock of sterling silver flatware, which embodies the same principles. A little later, for another seventy-five dollars' investment, he can add a standard stock of watches, carrying a representative assortment ranging from the dollar watch up to timepieces meeting the railroaders' requirements. Twenty-five dollars more will give him a standard stock of clocks, and after that he can add cut glass and silver plate or sterling hollow ware, which is the trade term for tea sets and such like.

Now he has not only a thriving business on sound mercantile lines but almost automatically his store has been divided into departments. On the old plan he probably had more money invested in stock as a whole but not enough money invested in any one line to make it worth while to push that line and create trade in his town and hold it. As he has taken on these standard stocks in succession each has centered his attention upon the demand, turnover and profit of a department. He has watched that little department run ahead of his other lines and seen his investment work. He has learned to think of his business in departments, one of the most essential things in the making of a merchant.

In many lines of factory goods there are insufficient retail stores in both the small towns and the cities. With the standard stock it is possible to create new outlets. If a town lacks a jewelry store, for example, the druggist or hardware man can be started with a fifty-dollar assortment of silver-plated flatware in the same way.

Book publishing is one industry that suffers for lack of retail outlets. Even the popular novel sells in numbers far below the real buying power of this nation of readers, because perhaps twenty-five per cent of the public can examine it and buy it at the city book stores, while it is never seen by the rest of the public.

For lack of quantity production based on wide retail distribution the novel sells for a dollar and a half.

But for a dollar you can buy a satisfactory watch.

That is made possible by quantity production. Quantity production of dollar watches is based on their sale in fifty thousand miscellaneous shops, through the standard stock and the teaching of modern mercantile methods. Book publishers have made experiments with the dollar novel, but it sold just about the number of copies as the dollar and a half novel, because only about so many fiction buyers were reached through the book stores. Now the standard-stock idea is being applied to books, with assortments of fifty or one hundred proved titles carried by the druggist and stationer.

The electrical industry has encountered tremendous difficulties in reaching the whole public with electric flatirons, toasters, heaters, and other devices that call for mercantile distribution. In each community there is the corporation making and selling electric current—permeated with the manufacturing point of view. At the other end of this company's wires are consumers who use electricity for light and power because lamps and motors have been installed by the electrical contractor who wired houses and factories. But there are a hundred convenient electrical devices, such as the curling irons and the coffee percolators, which require the services of the merchant for display, explanation and sale where the public buys other consumer goods. Recognizing the limitations of distribution through power plants and contractors' warehouses this industry is now placing those products with merchants everywhere on the standard-stock principle.

Automobile Accessories

Still another field with undeveloped possibilities is that of automobile accessories and comforts. Along with automobiles there have come hundreds of articles for use in motoring, ranging from the tire chain to the lap robe. Automobiles have been sold in warerooms and garages by men of mechanical training with no mercantile experience. Working on the same lines manufacturers are leading the garage man to buy a standard stock of accessories, display it in an attractive corner, and develop it as a separate and very profitable department added to his business.

Probably the first development of the standard-stock idea was worked out some years ago by a large shoe manufacturer.

Starting with the discovery that of every hundred men who go into the retail shoe business ninety-one go broke he resolved to learn why—and did.

The trouble was "end sizes."

Manufacturers have various size systems for shoes. This man's line of women's shoes was made up in quarter sizes running from Size 2¼ to Size 9 as to length, and seven different widths, from AA to EE. That gave 196 separate sizes of shoes in the women's line alone. Add men's and women's shoes, high shoes and low shoes, lace shoes and button shoes, the different fashions and the different leathers, and even a modest retail stock of footwear ran to thousands of different sizes and widths. Most of the sales were made in thirty-six center sizes—that is, shoes ranging from Size 3¼ to Size 6 in three different widths—just average shoes for average human feet. To take care of customers with larger and smaller, wider and narrower feet, however, the shoeman stocked 160 other sizes—the end sizes, so called. These were the phenomenal feet of his community—the Cinderellas and the "truck horses."

Just as a gambling proposition the shoeman was playing a game of sizes with odds against himself greater than three to one. No race-track bookmaker would have played such a game. But the smaller shoe dealers of the country were guessing at the foot sizes of people in their communities, and every time they lost there was a pair of end-size shoes left over as dead stock, absorbing the profit of several sales. When the sheriff held his inquest on a shoe dealer this was usually found to be the cause of the latter's business death.

The Average Foot

This was known vaguely by both the shoe dealers and the manufacturers. But nobody had ever made a scientific study of the situation. This particular shoe manufacturer had retail stores of his own throughout the country. That gave him a good working cross section of the Great American Foot. Taking size records of two million pairs of shoes sold through his stores he worked out a scheme whereby the average shoeman in any community could order a balanced stock. Eighty per cent of all the shoes he sold would be in the thirty-six middle sizes. Surrounding these leading sizes were other sizes, of which he sold about sixteen per cent; and he could still afford to take a reasonable chance in stocking with a liberal range of styles and materials. But outside of that was a No Man's Land, where he had to crawl from shell hole to shell hole when he ordered—fifty sizes of which he would sell only three per cent, and sixty extreme sizes of which he would sell only one per cent.

This was all restored to a system, with four different colors to mark the various sizes of shoes. White showed the center sizes, a field in which the merchant could go ahead confidently; blue showed the next field, in which judgment was called for because less than a fourth as many shoes were sold in that range; yellow marked the next field, with its bare three per cent of sales danger; last of all came the red field of the extreme end sizes, and when the merchant began figuring in this region dynamite! In other words, the standard-stock principle embodied in a chart.

For years manufacturers have felt vaguely that the average retail merchant, and particularly the country storekeeper, lacked business vision

Because he did not take a broad view of his merchandise and his community the average retailer has not lived up to the consumer demand in his neighborhood, and the manufacturer has been hampered by inadequate consumer outlets.

To-day manufacturers realize that the average retailer lacks vision simply because he is not in a position where he can see well. The end sizes in shoes and the best sellers in silverware must be determined on a national basis. That is a law-of-averages job, calling for sufficient facts to draw sound conclusions; in fact, it is the manufacturer's job, and the latter is now aware of it; and the standard stock, increasing both the retailer's sales and his security, is the solution. Standardize much merchandise along this line and it will come pretty near selling itself.

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American Rule in the Rhineland

By Maude Radford Warren

OUTSIDE the rear door of that public building in Coblenz which is now used as the headquarters of the Third American Army there was a crowd; not a huddled but a very orderly crowd of men, women and children, ranged in a long, straight procession, four deep. I don't know how they managed it, but the offside of the line all the way up was just two feet from the edge of the sidewalk. I'd have known they were Germans from that fact alone as I came upon them from the rear, even if I had not seen the headgear of the women—and their ankles.

As I passed beside them I heard a voice say: "Outrageous that I, a Herr Professor, should be kept in line here for three hours by these Americans."

At the head of the line was a clear space of perhaps six feet. Beyond that stood an M. P. I think he meant his face to be impressive, but it really was a trifle lordly.

"Good morning, corporal," I greeted him. "Do you know that you are an outrageous American? That you are keeping a Herr Professor waiting three hours?"

"Let 'em beef"—*sotto voce*—"if they want to. I remember how I used to mumble behind teacher's back in school. You bet you they don't let a peep out of them when they get up this far. And some of them have been standing here since daybreak too. If they'd been Americans they'd had brains enough to bring along camp chairs and soap boxes to sit on. At that they've not been standing as long as some of the women and children of Belgium and Northern France had to; and what they get from us is mighty different from what they gave those folks. Cruel and unusual treatment we give them—I don't think. Next fifty," he added in German.

Precisely fifty of the long crowd detached themselves, passed over the sacred six feet of sidewalk, veered neatly round the M. P., mounted the steps of a building and were dispatched by another M. P. through the broad double door.

"This is my job," said the M. P.; "riding herd on gangs like these from dawn to dewy eve. Hundreds of Germans come every day to get permission to travel from this zone of occupation to some other zone. Wouldn't you think they'd be so dead scared they'd be paralyzed—wouldn't want to move anywhere? Say, don't you want to go inside and see how we work it?"

Even before his invitation was fully delivered I was mounting the steps on the way to get my first knowledge of the fashion in which the Army of Occupation handles the civil affairs of the people of the Rhineland. I followed the carefully moving fifty Germans, who were now sequestered at the right of the wide hallway. Just opposite the door by which I entered was another large doorway leading into a lofty hall. As I learned afterward it had been a repository for some sort of German governmental or military records and for four days before the first of our troops entered Coblenz German truck drivers had been working night and day to clear it out.

Excuses and Pretexts

NOW it was empty enough, heavy in its effect, like most of the German interiors, staring red and brown in its color scheme, not at all a restful place. Behind a high counter at the left stood the officer in charge, with three or four noncommissioned officers to assist him. I was acquainted with this officer, Lieutenant S——, and so his invitation to me to come and look on was cordial.

"What I am doing," he said, "comes under the head of 'circulation.' Travel within the American zone is regulated by the burgomasters under our direction, but permission to leave the American zone can be granted only by a divisional or higher commander."

In the doorway stood three Germans gazing intently upon the lieutenant. One of these, a man with defiant eyes and a fixed strained smile, took a step forward.

"Nothing doing!" said the M. P., who had the group in charge; adding in German: "Stay where you are till I tell you to advance."

"I hope," said the lieutenant, "that there won't be anything unpleasant this morning. I mean, sometimes when I don't grant them passes to circulate they weep and tear round generally and have to be put out by the M. P.'s. I don't need to tell you that we have to be mighty careful about circulation. We don't know yet fully what their secret service is up to. We don't want to let spies circulate. I never grant the passes for a longer time than I judge absolutely necessary. The English and French grant up to three months."

"By the way," I remarked, "I saw that man with the frozen smile yesterday when I was in the British consul's office having my pass to Cologne viséed."

"Yes; if they can't work one of us they try the other crowd. Talk on a minute. It will do that fellow good to be kept waiting. He is trying to put something over."

"In this British consul's office," I said, "there was a German who was trying to put something over. Anyhow, this is what he said: 'Herr Consul, I appeal to your sense of justice. I have been to the American officer, but I cannot make him understand. I must get to Cologne. I have important factory interests there. I cannot delegate those interests to another. I must go myself. If I cannot go I cannot get the machinery installed that I want. I have enough raw materials to begin on, but I must be there in person. Otherwise scores of workmen will be kept out of employment and much misery will result.'"

"Yes," said the lieutenant. "Fine, tactful talk to a British officer wounded three times."

"So it struck the consul, for he said: 'We have investigated your case and our opinion is that you can easily delegate your interests to some associate in Cologne. If much misery results to your workmen it will be your own fault. And let me remind you of this: There are dozens of factories in Northern France that need to have machinery installed but can't get it installed because you Germans took it away and put it in factories similar to yours; for all I know, in yours. Pass refused.'"

"Can't allow these people to say 'must' to us," remarked the lieutenant. "Next case."

The man with the defiant eyes and the strained smile advanced. At once the lieutenant's face took on a slightly petulant expression, and his voice, when he spoke, was a bit querulous. I judged later that he assumed the manner as a sort of protective shield.

"Where do you wish to go?" he asked.

Private Interests Survive Disaster

THE man explained that he had money in a bank in Dresden and would be obliged to go there if he was to get it. Followed a flood of German from Lieutenant S—— too full of technical banking terms for me to follow. But the gist of it was that the banking laws as at present constituted would allow the petitioner to have his money transferred from the Dresden bank to a Coblenz bank without the need of a personal visit.

The man's smile died and his eyes changed their defiant look to one of venomous hate. A painful sight. We were relieved when the M. P. escorted him forth and passed forward a little, plump, badly dressed, middle-class woman, with an air which was really assured but which she tried to make full of trepidation. She had her remarks—and probably the lieutenant's—all carefully rehearsed.

"Herr Lieutenant, I wish to go to Wiesbaden for two days each week to superintend a business I have there. A little bakery business which my sister now runs. She is too young to handle it without supervision."

"Why do you not live in Wiesbaden?"

"Because, Herr Lieutenant, my two children are here. They go to school here. It would be a great expense to me, which I could not afford, to go to Wiesbaden."

"Pass granted," said the lieutenant, and the woman was handed over to a noncommissioned officer, who asked her various questions and made out her pass.

"Here comes a politician," remarked the lieutenant, his querulous tone intensified. "We always grant the pass if it's for politics, though nobody in the whole army, as you must know, is allowed to discuss present politics with them. I suppose politics is more vital than some of their reasons. All sorts of excuses they hand out to us. A traveling salesman says he wants to go to unoccupied Germany to buy goods. Some people want to go and get their clothes. Proves, doesn't it, that people's personal interests, however petty, survive in the face of the worst national disaster."

Next came an Italian woman married to a German. She wanted to visit her sick father in Italy. Then a woman whose mother was sick in neutral territory and who brought a hospital bill to prove that the mother had been bedridden before the American Army arrived, and now was sick again; two or three workmen who said they had a chance to work in the neutral territory; the professor whose waiting had outraged him, who said he was suffering from a nervous breakdown and wished to recuperate in a neutral territory. Doubtless he couldn't recuperate while he had to look at Americans.

A small boy came to the counter, which just about reached the youngster's head. A little, watchful, quiet old-man person he was, with quaint clothes. He wanted permission to go back to the school he had been attending in the territory occupied by the English.

"Have you a card from your school?"

"No."

"Have you a letter?"

The child's hand flashed to his pocket and he pulled out a mannish leather pocketbook and produced a letter.

"See how literal-minded they are," commented the lieutenant. "He'd never have volunteered anything about that letter."

More men and women wanting this and that, and then a short, pale, stout man in a wide black cloak hanging heavy from his shoulders. He wanted to go to Mannheim to see his son who was sick, and as the trip would have taken him through French territory the lieutenant felt obliged to refuse. His face of despair, his silence, his slow tears I could endure only by thinking that perhaps his son was not very ill and was being well cared for, and by remembering the many households at home and in England and in France that would never again welcome their sons.

"Oh, gee," said the lieutenant disgustedly, "this is the sort of thing that makes me sick!"

Through the wide door advanced two German women escorted by American officers, a major and a captain. The women were young and in a way pretty. The one in blue looked like a lady; the one in green looked like a Jezebel, and I felt sure that the timid, grateful glance she cast upon her escorting officer covered a world of hate.

"When they go and enlist the services of officers," grumbled the lieutenant, "and when the officers outrank me! And here I had to refuse that old fellow that wanted to see his son when, for all I know, these women ——"

His petulant expression was distinctly intensified as he turned to the superior officers. I turned away. I didn't want to know the result of the request of the ladies with a pull.

I moved down the counter and watched the work of a corporal who had just entered. He belonged to the secret service and they say he has more stories than any other secret-service man in the army. Only, he can't tell them till he gets home. He speaks French, German and Italian as well as he does English. In France he had a wonderful record for taking spies, but those glorious days are gone.

"It's kind of dull for me here," he mourned. "Merely political stuff. Now and then I put on German clothes and sit in the cafés here and pick up a little that way. When I can't stand it any longer in G—— I come down here and see if I can't spot a spy. I'm glad the war is over, of course, only things are going to be tame for some of us after this. Crimes!" he added mournfully. "If you want to see the kind of crimes we are dealing with now go over to the provost court."

The General's Proclamation

I DID, learning before I went the admirable and simple system by which the courts are run here in the Rhineland. Army corps and division commanders may convene military commissions to try Germans offending against the laws of war or the military government. Division commanders appoint for the district occupied by their division a superior provost court to consist each of one officer, preferably a field officer. Army and corps commanders appoint a superior provost court for the districts occupied by the army and corps troops. The maximum punishment is imprisonment for six months or a fine of five thousand marks or both. The commanding officers of each city, town or canton appoint an inferior provost court for the trial of minor offenses by inhabitants against the laws of war. The maximum punishment is imprisonment for three months or a fine of one thousand marks or both.

The officers who appoint the provost court may approve or disapprove or mitigate the sentences of such courts. Each provost court keeps a record showing the name and address of each offender, the date, the place, the offense, the plea, the finding, the sentence, and the action of the convening authority. Each Saturday weekly reports are forwarded to the officer in charge of civil affairs. All money collected as fines is turned in weekly to the Department of Fiscal Affairs.

The provost court in Coblenz is held in a building a long block from the Rhine, which had been for a couple of centuries the heritage of the German generals commando. Each general commando, when he retired, set his coat of arms in the main entrance hall. As I entered two soldier clerks were discussing the advisability of putting up some stained glass, showing the American eagle, the American flag, and *E pluribus unum*. They thought they would like it—even temporarily.

While I waited for the court to open I read General Pershing's proclamation to the inhabitants of the Rhineland. "The rule is strict," the proclamation ran, "and implicit obedience to it is exacted from all. None the less, no law-abiding person need have any fear. The American

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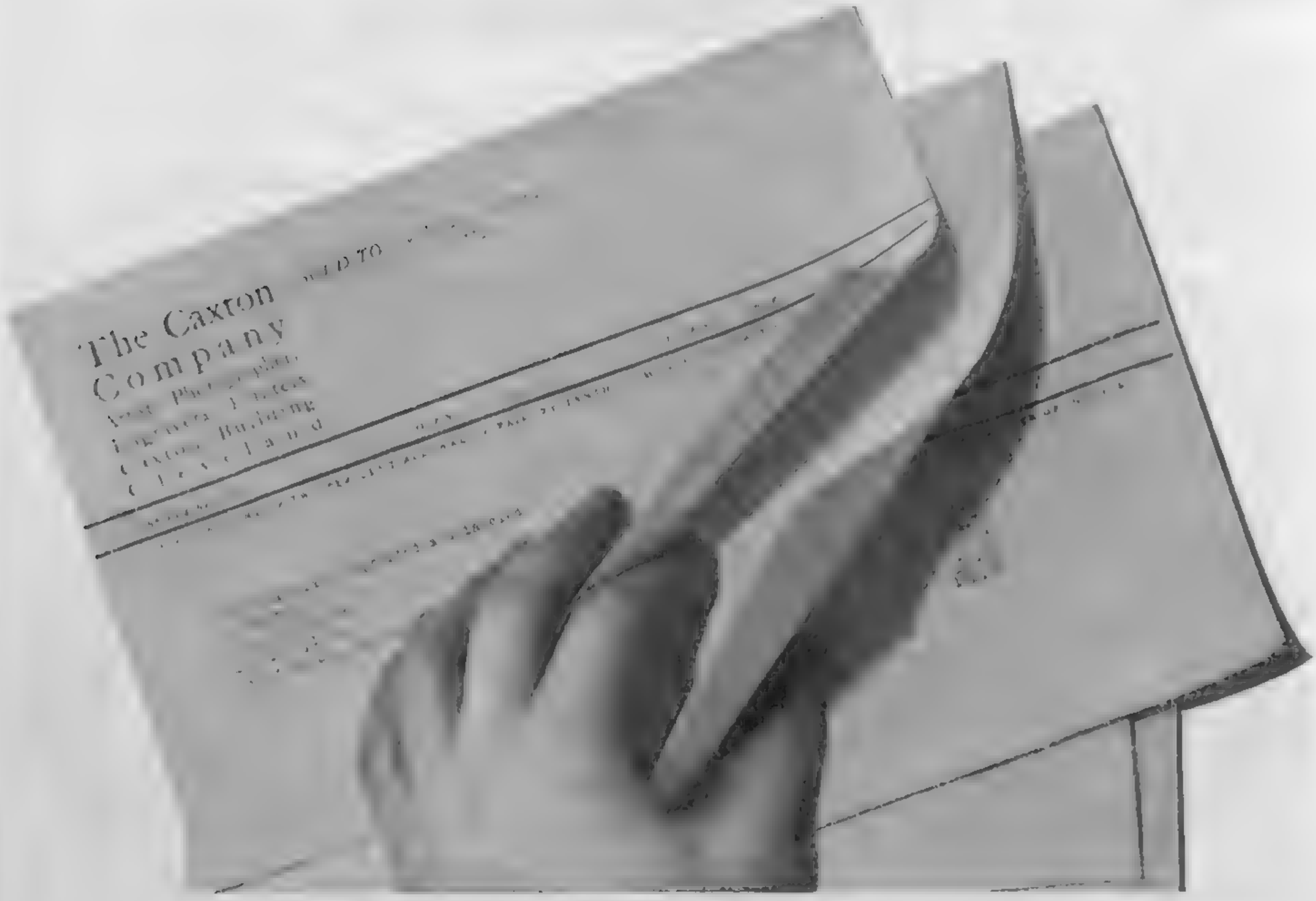

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(Continued from Page 135)

Army has not come to make war on the civilian population. All persons who with honest submission act peaceably and obey the rules laid down by the military authorities will be protected in their persons, their homes, their religion and their property. All others will be brought within the rule with firmness, promptness and vigor.

"The American Army will govern in strict accordance with international law and the rules and customs of war sanctioned by the civilized world. The inhabitants on their part must absolutely abstain in word and deed from every act of hostility or impediment of any kind toward the American forces.

"It is your duty now to devote yourselves to the orderly and obedient conduct of your private lives and affairs, the reestablishment of normal conditions in your schools, churches, hospitals and charitable institutions, and the resumption of your local civil life. You will not be obstructed; but on the contrary you will be encouraged and protected in those pursuits. So far as your attitude and conduct make it possible your local courts, governing bodies and institutions will be continued in operation under the supervision of the American authorities, and except where they affect the rights and security of the American Army your present laws and regulations will remain undisturbed and in force.

"Every violation of the laws of war, every act or offer of hostility or violence, and every disobedience of rules laid down by the military authority will be punished with the utmost vigor."

The obvious reflection was—how different from the proclamation Von Bissing had put forth in Belgium.

Lieutenant R——, who held the court, came out to welcome me and to conduct me into the court room. This was a very high, very narrow ugly place done in pale pink, just the color of sickly gums. It had been a chapel and it felt like a cross between a tomb and a condemned cell. Never before had I been in so gloomy a spot. On a rather high platform was placed the table behind which sat the lieutenant-judge. At his right were chairs for the accused and the interpreter. At his left was the chair for whoever had testimony to give against the prisoner. Down in front were a few benches on which, waiting their turns, sat prisoners and witnesses and one or two American soldiers.

A Typical Case

The court came to order and the first prisoners were called, a boy of twenty-two and his father, a man of fifty-seven, who looked much older. Followed a witness carrying a dozen bottles of alcoholic liquor.

"Gee," breathed a soldier beside me, "I ain't seen such an exhibit as that since I left home! I'd forgotten the color."

The lieutenant looked inquiringly at the interpreter, who said: "We caught the old fellow selling liquor to Americans and to Germans. He said he was selling it for medicinal purposes only, but he sold so much of it that he was practically doing a wholesale business."

"All right. Tell them I am going to swear them."

The interpreter did so, using then and throughout the examination the word "thou," thus denoting that either a familiar or an inferior was being addressed.

The oath was given very seriously. Then the older prisoner was questioned: Did he sell the liquor? Was he guilty as charged? He was allowed to testify in his own behalf, and said that General Pershing's proclamation permitted alcoholic drink to be sold as a medicine and that the people who bought from him said they were sick.

The lieutenant examined the son and then passed sentence: A fine of eight hundred marks each.

"If I had tried it as one case I couldn't have fined them more than a thousand marks," he explained. "We've got to show these people that when we say nothing but light wine and beer are to be sold we mean just that."

Came next two men—a mean, furtive-looking creature, who took a seat near me, and a fat, pallid man who sat in the prisoner's dock. The latter was accused of having several cartons of American tobacco in his possession, and also of having traded schnapps for a knife, to the other German, who in his presence had passed the schnapps on to American soldiers. The other German, it appeared, acted as an informer. The prisoner's plea was that he had not sold liquor, since he traded it; and that as for the cigarettes, some he had found in the hotel where the American officers chiefly stayed, and some were given him. It developed that the gifts came to pass in this way: A soldier would enter the man's café. Somehow he would find a glass of schnapps at his elbow. He would drift out, and somehow the proprietor would find a package of cigarettes beside the empty glass.

What interested me in the case was not the flimsy excuses, but a muscle that twitched constantly in the man's pallid cheek, and the tense effort he was making to keep his eyes away from the informer.

"If the lieutenant pleases," said one of the soldiers, rising from beside the informer, "may this witness go out first? I promised him protection, sir."

"Very well," agreed the lieutenant, but a half smile flickered over his face. The informer might have protection from here to his home on this one day; after that ——

During a brief recess the lieutenant explained to me that not more than one hundred and fifty cases a week were tried in the city of Coblenz, and so far as he had heard, in like proportion in other places. For the most part the cases were violations of the early-closing law—wine and beer being on sale from eleven to two and five to seven; or cases like the preceding, where alcoholic liquor had been sold; and a few cases where Germans were found with American property which they had stolen or bought.

Twenty-Mark Haircuts

"If they can steal some bacon or bully beef out of our freight car," Lieutenant R—— said, "they do it. They think we've got lots of food. Now and then we find a German with a pair of American boots on and we make prompt inquiry. But the most of these inhabitants are anxious to obey the law. If you have time go up to the jail. The guards up there will tell you that the Germans fairly weep when their sentences are up, they so enjoy the good food we give them."

Upstairs in one of the lofty reception rooms I met Colonel F——, one of the senior officers in charge of the provost work. Just as I entered a German captain came out, his head high-flung, his nostrils distended. Colonel F—— told me what ailed him:

"I told him the German military officers who may have to be here must salute our officers. 'Very well,' he said, 'but it will be very hard for our German major to have to salute an American junior officer'; and I said to him: 'There are no American officers who are junior to German officers.'"

Colonel F—— then showed me the desk which had belonged to the general commando. It was all faced with excellent mirror glass and so set that it commanded the door.

Anyone entering, from the moment he crossed the threshold, would have his bearing and every expression at the mercy of the man who sat at the desk.

"It's been a busy morning," Colonel F—— said. "Before you came in there were several Germans who asserted that they were American citizens and asked to draw American rations. One of them took out his papers in the spring of 1903, and in the autumn of 1903 came here and has been here ever since.

"They're great on the make," the colonel added. "I've just had a German haircut, and the man who did it for me explained to me that he used to shave the Kaiser and Von Hindenburg and Von Ludendorff; and that they always gave him twenty marks for the job."

I watched the colonel through the remainder of a busy morning dealing with this sort of problem: military command had been that any clothing, supplies, horses, and so on, should be disposed of by a date in November. The petitioning civilians claimed to the Americans that the German authorities had left them a free hand in dealing with army property up to December twelfth. Their military authorities had held auctions of clothing, horses, leather and various supplies, and had taken and were keeping the money. The property had been sold to individuals, some of whom would suffer great hardships if they had to return it to the American authorities. Some of them doubtless bought in good faith, while others, shrewder, knew they were taking a chance.

The colonel passed carefully on each case, dealing with justice and even with generosity, explaining fully his reasons for each decision.

"I am strong for good liaison," he said, "even with Germans. Besides, they're so literal-minded that you want to be sure they understand fully. Their literal-mindedness is funny. For example, when we told them to turn in all weapons we got inlaid sabers, old dueling pistols, halberds, and all sorts of medieval stuff. Most of these people are just as anxious to keep the laws as we are to have them. We told them that ignorance of the regulations would not be accepted as an excuse for their violation, and that each person must know the regulations. I believe you'll find that there isn't a household where the rules aren't conned over like a German high command."

Here were various concrete manifestations of satisfactory civil government. I found the full scheme well worth investigation. The real exercise of the civil functions is pretty closely in the hands of General Pershing. He lays down the policies which are carried out by his representatives.

Brig. Gen. H. H. Smith, the officer in charge of civil affairs at Treves, is of the Regular Army and had some experience at Vera Cruz, though his principal work was with the schools of the army at Fort Leavenworth, and he had charge of the staff college at Langres and of all the army schools. General Smith attends the interallied conference held weekly in Paris. Under him at Coblenz is the office of civil affairs, Headquarters, Third Army, conducted by three experienced and highly efficient officers, and their assistants. The three chief officers are: Col. I. L. Hunt, in charge; Lieut. Col. H. D. Ogden—both men of legal as well as military experience; and Lieut. Col. Walter Bensel, chief surgeon of the Third Army. These officers are in constant conference with other experts to the end of making the government one hundred per cent efficient.

The organization itself is simple. It is characteristically American in flavor. To decide on an interallied policy to be carried out identically in the different occupied zones under the different governments would be difficult. Each government naturally wants to administer according to its own views, due to inherited traditions, but each individual government is of course conducted within the framework of the general policy.

The Five Departments

The office of General Smith is organized with five departments: First, Public Works and Utilities, which includes the supervision of railroads, street railways, telephones, electric-lighting plants, and so on; the officer in charge consults and coöperates with the interallied commission on railroads; second, comes the Department of Fiscal Affairs, charged with the supervision of all treasuries, banks, financial institutions and all matters of taxation; third, the Department of Sanitation and Public Health, in charge of the sanitation and health in the districts so far as the inhabitants are concerned; fourth, Schools and Charitable Institutions, exercising a general supervision over all schools and charitable institutions in the occupied districts; fifth, the Legal Department, exercising general supervision over all military commissions and provost courts, charged with the custody of all court records and exercising general supervision in all local courts in the territory occupied.

The officers in charge of these departments are advisory to the officer in charge of civil affairs. Army corps and division commanders detail from their commands suitable officers to take charge of the civil affairs on their respective staffs. Each division commander is responsible for the administration of civil affairs in his territory. He details a suitable officer to be in charge of each town or canton occupied—preferably the commanding officer. Army and corps commanders take similar action in the case of territory occupied by the army and corps troops. Cantons not garrisoned are inspected and regulated by officers detailed by the commanding general of the divisions controlling the area in which such cantons are located; or, in the case of army and corps troops, by the army or corps commander. The office of the officer in charge of civil affairs is the only office of record in civil-affairs administration. All reports, documents and papers of any kind relating to civil affairs in the occupied territory are forwarded to this office for action or filing.

With the exception of a clause that allows for the addition if necessary of other departments this is the full scheme of organization. When it was sent forth as Order Number One, on December thirteenth, two points were made prominent—courts and requisitions. The handling of the courts I have already treated. As for requisitions, it was commanded that billets for officers and men, food, forage and straw would be requisitioned from the inhabitants, but that food would not be requisitioned except in case of immediate emergency, and that all such cases must be reported at once to the division corps or army commanders. Requisitions were in general to be made upon municipalities, but could be made if necessary upon individuals. These requisitions were not to be paid for in cash, but a receipt must be given for all supplies and billets, showing clearly the number of billets occupied and the length of time, the quantity and condition of all supplies furnished; the receipt to be signed by a supply officer and approved by the commanding officer, on whose authority only can requisitions be demanded. The supply officer must forward through channels to the office of the officer in charge of civil affairs one copy of all receipts given.

This first order was followed by half a dozen more, adding commands such as that all German military stores not removed during the period fixed for evacuation must be forfeited; reënforcing the order that no officer or soldier now or formerly in the German Army shall appear in uniform within the zone of the American Army of Occupation; that dangerous drugs must not be sold to American soldiers; that American soldiers must not be discriminated against as to price, and so on."

Civil Government

A number of simple and definite rules have been published for the inhabitants of the Rhineland, which I shall presently set down. The average civilian is concerned with them, but the American Government and the German civil authorities are concerned with much more fundamental matters. Food, coal, raw materials, distribution—the handling of these questions it is that occupies the energies of the chief officials.

The chief civil functionary with whom the American authorities deal is the overpresident of the Rhine Provinces, Herr Von Groote. He is the head of the five *Bezirke* or governmental districts into which the Rhine provinces are divided, headed by the cities of Düsseldorf, Aachen, Cologne, Coblenz and Treves. With him is very closely associated Herr Von Gröningen, the head of the Coblenz *Bezirk*. These two men are constantly in conference with other German authorities. For example, each *Bezirk* is divided into various *Kreise*, or circles. Coblenz *Bezirk* has fourteen *Kreise*, of which Coblenz city is called the *Stadt Kreis* and the thirteen others are each a *Land Kreis*. Each *Kreis* has a burgomaster. The chief functionary of a town or county district is called a *Landrat*.

All these functionaries, as need directs, and sometimes their assistants, meet in conference to discuss the requirements of the individual life of the provinces. A large part of their business has consisted in dealing with petitions from the civilians in regard to food supplies, fuel, raw materials and manufactures. Such petitions afford them the material for the conferences with the American military authorities. These conferences have been of great use to the Americans in helping them to understand the German psychology.

Herr Von Groote, the overpresident, has a difficult rôle to play and he is playing it well. He has one of the most responsible jobs in all Germany. On his administration during the occupation depends the whole economic future of the Rhine country. His is a painful position, for he has never had to take orders from anyone but his Kaiser. But now when an American military official sends for him he must come and act as he is bidden. But he is very tactful, cultivated, a man of the world, easy to deal with.

Herr Von Gröningen, on the contrary, is very much of a Prussian. He does not accept the situation with the finesse of Von Groote. As far as he dares he is autocratic with the Americans. His manner

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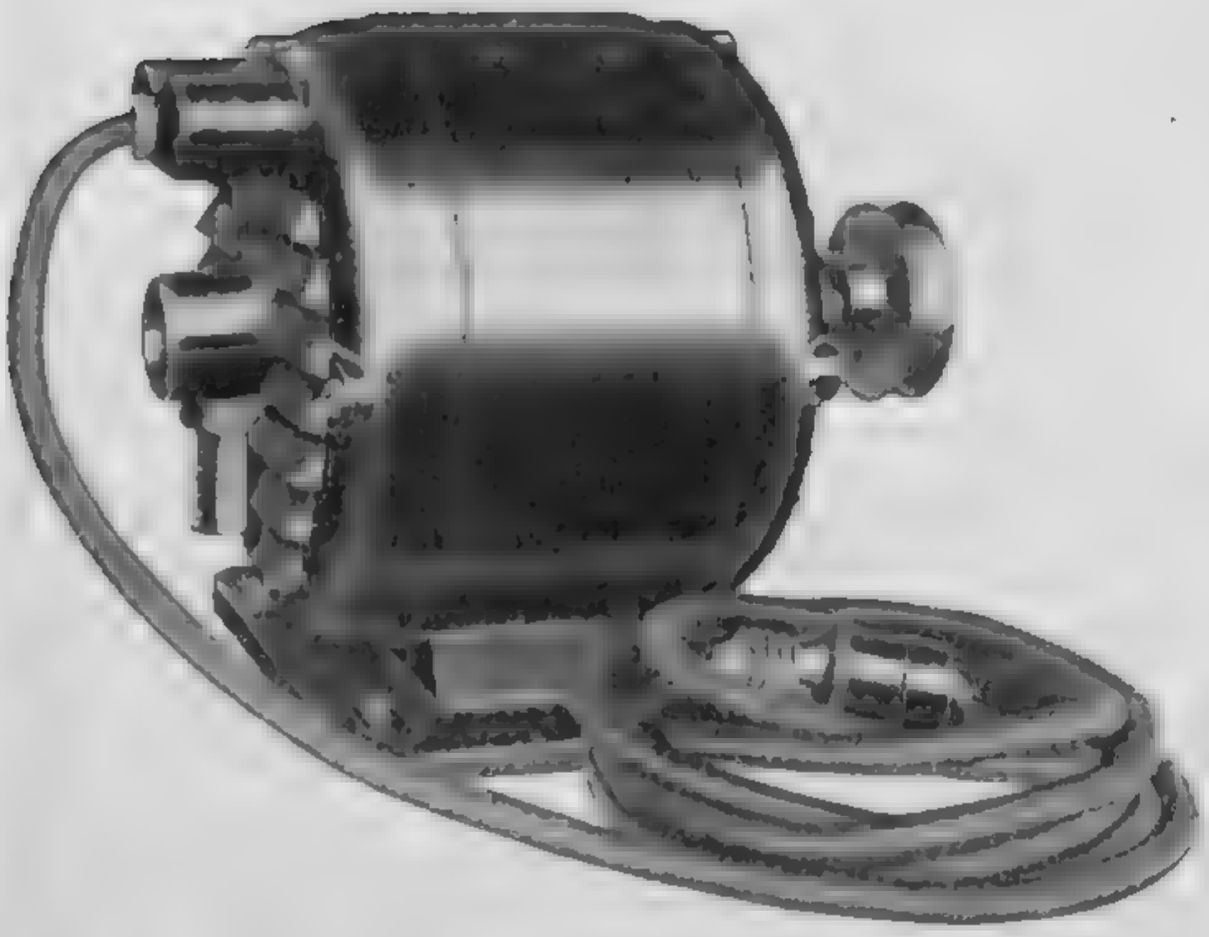
For Her Comfort



Electric power has come to her aid in a wonderful electric washer and fan.

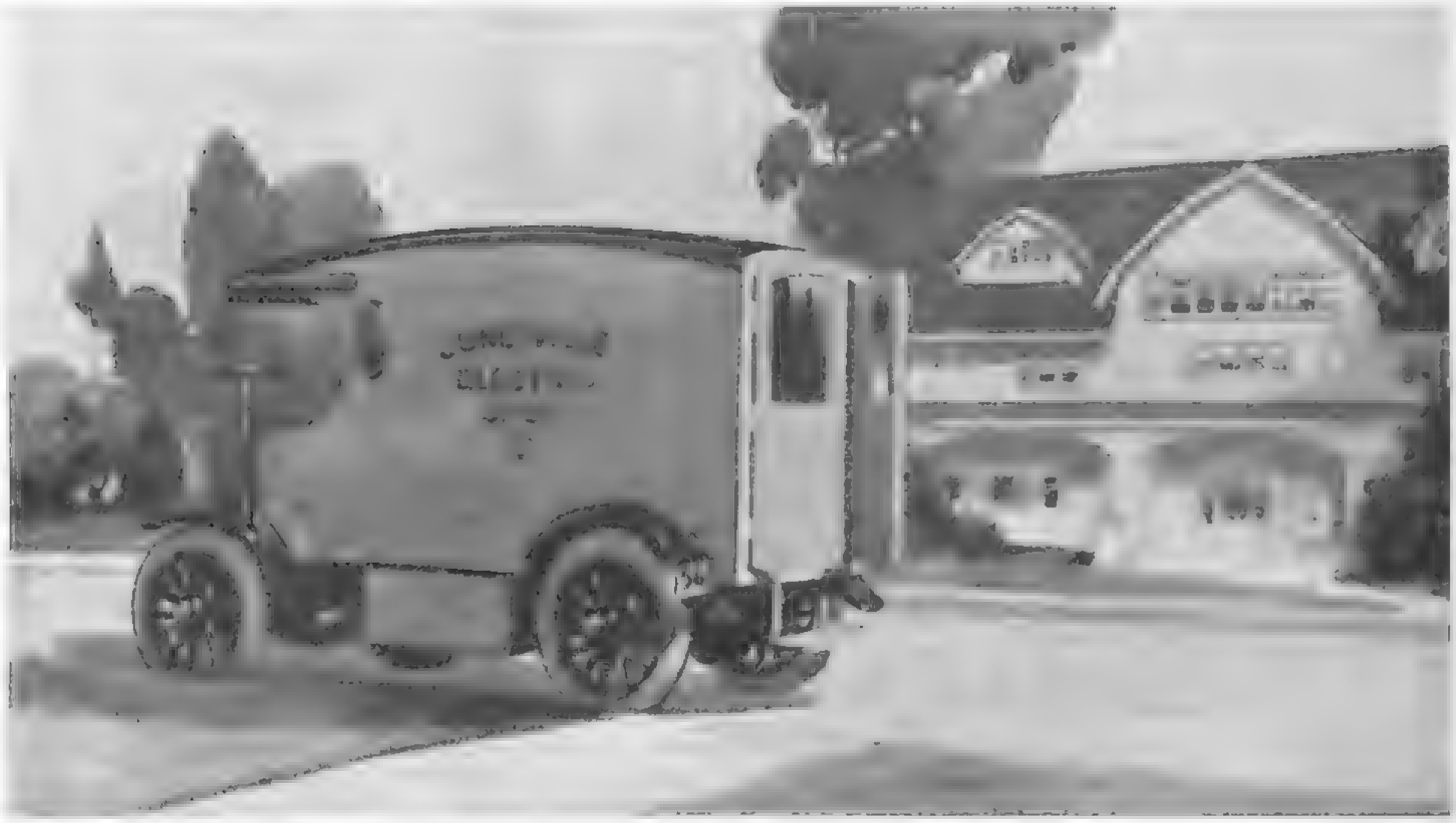
And her joy is augmented by the fact that the washer carries a Robbins & Myers Motor, and that the fan likewise bears the well-known R&M mark.

To her they spell added efficiency through the convenience and comfort they insure. And added efficiency means more time for other duties.

She knows that manufacturers of the better electrically-driven devices equip their product with Robbins & Myers Motors to insure the highest operating efficiency.

She is well aware that a Robbins & Myers Motor on a vacuum cleaner, washing machine, coffee grinder or meat chopper is a sign of high quality throughout, just as her husband knows that R&M Motors are found on the better

Robbins & Myers



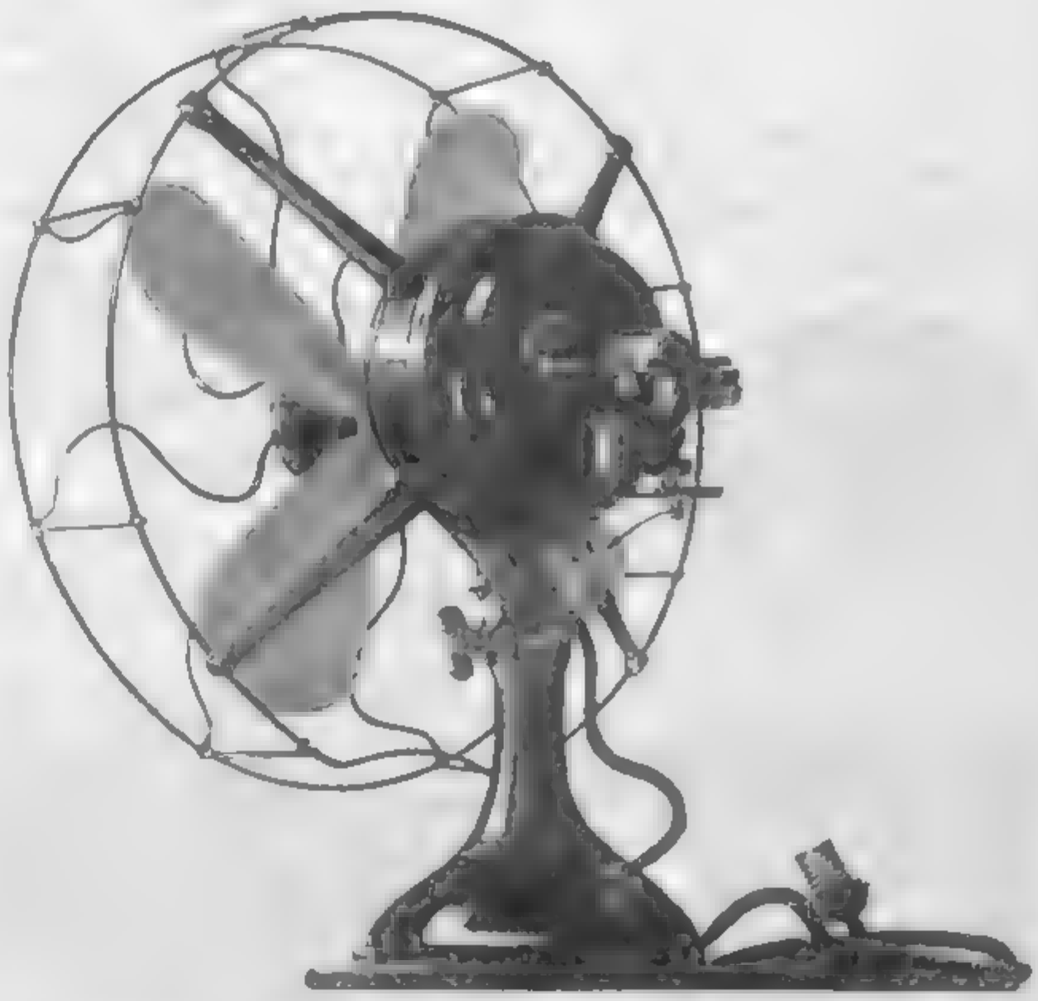
and Convenience

mailing and addressing machines, adding machines and similar office equipment.

Robbins & Myers Fans are *motor* built—the result of 22 years' experience in the making of motors up to 50 horsepower. Being *motor* built, an R&M Fan lasts a lifetime. You know it by the Robbins & Myers Motor at the back, and the R&M flag on the face.

Power users prefer Robbins & Myers Motors for their dependability and economy, season after season.

Makers of motor-driven devices, and dealers also, find a ready market through the assurance of quality exemplified by Robbins & Myers leadership.

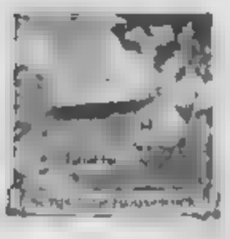


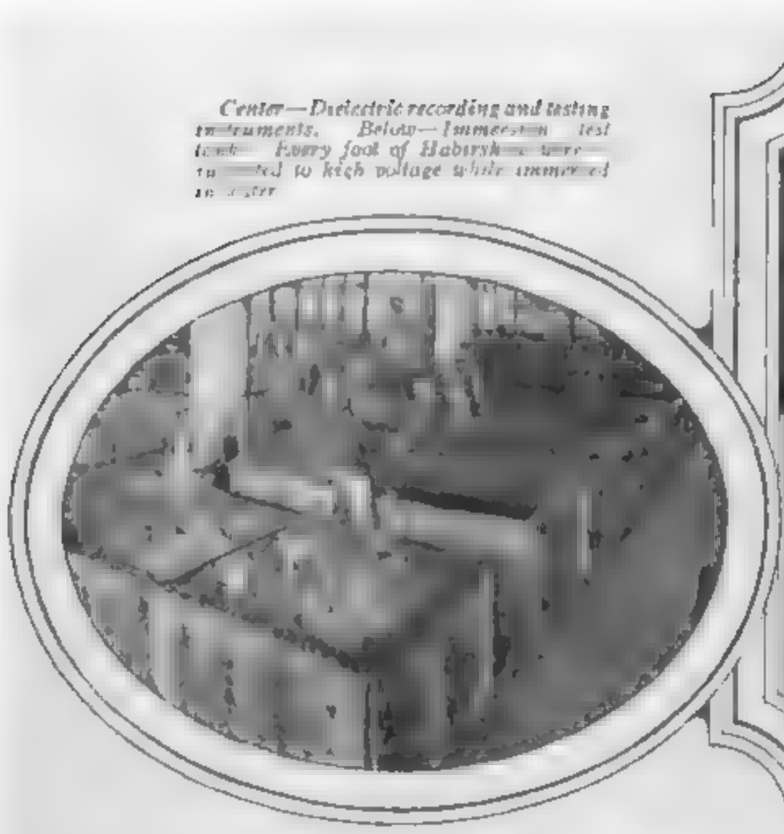
The Robbins & Myers Company, Springfield, Ohio

For twenty-two Years Makers of Quality Fans and Motors

Branches in All Principal Cities

Motors





Center—Dielectric recording and testing instruments. Below—Immersion test tank. Every foot of Habirshaw wire is submitted to kitch voltage while immersed in water

Below—One of the 14 physical and electrical operations every foot of Habirshaw must pass through before it leaves the plant. Certified copies of tests are furnished on request

Bringing the Helps and Conveniences of ELECTRICITY to Your Home.

OVER insulated wire comes the wonderful power that turns the electric washer, the vacuum cleaner, spins the fan, and heats the electric iron, the electric range or grill.

Insulated wire is the outreaching arm of the great central station power plant. It conveys to your home a tireless, inexhaustible force that can lighten and shorten the household routine—eliminate all the drudgery and heavy tasks, help you to do many things better, give you conveniences and comforts and save you steps without end.

Responsibility and Capacity Behind Habirshaw Wire

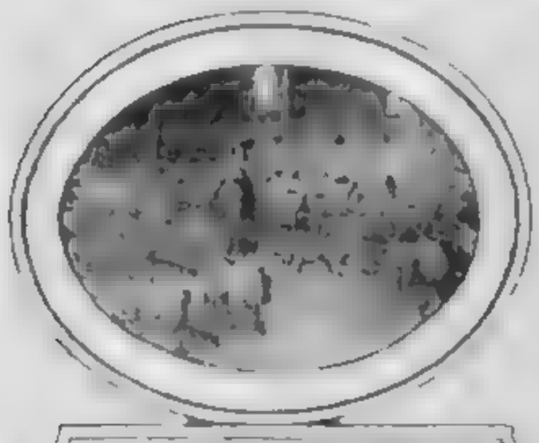
The production of good insulated wire demands—highly developed technical skill, an extensive plant, comprehensive organizations, and sound financial resources.

For more than thirty years, Habirshaw has been the name accepted all over the world as representing the highest standard of wire quality. The skill and resources of the Habirshaw Company have kept pace with the growth of the entire electrical industry, with quality as its keynote, so that today to—"ask if it is wired with Habirshaw" insures the first essential requirement for satisfactory electrical equipment in the home and factory.

Get the Advice of Experts

Architects, electrical engineers, electrical contractors, central station engineers and manufacturers of electrical equipment are experts and their advice and coöperation are necessary in the planning and installing of any electrical equipment or devices.

Every building should be wired for the benefits and economies of electrical service. Consult an expert and then—ask if it is wired with Habirshaw.



For more than thirty years—practically from the beginning of the electrical industry—

HABIRSHAW

"Proven by the test of time"

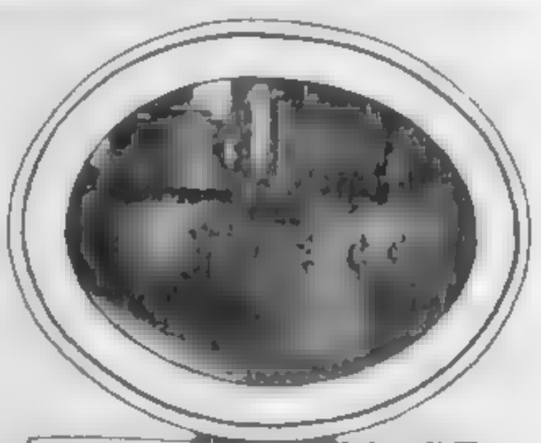
Insulated Wire

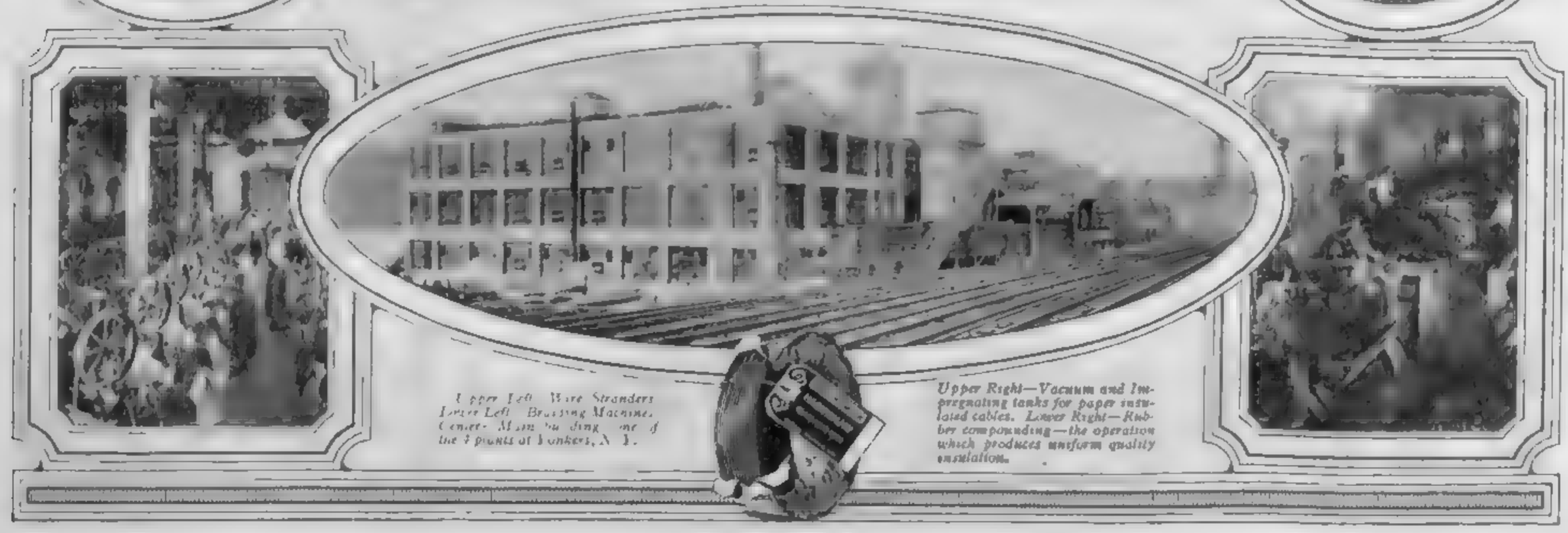
has been accepted as a standard of quality all over the world

Habirshaw Wire Manufactured by
Habirshaw Electric Cable Co.
Incorporated
10 East 43rd Street, New York

Habirshaw Code Wire Distributed by the
Western Electric Company
Incorporated
Offices in All Principal Cities

Habirshaw Power Cables—Rubber, Varnished Cambric and Paper—Sector and Concentric





Upper Left—Wire Stranders. Lower Left—Braiding Machines. Center—Main building, one of the 3 plants at Yonkers, N. Y.

Upper Right—Vacuum and impregnating tanks for paper insulated cables. Lower Right—Rubber compounding—the operation which produces uniform quality insulation.

(Concluded from Page 139)

says: "I'll stand this till I can get back at you."

Another important personage is Doctor Appelmann, liaison official between the Americans and the German high officials.

At the very first conference in Coblenz the officer in charge of civil affairs, Headquarters, Third Army, made the American position clear to Herr Von Groote and the other high officials.

"We must have no misunderstandings as to our relations," he said. "A military government can be brought about only by the defeat of one party. The fact that the Allies occupy the Rhineland shows that they are not the defeated party. The civil office is always willing to listen to complaints and petitions. We intend to deal fairly, but you must talk straight business to us. We are blunt and we demand direct dealing."

Yet even in that very first meeting the Germans began experimenting as to the length of their tether. It was not that they intended in the large to disobey. Fifty years of living under the strictest sort of bureaucratic rule has brought them to a full knowledge of the requirements of a military government. They are ready to obey because they fear retaliation, but they always want to see how much the Americans will stand. In that very first conference a certain high official rose and asked to be excused as he had an important conference to attend.

"With whom," asked the officer in charge, "is this conference?"

"With a gentleman from Bonn."

"You will please be seated. There is only one person in this place who has more claim on your time than I have, and that is General Dickman. If he sends for you you may go."

This was rather a blow before minor officials to a lofty gentleman who had marched into the hall with his secretary following him carrying his portfolio.

For the next conference the American officer required the presence of a certain important official, a *Regierungs-President*. He sent for the official, adding: "You may choose at your own convenience any afternoon hour." The German selected three o'clock. At three o'clock the American official looked about among the group of German officials, and not seeing the *Regierungs-President* asked for him. His secretary replied that he had not seen him.

"Is he in the city?"

"I think so."

"Gentlemen," said the American official, "this meeting is adjourned till ten o'clock to-morrow morning, when the *Regierungs-President* will be here in person."

Relations With Local Officials

Next morning with great affability the *Regierungs-President* introduced to the American official his *Justizrat*, saying: "He is authorized to represent me in all things."

"I deal only with high officials directly," replied the officer in charge.

Occasionally, though without unnecessary harassing, he sends for this official, just to show that he is doing business at the old stand.

They have various ways of trying to pull down the bars. For example, a *Landsrat*, looking round the plain room in which the conferences are held, remarked: "I have a very good office, very much finer than this. Would you not like to use it?"

"No, we'll meet here," said the officer, who had no intention of running to the Germans.

Occasionally he has been obliged to speak plainly to Doctor Appelmann, the liaison official.

"Tell them they can't put this across. Don't let them get the idea that a wedge can be driven between us and the French and the British, because it can't. You should get rid of the crowd that tries to deceive you. Remember it was your own government that played you false—not ours."

Yet always the Germans keep looking for a further loophole. With the granting of their desperate appeal for American food, and perhaps because of a certain increase in the number or boldness of the Rhineland Reds, it almost seems as if the Rhinelanders feel as if they dare show us some real defiance. At any rate, during March misdemeanors increased and the court trials doubled in number. The most flagrant crime is one for which the two highest officials of the city of Coblenz, Herr Jansen and Herr Jurgensen, are responsible; and as I write they are being held for trial before a military commission, which under the law has the power to impose any penalty, including that of death. It is the first such trial the Americans have held.

They refused to obey a requisition for three hundred laborers to work on roads near Bensdorf. The law about the roads, as the Americans laid it down, was that the roads were to be maintained by the German local authorities in general accordance with the methods of administration existing before the war. American corps and division commanders must see that the maintenance is carried out within their respective areas. Our engineer troops are not to be called on for labor except in case of urgent military necessity. The German officials were of course familiar with the law. Their technical defense was that the requisition was not made out in proper form and with due respect to the dignity of the German officials concerned. The punishment dealt out will show the Germans that it is useless to try to refuse complete obedience.

From the very beginning the conferences have dealt chiefly with food, fuel, public utilities, transportation, raw materials and manufactures. There was a belief on the part of many Americans and Frenchmen that the Germans had turned in far fewer cars, locomotives and trucks than had been required of them, and these of the poorest quality; and also that what they said about their food situation was not to be depended upon. As to the latter, it has been pretty hard to come at the truth. In one of the early conferences a high German official said that there would be disastrous consequences if food was not brought from America to Germany.

The Question of Food

"But how is this?" asked the officer in charge. "Your newspapers said before the armistice was signed that you had food enough to carry on the war for two years longer."

"There is enough food in Germany," was the reply, "but we cannot get it properly distributed, for the Allies have taken too much of our rolling stock."

Upon which another high German official rose and said with intense feeling: "It isn't true. Even if we could distribute it we haven't enough food!"

The belief of the American officials has been that there was enough food in Germany to feed the people if it were properly distributed—not enough in the American sense, but at least as much as the Germans had been getting for some time. The impression in Coblenz seemed to be that ultimately we'd have to send the Germans food, especially in view of the fact that their distribution had broken down because of the railroad situation; but that they ought to sit at the second table; that nothing should be done for them until the rest of Europe was fed; that this should be part of the retribution due them for what they'd brought on the world. Meantime the Germans, afraid that cereals would not be forthcoming from Russia and the Ukraine and Rumania, deluged the conferences with petitions and statistics registering starvation, pleading: "We'll have anarchy if we don't get food."

The Americans in Germany have been careful not to diminish the supply of German food. The soldiers were forbidden to buy anything but fruit—which did not seem to be for sale—and vegetables, of which there have always been plenty in Germany. I stood beside a buck private one day looking into a pastry shop where was displayed a huge pie, price twelve marks.

"I ain't had pie since I can remember," said he. "And these here Germans want food of us. They think they're unlicked, darn 'em, and they sure are unrepentant. I'd bring the lesson home to them through their stomachs. If they have rebellions on account of it we'll tame 'em. I bet if you put it up to the A. E. F. they'd vote to stay over here longer rather than feed the boche."

The fuel situation affords plenty of difficulties. Fuel is needed first for the army; second for public works and utilities; and third for the German civil population. Here enter the obstacles in the way of distribution. There is the economic barrier. Nothing must go out from Germany to France. There is the waterways barrier and the bridgehead barrier, affecting distribution within Germany. The four watertight zones, due to the occupation of the Allies, are almost as bad as they could be in their effect on distribution. Whatever supply there is has been complicated by the labor strikes in Westphalia, which American authority cannot control.

"We believe," said a high American authority, "that we can get enough coal in our territory by confiscating, if necessary, the coal going on the barges up the Rhine. If anyone has to suffer it must be Southern Germany. It may be a hardship upon these people, but then, we're responsible for these people."

There is no doubt that in the city of Coblenz, for example, the public utilities are pretty badly overloaded. But the Americans know that there is a big electric-light plant in a neutral zone which could put light into Coblenz. Moreover, they intend to make the Germans responsible in full for the public utilities. It is always possible to turn the tables on them as they did on the Belgians in 1917. They issued an order cutting the consumption of the local population to fifty per cent of what it had it been in 1916. The Americans on one occasion merely quoted the order as issued by the Germans, adding: "This condition still exists."

Indeed, about mid-January the American officials had to take a drastic stand. They issued to the burgomaster of Coblenz this bulletin:

"Due to the failure of the German officials charged with the distribution of fuel for this area to secure the necessary supply of coal so that there shall be electric power enough for the various public utilities all street-car traffic in Coblenz shall be suspended until further notice, beginning at 12 o'clock 14–15th of January. Unless the said officials take pains to relieve the situation all electric current in and about Coblenz shall be suspended by 12 noon, January 17th."

The said officials got right on the job, and a barge that was proceeding comfortably up the Moselle carrying twelve hundred tons of coal found itself summarily halted.

The German manufacturers in the Rhineland send various petitions asking for special raw materials, for markets, for helps of sorts. The rules affecting manufacturers are these: No material can go from the Rhineland to unoccupied Germany except by special permission, and under conditions some of which are still under discussion. Certain materials may come here from unoccupied Germany with special authority—fuel of all kinds; all raw materials necessary for the operation of factories—coal, coke, limestone, iron ore, phosphates, leather and hides, oils, and so on. Also, the necessary transportation of certain supplies: Food, beverages, hay or grain for feeding cattle; the necessary spare parts consigned to factories, and for automobiles and for railroad equipment; transmission belts, motors, and so on. To import certain special products necessary for the operation of factories in occupied territory special authority must be obtained.

Train Movements

Already the Germans are manufacturing and the markets of the world are going to be open to them, with the proviso that France and Belgium are to have the first chance to buy whatever they need to repair devastation. They will pay cash. The officer in charge of civil affairs requested the German chambers of commerce to supply at once statistics as to the German resources. They asked for three months, saying they could not give an accurate report in less time than that. They were allowed just seven days, with the statement that they were not expected to be absolutely accurate. I believe the implication was that despite the loophole they needn't expect to put anything over on us.

Of necessity the rules as to the movements of trains are exceedingly strict. The bridgeheads of Cologne, Coblenz and Mainz are considered on the left bank of the Rhine so far as railroad traffic is concerned. Outside the bridgeheads the Rhine can be crossed by rail only at four points. Within the bridgeheads it can be crossed only at points authorized by the interallied commission. No passenger trains may pass the outposts except trains of workmen without baggage, bearing tickets which are given only on certification of the employment. Transportation within the bridgeheads is limited to the terminal stations set by the authorities, but on the line on the right bank trains may travel from the bridgehead of Coblenz to Mainz and vice versa, if they do not stop in the neutral zone. The passenger schedule on the left bank and within the bridgeheads must be submitted for approval to the interallied commission. The transportation of the Allied armies is limited to the outposts, but supply trains for prison camps located beyond the occupied zone may pass. There is no restriction as to trains of equipment to be turned over to the Allied armies.

Freight trains may cross the outposts when authorized, and where exceptions are made as to empty equipment returning from carrying in raw products. Before any train may cross the outposts it must stop at a station where a post of surveillance is established, that the contents may be examined for proof. Any train containing unauthorized material may be held up. Freight originating in unoccupied territory and consigned to a neutral zone may pass. At the bridgeheads freight similar to that which is permitted to cross the outposts, such as food, raw materials, empty equipment, cannot pass except in complete trains with special passes, convoyed by an Allied military personnel.

Meantime the average Rhinelander goes about his business, content to let his German masters manage the vital affairs for him. For himself he has memorized the few simple orders that were sent out just before the Army of Occupation entered. Besides the two orders already mentioned dealing with circulation and alcoholic drink, there are rules as to identification, arms and ammunition, assemblies and meetings, publications, post, telegraph and telephones, photographs, and a few special rules.

Special Regulations

In other words, every person over twelve must carry an identification card, bearing his occupation and address, issued and stamped by the appropriate German civil official. Change of address must be stated. The head of each household must keep posted on the inner side of the outer door of the building a list showing the name, nationality, sex, age and occupation of every person of his household residing in the building. The carrying of arms or deadly weapons is forbidden except by the local police. When the weapons were delivered up to the American authorities a receipt for each was returned and each weapon was tagged with the name of its owner. All gathering of crowds is forbidden. No meeting or assembly of persons can take place without the authority of the local military commander. Sessions of courts and councils, schools and religious services may be held as usual. A copy of each periodical publication must be delivered to the local military commander immediately on issue. If any matter appears reflecting on or injurious to the American military government this will render the publication liable to suspension or suppression.

This cursory review of the American rule in the Rhineland makes it clear that an army of occupation is not idle. The number of soldiers that are kept busy in supervising the affairs of a conquered people is necessarily large. The Rhineland is lucky to have our rule to fall back on, considering the revolutions that have been raging in Germany. For fifty years Germany has had a strongly centralized government. For fifty years everything has headed up to Berlin. In our country if there is a fire or a famine the towns hold town meetings and go ahead with their plans. In Germany in a like case they would fold their arms until they heard what Berlin said.

But now the cord is broken; Berlin is hard to reach. Moreover, in the German local government there are so many officials, so many committees and subdivisions of authority, and so much constant supervision and control of minor authorities by those above them that the ultimate responsibility is at times hard to fix. Under the American command there is no chance for misunderstanding.

A merciful rule—it bears no resemblance to the German rule in Belgium and France. There has been no murder or robbing or rapine; no unfair requisitions; no wholesale fining of a community; no orders to leave doors unlocked; no curfew law. The Americans are not autocrats; they are merely wise rulers who remember that in the long run a conquering nation justifies itself better by clemency than by cruelty.

THE BUILDING MATERIAL DEALER THEIR CONTRIBUTION

THE engines of war are silenced; the smoke of battle has cleared away. The period of reconstruction is here.

To those who fought, suffered, and won, all glory is due—now and always.

But let us not forget others who have done their share quietly, patiently, and unselfishly.

The walls of civilization were shattered, and through the breach came a devastating torrent of frightfulness. To stem this flood, into the gap the nation unselfishly threw its all.

The desired result was achieved; the fabric of civilization was again made whole. And all who helped gained sufficient reward in the knowledge of a great work well done.

All credit to whom credit is due. No one class suffered more acutely,

LEHIGH PORTLAND

Offices

Allentown, Pa.	Chicago, Ill.	Spokane, Wn.
New York, N. Y.	Kansas City, Mo.	Omaha, Neb.
Boston, Mass.	Minneapolis, Minn.	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Philadelphia, Pa.	New Castle, Pa.	Mason City, Iowa
Jacksonville, Fla.		Richmond, Va.

AND THE BUILDER TO PEACE AND PROSPERITY

more completely, and more uncomplainingly than the building material dealer, the builder, the architect, and the engineer.

The sound of hammer on nail, the rattle of hoisting machinery, the rumble of concrete mixers, were stilled. The nation's energy was needed elsewhere.

Our business lot has been thrown with those who have so unstintedly done their share toward the preservation of all we hold sacred.

It is our privilege at this time to acknowledge to them the country's sense of indebtedness and to express to them its thanks.

Now that the wheels of the world are again turning, the building material dealers and the builders will again take their rightful places in the community and share far more than ever in its development.

CEMENT COMPANY

The National Cement

LEHIGH CEMENT

IPSWICH SERIES HOSIERY

For Men, Women and Children

THE first socks in America to be knitted by machinery were made in Ipswich, Massachusetts, in 1822. That was the birth of the American Hosiery industry.

It is a long jump from the first pair of Ipswich Hosiery knitted 97 years ago to the more than 50,000,000 pairs of Ipswich that gave satisfaction last year. But this is the reward for doing one thing well for almost a century—satisfying the needs of human feet. Every dealer carries Ipswich Hosiery or can easily get it for you.

IPSWICH MILLS, IPSWICH, MASS.
Founded 1822

Oldest and one of the largest Hosiery Mills in the United States

A FOOL'S PARADISE

(Continued from Page 16)

signed—that same act under which, previous to its amendment when the war was well advanced, you could not have put an alien in jail no matter what he did or threatened to do. Now, when the Senate Propaganda Committee wishes to extend that Espionage Act, to put yet more teeth in it, at once you begin to hear the protests of many politicians that all such action is "un-American." So it is. But so is America un-American to-day.

Senator Overman, chairman of the committee before whom there was for months spread that sickening and saddening revelation of the organized treachery of Germany in our own country, believes that we should suppress the foreign-language newspapers in America. So we should. All real Americans know that we should. But if the citizenship is no longer made up of Americans and is not interested in the American language—what then?

Recently I was talking to the head of the largest detective agency in the United States, and the conversation fell on those Bolshevik outbreaks just then finding vent. He was asked if in his belief there was very much to all the tumult and shouting. He studied for some time before he answered.

"You can bet your life there is!" said he. "A lot more than people seem to think. It's worse than just bad. Myself, I think that America is getting ready for a revolution. Will it be bloody? The worst that ever was. We Americans ought to act now, and not later."

That man was in a far better position to know about these things than your average friend who pooh-poohs all such talk, saying it is just talk. The great and bloody revolutions of the world all began in just talk.

The pure American does not read the foreign press and does not know what it is printing, but plenty of the others know. He is willing to leave his country's problems to the politicians. But who are the politicians? Who elected them? For instance, North Dakota has a Senate and House controlled by the Non-Partisan League—and you know, or should know, that the Non-Partisan League practically means Europe in the saddle. Wisconsin sent a man to Congress, or would have done so had not the courts got him first, with five associates, all of whom classified themselves as martyrs and not as criminals. Do you still call this America? If so, you do not know your own country.

Our Toothless Laws

In the great Chicago trial ninety-seven I. W. W's were sent to prison. Rumor says that among these was the man who had drawn the lot to kill a certain high member of our national Government. That man has since been released from prison—though I hear that he has been taken in charge again.

In the Sacramento trial more than a half hundred more I. W. W's were sent to prison. This week there are thirty-two more I. W. W's standing trial in Wichita for an alleged plot to overthrow our Government and set up the Russian reign of terror. But do you think there is nothing but talk to all this?

The menace to our country is not a thing of to-morrow but a thing of to-day. We cannot make too strong, cannot make strong enough, our espionage laws and deportation laws, our laws revoking citizenship, our laws canceling all naturalization papers not at once completed. We do not want more people but fewer people in America. We need fewer for the future and fewer of those who came in the past.

In March of this year Washington held a conference of governors and mayors and passed some wrist-slapping resolutions to the effect that "America has no use for the disloyal alien." Whereupon the Central Federated Union of New York telegraphed a strong protest at the deportation of aliens for strike activities. When we really conclude that we have no use for disloyal foreign aliens—even for cheap labor, even in the form of large business men, even in the form of party politicians—we shall then begin to have a country. But we cannot be supposed to mean such a statement so long as we retain millions of disloyal aliens in our country and propose to import millions more. More teeth in our laws? We never shall have teeth enough. We never shall clamp the jaws hard enough.

Shall one claim comforting conclusions after such an extraordinary experience as that known by espionage investigators during the war? I do not see how anyone possibly could do so. I at least was ready to voice approval of what the detective thought of any trouble ahead in the country. I at least would be hard to quiet with the old claptrap about our assimilation of the foreign born and their swift making into American citizens. I at least don't want to hear any more melting-pot rot. I don't want to see any more photographs of Liberty enlightening the world. If you think that we are one people, united and loyal, you are mistaken on the face of this war-espionage record. We confront reconstruction days indeed—face the reconstruction of the entire fabric of America. Is it editorial hardihood to suggest that we should put up the bars for ten years; put out the torch of our sentimental statue for an entire decade? No man could think so who had read even a portion of the war record of inside America. Restrict immigration for four years, ten years?

We ought practically to bar it for a generation if we are to hope for an actual America. It may be of course that that is what we do not desire.

An Army of Spies

This is not a fashionable form of speech, even to-day. It is offered not as the conclusion of any great thinker but only as the story of a reporter who has come back with the insurance totals of the fire. The lack of unity among the Americans, the lack of loyalty, the horrifying totals of treachery on the part of naturalized and unnaturalized Americans to this country, the witnessing of which has been a daily experience for many months—are enough to leave at least one American wholly disquieted and unhappy. This is a conclusion that rests on actual premises. I shall never again have use for any conclusions based on suppositions or prejudices.

Our armies are returning and our eyes are on them; but to-day questions shift with unspeakable rapidity. We talk of reconstruction.

All that is futile if we do not know all that there is to be reconstructed. While we plan a League of Nations we ought first to make sure that we ourselves are a nation and not merely an unleagued aggregation of many different nationalities.

Germany had within our gates throughout this war a well-organized army of spies, quite equaling our own amateur army of defense. To lead these, to organize these and finance these she sent over before the war broke out nearly one hundred and fifty of her best trained men, who began work at that time with her equally well-organized diplomatic corps—one hundred and thirty-one high-class spies, to be exact. Back of this organized army there lay a million, a million and a half or two millions—no living man can give the exact figures—of Germans, pro-Germans and German sympathizers. Some of these were not of Teutonic blood, though practically all were either Teutonic or North European. Of these some had sons in our army, many were strong contributors to the Liberty Loans. These latter facts never blinded the eyes of the real investigators, who had deeper tests of loyalty than either of the foregoing; but the general public never will know the bitter war that was waged under cover on this side of the sea by Germany with intention to disrupt America; to break down America's morale; to leave America weak and helpless.

What, then, was the uniting and centralizing force that fought those sinister underground influences; that led us to fight this war as well as we did on both sides of the water? I take it that there is indeed even to-day the remaining germ of an actual American idea. I take it that there is a hope for a real American even to-day, provided that all Americans shall continue in their courage; that they shall not hesitate in condemning any quarter of any city or any state when that quarter has become a breeding ground of traitors; that they shall continue to condemn all modern and hysterical Americanism wrongly so-called; shall bitterly and steadfastly condemn any political fustian made up of foreign and disloyal sentiment in America. If we lack in that kind of courage and if we are not willing to fight that kind of fight—then we neither have a country nor deserve one.

The trouble with us always has been that we never knew about our own country. Our possessions were so large that for a time we could and did carelessly and ignorantly assimilate the tremendous bulk of the foreign-born population. But only a narrow experience could lead us to listen complacently now to the old-time political rant—much of it voiced by first or second generation foreigners in politics—proclaiming that America must always be the land of the melting pot, the hope of the poor and the oppressed. That doctrine is tommyrot to-day. The truth is that America is the richest and easiest country in the world to-day, and that friend and foe alike seem to think themselves entitled to our money.

One of the best books in print for an American's reading in these days is a United States Census Report. These reports have maps, charts and plates showing the growth, composition and distribution of American population since the first census, in 1790. There is no more fascinating volume in any library. You do not hear of these things being taught in our public schools? No; but they ought to be; and they ought to be taught in just one language—the language of America. Any man who cares to study his census reports, and any man privileged to study the espionage reports of this Government, will be entitled to doubt whether America to-day is one country or largely an aggregation of selfish, warring, unpatriotic and disunited racial groups.

Take, for example, the report of the Commissioner of Immigration, with the chart showing the profile of immigration from 1820 to 1911. There has not been a year since 1820 when immigration fell below the intake of that year. It reached the 100,000 mark in 1842. By 1854 it had gone beyond 425,000. During the Civil War it fell to less than 80,000. By 1873, when we were setting sail for the free lands of the West, it climbed up approximately to 450,000. In 1882 it was just short of 800,000. Then we got a slump for the worse, or better, to about 225,000 in 1896.

Now note one singular fact on your immigration profile: After 1896 the intake line runs up with astonishing swiftness until, in 1907, it has reached almost to the mark of 1,300,000, the highest, until then, recorded. In 1909, for industrial reasons, immigration dropped to 750,000; the next year it ran to a million and a half. I am purposely following the profile, and not the table of figures, so that these relative figures may the more readily catch the eye.

The essential thing to be remembered is that previous to 1790, the first year of the census, we had in all only about a quarter of a million immigrants in all our history, properly so termed. Between 1820 and 1912 we had accepted exactly 29,611,052 ready-made citizens, born abroad of foreign parents, each one of whom had sworn that he renounced allegiance to all other countries and had taken on allegiance to America alone.

Of course these figures will be enormously enlarged in the census of 1920.

The Delbruck Oath

To-day we roughly figure our actually foreign-born population at 14,500,000; there may be more. We must, however, consider those figures as only partially representative of the actual foreign element in America. The testimony of the American Protective League reports is that the second or even the third generation quite often has not quite wiped out the allegiance to the original land of birth. Many of the most arrogant and dangerous traitors we uncovered in America were wealthy Germans who had made their money in this country. Some of these were born abroad, some were first-generation Germans, and others second-generation Germans. The interesting fact is that they still were Germans. Many of them were former German officers, yet more, German reservists; still more, German organized spies. Some of them were descended of men who had fought in the Civil War, and hence were willing to point to the record of their fathers, not regardful of the fact that we now were fighting this war, and not one of the past, and that we were fighting the country from which they came and all the heinous qualities it now stood for.

It had been nothing for these men and their descendants to leave all that last behind when they swore allegiance to America, had they sworn the truth to us. That they never did so—that they adhered to their Delbrück oath retaining allegiance to Germany no matter where they lived, is precisely what these records of the American Protective League show beyond any peradventure. It is not a question of what the truth has been supposed to be, not what it ought to be, not what we would like it to be; It is simply a question of what the truth was and is to-day. I admit it to be staggering, horrifying. But there are your records. Let no man believe that Germany believes herself beaten either in Germany or America. Such is not the case.

We were at war with Germany, and that included Austria-Hungary. But suppose we had been at war with Italy or with Russia? The racial problem in America would have shown this difference—that none of those countries would have been organized inside our gates as Germany was organized; and that none of those other nationals would have sworn so stiff an oath antecedent to forswearing themselves in their oath of citizenship here. We have been accustomed to rating the North European immigration, and especially German immigration, as making desirable American citizenship. As a matter of fact, and this assertion is based on American Protective League records, and not on assumption, we had some hundreds of thousands of naturalized and partly naturalized Germans in this country who more or less openly were traitors to America.

A Spy's Revelations

We also have been wont to admire the Scandinavian nation as good population stuff. The records of the American Protective League show that the two big centers of pro-Germanism were those of German and Scandinavian descent. If there were such a thing as a census chart showing the amount of property held by the different groups of nationals in America the Germans and the Scandinavians would loom very strong, indeed, as against the total of our national wealth to-day.

We have been careless and ignorant by choice. It would be idle to say that potential disloyalty or potential lukewarmness to the American idea could exist only among the Germans lately arrayed in arms against us. We are un-American for many other reasons. This year there were living in the state of New York 472,000 Italians, or persons born of Italian parents. In the same state there were 436,874 Germans; 341,846 Austro-Hungarians. That is one state—the same state that produced Bolshevism for Russia, that curse which threatens the entire world to-day. And yet we go on, playing our own little political and commercial games, willing to look anywhere except at the census tables and the records compiled by 250,000 loyal Americans who dropped their own business and went out to learn the truth.

During this war much was hid from Americans; very little was hid from Germany. The notorious spy somewhat famous, or infamous, for his invention of the time bomb which set fire to many of our ships at sea, is still in this country, under government surveillance, and being used for government purposes. He originally was a great chemist, of a family of chemists. Originally a German major he had lived in this country as a sort of outpost spy for twenty-one years before the breaking out of war in 1914. He operated a little drug store in which he had done very well up to the time when, early in 1914, he was ordered to get ready for the oncoming war. During all those twenty-one years while he lived and prospered here as an American citizen he had been drawing as a stipend from the Imperial German Government the sum of $125 a month. He was put here on an outlook of at least half a lifetime ahead.

When examined by the Department of Justice he made some astonishing statements. He said that Germany knew and used all our great inventions as fast as they came out. We invented the submarine and Germany used it. We invented the aëroplane and the same was true of that very many of the most useful war inventions used in Germany originated in America.

(Continued on Page 151)

Duplexalite

Throws the Light both Up and Down

It takes more than a silk shade to make a good home light.

SILK shades for lamps in beautiful homes are very much the vogue, but a silk shade without the right light inside is like a handsome automobile with a worthless engine.

It's what you put INSIDE the shade that counts.

A silk shade with a *DUPLEXALITE* inside of it is vastly different from a silk shade placed over *any other lighting fixture made.*

For the *DUPLEXALITE* throws the light both up and down—*duplex lighting.*

It gives you all the advantages of *indirect lighting*, with none of its drawbacks.

It gives you all the advantages of *direct lighting*, with none of its drawbacks.

It floods the entire room with a soft, mellow radiance. In a wide circle directly beneath it, it provides an *intensified* mellow light for reading or sewing or other close work.

And the *DUPLEXALITE* gives you the same flood of mellow illumination *whether the shade is on or off.*

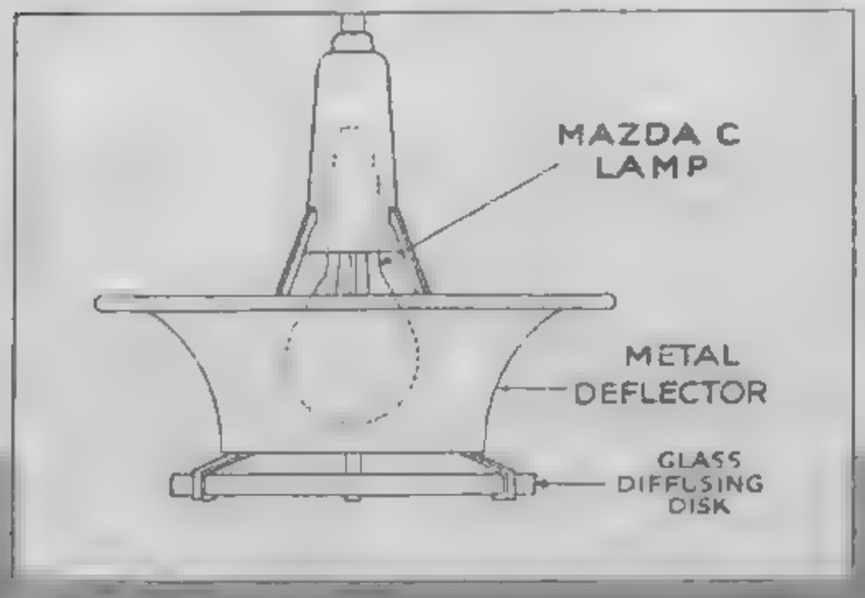
Putting on the shade does not cut down its *lighting efficiency* at all—does not reduce the illumination—does not waste your electric current.

There is no other home light, as far as we have been able to find, that you can put a *silk shade on without cutting down its efficiency.* And there is no other home light that we have found that utilizes, as this one does, practically *all of the available light produced, both up and down.*

Write for Booklet

To those who are interested we will gladly send, *FREE*, a valuable little booklet on *home lighting.* It gives some very interesting information as to how lights must be used to secure the best results at the least expense. It also gives full details regarding the *DUPLEXALITE* and illustrates the many handsome *DUPLEXALITE shades* that you can choose from. Write for it.

DUPLEXALITES are sold by Electrical Dealers at $15.50 and up, including shade.



THE illustration at the left shows you the *DUPLEXALITE* itself, *without the shade.* It shows what goes *inside the shade.* It shows you its unique, patented construction. It shows [illegible] throws the light both up and [illegible]. There is [illegible] to use the high-powered gas-filled MAZDA C Lamp to its best advantage. We believe no other light in existence can even *approximate* the satisfaction this light will give you.

DUPLEX LIGHTING WORKS
of General Electric Company
6 West 48th St. New York City

The Light to Live With

With a single Edison MAZDA C Lamp as the light source, Duplex Lighting provides illumination as economical as it is artistic

EDISON MAZDA

EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

The Linwood "Six-39"
5-passenger—$1555

PAIGE

The Most Beautiful Car in America

In every section of the nation you will find that Paige cars are regarded with respect and confidence. They possess that rare faculty of "making friends" and this, after all, is the final test of any manufactured product.

But Paige popularity, please remember, is not mere *price* popularity. We have never produced a cheap car—and never shall. We believe that freedom from repair bills and excessive depreciation is infinitely more desirable than a mere "catch-penny" list price. So we use only the best of materials and workmanship—regardless of cost. We willingly pay the price of true economy.

In brief, we build enduring satisfaction into every motor car that leaves this plant. We take the necessary time and pains to see that each individual car is worthy of ourselves and our owners—or it cannot bear the Paige name plate. We build in the one way that we know how to build—for Quality, first, last and all time.

Such a policy may not be spectacular—but it is sound. It produces motor cars that will outlive any guarantee that we might write for them. It protects and fosters that great volume of good will which is the most valuable asset of this company.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 147)

"Why should we not know about these things?" he demanded. "We had four men in your patent office all the time, and they sent across to us everything of interest. We had spies in your Army and in your Navy, and in your Intelligence Office ——"

"What!" he was interrupted. "Do you mean to say that Germany had her secret agents right in the heart of our Government in that way?"

"Why not?" blandly demanded the eminent major, eminent druggist and eminently loyal American citizen. "Why not? Didn't we have them in your Congress?"

Now that is actual conversation. These are actual facts. They make bitter reading for Americans. I would it might be bitterer, so that Americans might be forced to think and forced to act. We have been living in a fool's paradise.

During the war a certain chemical company manufactured poison gases and other war material for the Government. It was beset by spies and wreckers for years. Its report to the American Protective League reads like lurid fiction. But as long ago as 1908, six years before the war, German chemical companies tried to wreck that same plant industrially. Its owner then, after fifteen years of hard work, had built up a business in certain lines which Germany wished to control. To him came an arrogant German agent almost categorically demanding that the American manufacturer should keep off the European market. He said he had $85,000,000—which meant the German Imperial Government—back of him, and that the American must listen to Germany's orders. He refused. The German demanded the right to sell at least 15,000 pounds of the chemical annually in the United States. The American told him to go to the devil.

A certain New York bank called a fifty-thousand-dollar loan he had out. German-American friends told the bold American that it was folly to fight the German concern. The price of his product was cut in two by Germany. It was difficult for the American to borrow for a business running at a loss. But the American built up new lines to float his business, and then went on with the fight. He had it won when the war broke out. Then Germany in America thronged his plant with spies. The American Protective League and the Department of Justice saved the day for him this time. But do not think that these aliens do not regard America as their own private picking in every way.

Do We Discourage Disloyalty?

Our banks and business men begin to shiver, our newspapers to stagger under the fear of Bolshevism in America. Why not? What is to hinder its growth? Nothing certainly, unless there are enough Americans and enough Americanism to stamp it out. And who are the Americans? Look at the circle of your census chart. Measure sector by sector round the circumference of the circle, from the edge of one nationality to the edge of the next located in America—and see how much of your circle you have left! It is exceedingly doubtful whether you have half of it, if you include the descent, sympathy, property power and voting power of all these several nationalties. And if you think that that per cent is loyal to America, then surely you have not read your American Protective League reports and you know nothing of America during the war or after the war. In all likelihood you knew little of it before the war. Do not content yourself with the lists of the foreign born in the selective draft registration totals. Wait till you know that these families did not sympathize with Germany and work for Germany. Many did, very many.

In the midst of all this disloyalty—and in your ignorance do not lull yourself to sleep in the belief that this disloyalty did not exist—what did we do to show our own power as a centralized and united nation? We have revoked the citizenship of just two men in all the list of overt traitors to America. We have deported very, very few. Of the few thousands whom we interned for the period of the war very many were long ago out on parole. They ought, of course, every one of them be deported; but as a matter of fact they will not be. They will be handed over again to the benevolent assimilation of America, the land of the free, while the smile of our benevolent Goddess of Liberty still will welcome more of their ilk thronging to our shores.

We ought to deport some hundreds of thousands of alleged Americans this day. We ought to suppress with absolute sternness a million, two million of less openly offensive traitors who would still remain. We ought to put up the bars absolutely for any more European immigration—for how many years? A bill in Congress timidly suggests four years. A bolder man in these columns has suggested ten years. Pure biological common sense, taking into consideration the fact that it takes always two and sometimes more than two generations to make an American, would dictate that the term of practically complete restriction should be practically a generation of human life.

Then we might have an America—might have a real country and a real racial type. Of course it is not plain that we really want these things or that we could have them easily if we did want them. The army existing in America who would be ready to fight any such proposition as that is perhaps stronger than any that actual Americans could enlist in favor of it. Before the Civil War we had the Know Nothing Party, which, in a day when the foreign menace was far less than it is to-day and when we were far more American than we are to-day, set up the doctrine of America for Americans. You may guess the fate of that party—if you never heard of it. Its fight would be still more bitter to-day. But if that fight be not made, politically, industrially, socially, personally if need be—then there is little use of talking about any real America. Wars are not won, peaces are not maintained, by rhetoric alone.

Let Us Clean House

Americans now stir uneasily under the revelations of treachery within our gates. They ask of themselves: Since these things are true but now, what guaranty have we for the future? How can America protect herself against the possibly worse future treachery of so large an element of her population? The answer to that question is easy only for bold men. Let us clean house. If the broom is not sufficient let us make another broom. The revocation of citizenship for acts of disloyalty to this country is a remedial agency that will be applied more frequently in the future. There should be no absolute patent of American citizenship—nothing irrevocable in the citizenship of the foreign born. Four years ago doctrine like this would have been scouted; four years hence it will be accepted.

In a New Jersey case the judge said: "Before he can be admitted to citizenship he must declare under oath that he will support the Constitution of the United States and entirely renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign sovereignty. Public policy requires that no one shall be naturalized except he exercise the utmost good faith in all the essentials required of him; and where the Government is shown that good faith in any of the essentials is questionable the burden must be on the respondent to dispel that doubt."

In addition to the statute which shall make false citizenship papers revocable little doubt exists that we shall also have a law requiring the immediate deportation of any foreigner who has failed to take out his second naturalization papers within the prescribed time. The A. P. L. investigations during this war uncovered countless cases of these pseudo-citizens. Of what use can any Monroe Doctrine be to America if it is our constant practice to nullify that doctrine and stultify ourselves by allowing practical colonization as we have and do to-day? And if you do not believe that we have foreign colonies study your census map in 1920.

What all the world is fearing to-day is the growth of Bolshevism. It has ruined Russia—and we must pay for that. It is blocking peace and progress in Germany—and we must pay for that. It is beginning in America and may grow—and we shall have to pay for that. Nobody knows what the Bolshevist is nor what are the tenets of Bolshevism—least of all the Bolshevists themselves. They have recruited their ranks from the most ignorant and most reckless.

Besides all this irresponsible and sporadic Bolshevik propaganda we may count upon the old, steady, undying, well-conceived and well-spread propaganda of Germany after the war, as much as before and during the war. We shall meet—are meeting now, as all Intelligence officers know—propaganda against the Allies intended to split us from France and Great Britain. Germany is going out after her future, even now. Trust not your old belief, based on satisfying suppositions. Trust not the man who lives by politics. Use your own horse sense. Believe fearless men who will fight even when they know they have something to lose. It is thus that just wars always have been won.

Prince Carl, of Hohenzollern, when speaking of the war, said he thought Germany ought not to have started her submarine warfare without being absolutely sure it would succeed. He said he regretted the German propaganda in the United States—because it had been carried out so clumsily. He said that Germany ought to have started her propaganda here on a larger scale. There you see the German idea and part of the German policy in America. They have learned some lessons, but not the great lesson of the humble and contrite heart. Neither have some other races. They laugh at us as they reach for our last shirt.

Major H. C. Emery, a former professor at Yale, in a late address voiced something of this feeling of confidence in his own country. "Let us get sane," he said. "Get over this German bug of thinking that somehow or other the Germans are superior. Morally they are greatly inferior; but people have thought that somehow, intellectually or in organization, they are better than the rest of the world. We have shown them that we can smash the German military organization, which we have smashed. There is an idea that the Germans can do us in business; that somehow this is a race that we cannot compete with on normally fair terms. Put that out of your head. They are a patient, hard-working race; they will work fourteen hours a day where a Russian won't work four. They will plod faithfully. But, gentlemen, they are dumb; they are stupid. They do not understand things. They do not get the psychology of anybody else; and a large part of their science and their supposed superior way of doing things is bluff and fake. They have done some good work, but no better work, and they are not doing better work in the field of economics than the English, the French and the Americans. In the field of business they have nothing on you. For the love of Mike, don't be afraid of them!"

We need not fear either the arms, the arts or the artifices of Germany. What we need to fear, really, is our easy-going, unsuspicious American character, our tendency to forget everything else in the great game of affairs. But it is time to throw off all political censorship and raise a real banner of America. It will take courage to march under those colors, but if we cannot march side by side and shoulder to shoulder, then we have lost this war; we have lost the Monroe Doctrine; we have lost the League of Nations.

The Fanged Front Again

We thought ourselves above fickleness and lightness; boasted of our common sense, our steady, level-headed, practical point of view. It is we Americans who are the most hysterical people in the world. We make a purpose and forget it. We erect a hero and forget him. We believe, boast, acclaim, hurrah—and forget. It is we who grow "high headed," as the French say. It is we who, of all nations, most quickly forget. Lest we forget! Lest we forget! The danger is that we shall forget. The great victory of this war is lost if America does forget.

The army is turned back toward home again. We greet our men with much blare of trumpets. We mention large plans of industry for to-morrow. We slap each man in uniform on the back and say: "Fine! Noble! You are a hero! You have saved the world!"

But to-morrow! To-morrow? And once more, what of to-morrow? What have we left? If the soldiers of this country are to come back only to the old America, the hurrying, scrambling, hectic, heterogeneous, hysterical America, then we have not won this war, but have lost it.

Your census shows you, for instance, how strong Germany is in America. Your American Protective League could tell you how disloyal many Germans were. Germany is not dead or defeated in America. She will raise her head again. Again we shall hear the stirring in the leaves, and see rise once more the fanged front which has so long menaced the world. The time to scotch that snake is now, to-day, and this is no time, when our maimed men are coming home, when our young boys are growing up, to be faithless to those men who—their eyes still on us as they fling to us the torch of civilization—lie not yet content nor quiet in Flanders fields. The great debt of the world is by no means yet paid. Whether or not we laggard Americans get back a tenth of our war money is not so much. That is not the way the great debt of the world is going to be paid. We cannot pay it by oratory or by fine phrases. We cannot pay it with eulogies of the dead nor by monuments to the living heroes. We cannot pay it even by advancing our breasts again against shot and shell.

The debt of the world must be paid by America. Yes. But we can pay it only by making a new and better democracy in America. We can do that only by fighting, by renewed sacrifices and a renewed courage. We must re-make America. We must purify the sources of America's population and keep it pure. We must rebuild our whole theory of citizenship in America. We must care more for the safety of America's homes and the safety of the American ideal. We must insist that there shall be an American loyalty brooking no qualification whatever—that is to say, we must unify the American populace—or we must fail; and the great debt of the world must remain unpaid; and the incomprehensible, delirium-inspiring war must have been fought in vain.

A Century of Growth

What is America to-day? What undiscovered soul was there lying under the paint and the high heels and the tambourine and the bubbling glass of our excited lives? What was there of sober and resolved citizenship, let us say, under the American Protective League—a vast force so soon developed, so silently disbanded? Very much was there. All that a nation needs was there—if that nation shall not forget, and if it shall have courage.

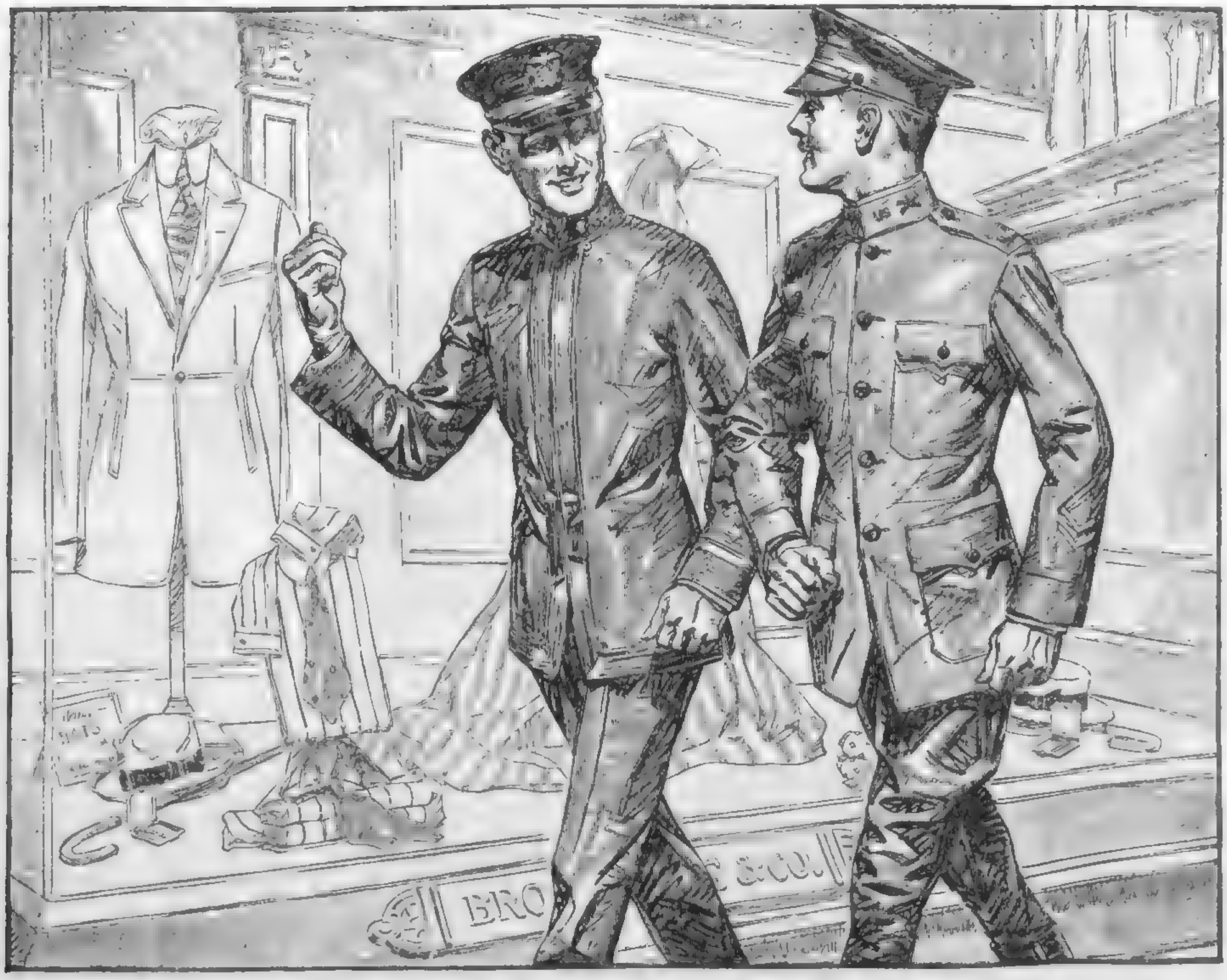
It is one thing if a quarter million men go back to business and forget their two years of sacrifice; if three million soldiers also forget their sacrifices and simply drop back into the old business world which they left. But it is quite another thing if the three and a quarter million American citizens, sobered and not forgetful, do take up the flung torch and say that the dead of Flanders fields shall rest content—not merely for a day or so remembered, not for a year or two revenged, but for all the centuries verified and made of worth and justified in their sacrifices.

Any student or any citizen will find profit in examining the government publication called A Century of Population Growth in the United States. From this, among other things, we learn that in 1790 about half of our settled country averaged less than two persons to the square mile. But look at the population profile, and study the upward sweep of immigration between 1896 and 1907. We have now come to the Golden Age of our American industrial expansion. Vast fortunes are made in metals and in water. The two profiles, of immigration and of industry, rather closely follow the same lines. The two seem to spell what we call prosperity. But do they? If we should plot these two profiles on a map of America we might also plot a third which would come close to intersecting at their intersections. That last profile would represent the growth of living expense; also, of discontent in America.

Suppose we took still another of Uncle Sam's publications, that known as the United States Statistical Atlas of 1914. Plate 147 of that volume will show in black and white the distribution and density of the foreign-born population in the United States. There is only one state on the map. North Carolina, with less than one per cent of foreign born. You would call North Carolina low in that threefold profile of immigration and prosperity last above mentioned to you, call her a "backward" state. True, she would be. But the records of the American Protective League would show you beyond a peradventure that North Carolina was the most loyal state in the Union during the last war. She had next to nothing of treasonable propaganda of any sort. It is just a question of whether you are after so-called industrial prosperity or after real Americanism.

Our shaded map shows us that Virginia, South Carolina, Tennessee, Mississippi,

(Concluded on Page 155)



You who have served have learned to judge *true worth*—

AND it is natural, now that you are going back to civil life, that you will continue to judge men and things by the war-time standard of *real value*.

For this reason, particularly, we know that you will appreciate Michaels-Stern VALUE-FIRST CLOTHES. For they are not only styled smartly and tailored well, but they have in them *real value*—they give the most for the money.

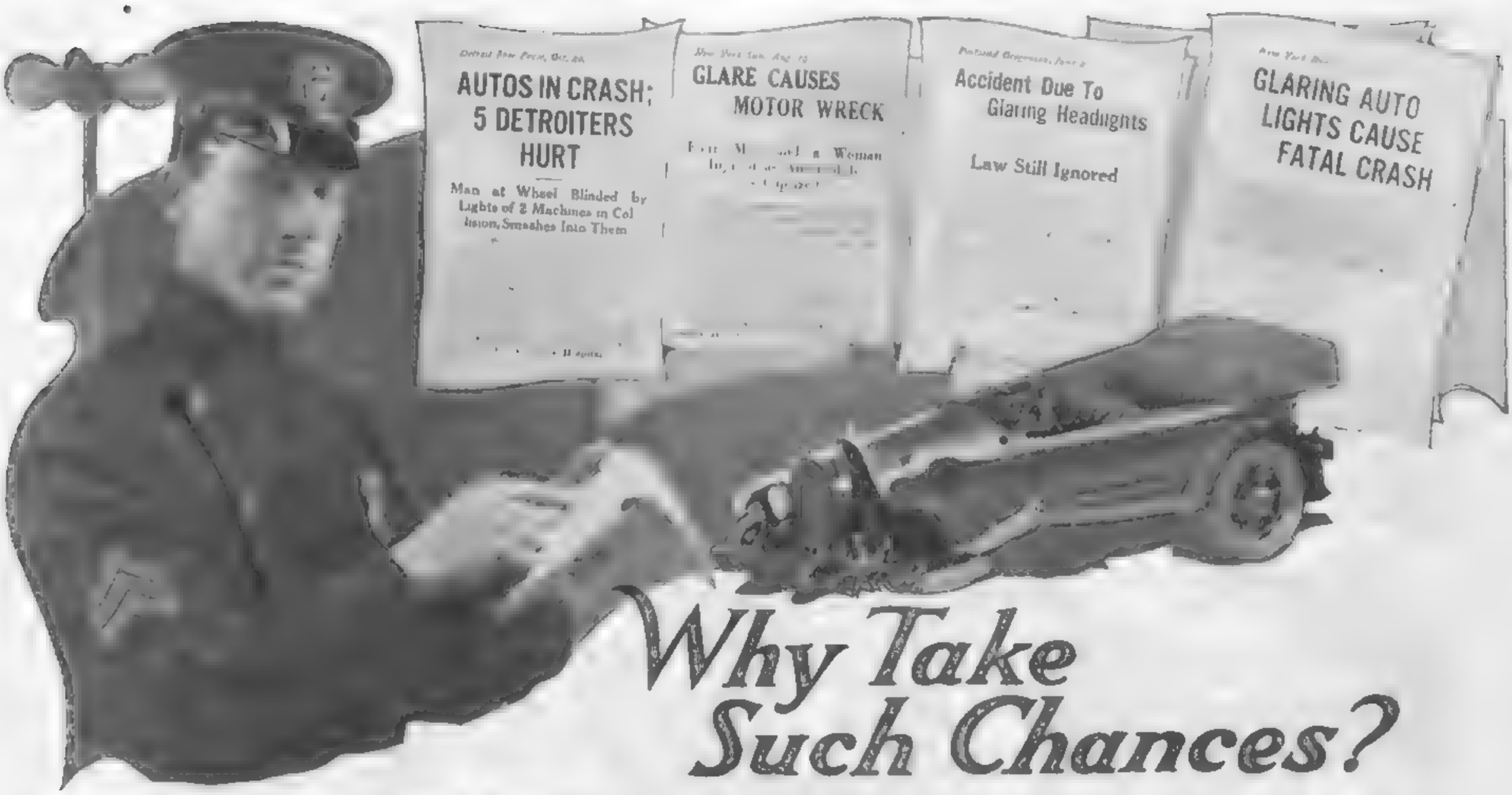
VALUE is woven into the cloth, *value* is tailored into the garment, *value* is expressed by smarter style and finer fit. In fact, *value* has been for more than a half-century the distinguishing mark of Michaels-Stern VALUE-FIRST CLOTHES.

"WHAT Good Clothes Did For Me"—a success-story reprinted from the American Magazine, will be sent free on request. Address Michaels, Stern & Co., Rochester, N.Y.

Michaels-Stern

VALUE-FIRST CLOTHES

$25 to $60—At Value-First Dealers


AUTOS IN CRASH; 5 DETROITERS HURT
Man at Wheel Blinded by Lights of 2 Machines in Collision, Smashes Into Them
GLARE CAUSES MOTOR WRECK
Accident Due To Glaring Headlights
Law Still Ignored
GLARING AUTO LIGHTS CAUSE FATAL CRASH

Why Take Such Chances?

"DO you know that a motorist's headlights are often the best witness he can produce—or the worst—after an accident? When a car goes by at night with law-abiding headlights, we know the chances are that the driver is careful of his own and others' safety. He's not apt to be the reckless fellow who sooner or later appears in court to answer serious charges.

"But when his lamps are without no-glare protection, or equipped only with some clap-trap, guesswork device, the facts look very serious for him, after a smash or an injury to pedestrians. The man who tries to dodge *one* law made for his own benefit, or who only half-way complies, is likely to break *a lot of other laws,* too. Perhaps that is what the Judge calls 'indirect evidence', but it counts just the same. Better be sure your headlights are O. K."

Be a gentleman on the road and use Conaphores

The great railroads of the country rely on Corning Semaphore Glass to protect night traffic. A million considerate motorists safeguard night driving with Conaphores. Equip your car for your own protection and comfort. The best accident insurance—and the cheapest—is accident prevention.

Some reasons why well-informed motorists use Conaphores

1-***No Glare*** because all the light from the reflector is kept down to the 42-inch level, without sacrifice of range.

2-***Long Range*** because accurate scientific design projects all the light far ahead instead of dumping it in front of the car.

3-***Ample Side Light*** because Conaphore design distributes the rays over a broad angle to cover ditches and turns ahead.

4-***"Signals of Safety and Courtesy"*** because the distinctive Noviol tint is instantly recognized at a distance by drivers, pedestrians and traffic officers.

5-***Obeys Laws of Courtesy*** because Conaphores protect both the driver and all others on the road equally well.

6-***Pierces Fog and Dust*** because Noviol glass eliminates the blue and violet rays chiefly responsible for "back-glare."

7-***Easiest Driving Light*** because the mellow Noviol beam is easiest for the eye to follow. For the same reason Noviol gives maximum range of vision when used in the goggles of an aviator or a look-out at sea. *See Circular No. 28, U. S. Bureau of Standards, page 12.*

8-***Unique Quality of Noviol Glass*** because Noviol is entirely different from any ordinary yellow or amber glass. Its unique properties, known to all scientists, are the result of special skill in the art of glass making.

9-***Easily Kept Clean*** because the smooth front surface never clogs with mud, dirt or snow.

10-***Legal in all States and Canada*** because all official tests have endorsed both clear and Noviol Conaphores.

Conaphore Sales Division
Edward A. Cassidy Co., Managers
280 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.

World's Largest Makers of Technical Glass, CORNING GLASS WORKS, Corning, N. Y., U. S. A.

© 1919 G. D. Co

Gulbransen Trade Mark

The Gulbransen Entertains and Educates

Children love the music of the Gulbransen. It will keep them quiet for hours, or give them the time of their sweet young lives.

All this without any special effort on your part. Your favorite music will appeal to them. Your taste becomes their taste. They are educated—painlessly—to appreciate good music.

To entertain little tots here are some Mother Goose Rhymes put to music; the words on the roll:

Tom, Tom the Piper's Son
Sing a Song of Six Pence
Little Bo-Peep
Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star
Mary Had a Little Lamb
The Story Book Ball

Also Game Song Rolls such as these:

London Bridge
Round the Mulberry Bush
The Farmer in the Dell
The Monkey Man

For children learning to play by hand, there is a course of thirty-six Study Rolls. The child learns faster because the roll is always at hand to "play it like teacher does." Duet Rolls play one part, the other to be played by hand. The easy key touch of the Gulbransen is a great help to little hands.

An understanding of finer music—by young or old—can be gained through Historical Rolls and Story Rolls. A description of the composer's idea appears on the roll like the words of a song. A few:

Cavalleria Rusticana
Evening Star, from Tannhäuser
Favorite Strains from Faust
Narcissus
Rustle of Spring
Merry Wives of Windsor

The Gulbransen dealer has these rolls for you to try. Play them on the Gulbransen yourself at his store. Let the children play to show how easy the pedals work. No effort at all. A creeping baby once played the Gulbransen, as shown in the picture at the left, and gave us the idea for our trade mark.

The Gulbransen is the ideal player for the home with children. Easy to play, easy keyboard touch—and playing it won't hurt it. It can even stand abuse. Our dealer shows the Baby at the Pedals in his window and newspaper advertising. If you do not know him, write us for his address and our catalog.

GULBRANSEN-DICKINSON COMPANY
3232 West Chicago Avenue - - Chicago

Nationally Priced

Four models, all playable by hand and by roll. Sold at the same prices to everybody, everywhere in the United States. War tax paid.

White House Model	$600
Country Seat Model	535
Town House Model	485
Suburban Model	450

(Pronounced Gul-BRAN-sen)

GULBRANSEN
Player-Piano

(Concluded from Page 151)

Alabama and Arkansas at the beginning of the war had less than ten per cent of foreign-born population or of those born here of foreign parentage. Florida, Louisiana, Oklahoma, Kentucky and West Virginia also remained fairly American, and Maryland had not so much as twenty-five per cent of foreign blood. But if we look to what we are accustomed to call the American West we may see literally in black and white how far our suppositions have been from the truth.

In this same publication are other plates showing circles of varying sizes cut up into sectors, each devoted to certain racial groups. Take the circle for 1850. We had then only two and a quarter millions of the foreign born. Up to that time almost half of our immigration had been Irish—facile, alert and easily blending with our customs. That was about the time when native Americans ceased to work on our railroads and our street sewers. Why? For the same reason that Irishmen since then have ceased to do so. It was absolutely only a question of contact with other races. Assimilation has never been instantaneous in any country; but for a long time the United States was so large and thinly settled that we could simply go away and leave an occupation or a class which seemed not our own sort.

At the middle of the last century German immigration ran twenty-six per cent. Almost nothing came from Italy at that time. Our early Scotch-Irish population was in the saddle. Great Britain and Canada sent us about twenty-eight per cent, the Scandinavian countries almost nothing. Now jump over the Civil War and look at 1870. Ireland is still ahead of Germany, with 33.3 per cent against Germany's 30.4. Great Britain is dropping back, Scandinavia coming up, Italy still almost unrepresented.

Jump another twenty years, to 1890. Germany has passed Ireland by ten per cent and has averaged for the ten years more than thirty per cent of the entire foreign intake. The Scandinavian immigration begins to loom, passing ten per cent. The masses of raw labor which within the next twenty years were to send our industrial profile up so sharply and to establish what we may call our Golden Age, our bubble days of prosperity, are not yet in evidence. We then were only setting the scene for that great national potlatch in which, later on, America was to give away to her guests, bidden or unbidden, everything in the world she had, down to the last shirt on her back. That was the potlatch in which James D. Smith, plain American, was interested a great deal more than he ever knew.

Pass to 1910, and thirteen and a half million foreign born, unassimilated citizens. The rim of our circle is shot to pieces. We know all about selling water to the public, know all about booms in wheat, Western lands, lumber, mines. We swim in liquid stocks. For a time soaking ourselves in secret, counting our money on our wine-stained table, now we spring out into the light before the world, drunk! We will hold potlatch!

Our Changing Map

At this stage of our fool's paradise we took in 18.5 per cent Germans, 12.8 per cent Russians and Finns, 12.4 per cent Austrians and Hungarians, and ten per cent Irish. Now the Italian immigration practically equals the Irish. The Scandinavian immigration has passed the British, the old Scotch-Irish. The map of America has changed absolutely in a hundred years. It might not be so bad had matters ceased then as they were, but that was ten years ago.

Study your census maps and your population profiles and you will arrive more or less inevitably at the same conclusions that must have been yours had you also studied the reports of the American Protective League, which came in from every corner of every state and territory in this Union. This is no longer America. We have not assimilated these foreigners. They care little for this country's institutions. They are here for what they can get out of our drunken potlatch. All this talk about liberty and freedom and democracy is something about which they have mighty little actual concern. Hundreds of thousands of them were more or less actively disloyal to this country during the war. There was enough of the old America still in the saddle to keep them in line.

But now watch your Bolshevik profile. At least you should be able to see some of the causes of it. Are these bitter pictures? If so, who made them so? Drunken, we have lighted our potlatch fire and erected our Statue of Liberty to welcome all comers. Drunken, discontented, desperate, ruthless and regardless of any rights except their own, those comers are staggering to our fireside. Who invited them if not ourselves?

What have we left to give our sons? It is no more than a half loaf now. Shall we divide it continually? Have we the clear American courage to refuse longer to be the easy mark? Have we the courage to stand out for any sort of Monroe Doctrine? Is this America any more? Can it again be America? Ah, such a country as it was! Are its remnants ours or theirs? Who are you? Are you American? With whom is your son to compete over this parted patrimony? Can it be possible that you still will be content to listen to the old lulling assurances, based not on facts of to-day but on suppositions drawn from an outlived day?

Ten years ago there was printed a little known, coldly received book called The Passing of the American, whose author, a minister of the gospel, was a frank-spoken but not inaccurate prophet, albeit at the time, perhaps, regarded as something of a scold. We may condense a page or so:

Changes for the Worse

"Six millions of aliens are necessary, we are told, to the development of the resources of our country, but it is not so plain that they are necessary to the peace, happiness and prosperity of this country. The normal increase of the native American population in the last forty years would have been amply sufficient for the proper and healthy development of this country. Had not the foreigner been called in such hordes we should have been forced to do our own work ourselves, and would have been all the happier and richer for it.

"There must be a check put upon immigration. Self-preservation is the first law of Nature, and the time has come when we must resort to it. We need time to train our children to compete with these people, and during that time the foreigner must be held at bay. The resources of this land are being too rapidly developed by means of these aliens.

"The fact that the people of the United States have submitted to such outrages shows that they are lacking in the true spirit of freedom. Some radical change for the worse has taken place in the last quarter of a century in the fiber of our life, our manhood and our national character. . . . Indiscriminate and immoderate immigration is, I believe, the main cause of this deterioration. We have ceased long since to assimilate the vast hordes of heterogeneous peoples who have been dumped down upon our shores and who swarm all over this land in the eager pursuit of the mere physical necessities of life. This is the object, the sole ambition of nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand. Such an invasion is actually as disastrous to a country as the invasion of Germany by the Huns, who were impelled solely by hunger—the very same motive that brings the vast majority of immigrants to this country—and whose ravages devastated the whole of Germany and scattered its inhabitants beyond the Alps to the Rhine and to the borders of the Mediterranean. Such masses of crude humanity as pour in upon us cannot possibly be taken up into healthy circulation, but must lie undigested in the stomach of the nation, seriously affecting its health and happiness. . . . The curse these immigrants bring upon themselves is plainly to be seen, for it is immediate. They form a body incompatible with the healthy growth of this country. The greater curse of this country is that they do the work that should not be done by them, the work that should be done by natives. They take the work and the bread out of the hands and mouths of native Americans. The question of their means of living must soon become one of the most pressing economic and social problems of the day."

That writer uttered one great truth, however unwelcome it may seem. It would not be so bad if these foreign born took only the bread out of our mouths. The worst of it is that they take the work out of our hands, and hence leave us dwarfed.

If you have remained content, still assured that all was well with this country and always must be, then, once more, study your census maps and your immigration charts; and build on these your own philosophies and your own conclusions. This particular writer has little more to say about it except that the thousands and thousands of reports of the secret investigators of the American Protective League, coming from every portion of America, positively check up with and verify the maps and profiles. It is no time to-day for a real American to be otherwise than serious-minded.

To the merely morbid mind the white faces of the starved, the moans of the maimed, the black habiliments of those who mourn—may be all there is to a drama whose terrible appeal has found no counterpart in human emotions. For the average man, soon to settle back in the grim struggle of making his living, perhaps even these scenes will fade, the world turning from them because the world can endure no more. But someone must make the peace—must bind up the wounds. Someone must point out the future to the staggering European peoples, dizzy from their wounds. But it is not alone Europe which has a future to outline. Our own history is not yet written. Our own gravest problems still lie before us.

What shall a just peace be? If it must be tempered with mercy, to whom shall we show mercy—the foe we have beaten or the coming generation of Americans whom they have done all they could to betray and ruin? Shall we face an indeterminate future? Shall we ship in more problems than we have? What of the dead who rise and demand their justice—what of the silent dead demanding also their due before Almighty God? Did they die to have this country invaded or to protect it forever against invasion?

Satyrs of Diplomacy

It must be the fair men of America who will constitute the ultimate court to determine the treatment of the foreign element in America. All of those who retain their sympathy for Germany are enemies of this country after the war as much as they were during the war. They share in the defeat of Germany and must pay the losses of the loser. The victor decides. We are the victors. Let that foreign element reflect on that—we are the victors, not they, in this fight which they elected. It is only the man who makes the dollar his God and Ten Commandments who will feel toward Germany in America after the war as he did before.

What we Americans need first is not so much a League of Nations as a league of Americans. The soul of the American Protective League—renamed, rechristened and reconsecrated—must go marching on even though it be disbanded. As citizens we must unite in a common purpose or the war will have been lost for us no matter what shall be the treaty at Versailles. If we open our hearts and homes again to unbidden, unselected traitors at our own table, then we have lost this war.

In our own country a few of us for many months have seen treason weighed and bought like soap or sugar. The price was ready in German gold, no matter how high. Through our colleges, our schools, our churches, Germany always intended eventually to undermine America and to break down her patriotism. German-speaking ministers of the gospel were uncovered in numberless A. P. L. reports as the worst enemies we had, because they preached open treason, hundreds of them. Among the men of intellect in America whom Germany suborned, corrupted and bought, there are, besides many college professors, fifty other men, including judges, editors, ministers and men of large affairs.

The German satyrs of diplomacy juggled large figures carelessly in a cold-blooded commerce which dealt in hearts and souls and honor. That was done merely in the hope to divide and conquer the United States, all in good time.

German-American citizens? Why, no. Why use even that hyphen? If they were not Americans during the war they are not Americans now. And they are no more demobilized than Germany's Army is really demobilized. Their hearts are no more changed than the heart of Germany really has changed. If they were not at one time above prostituting the most sacred offices in the world they are not above that now. Why should we not now search all hearts? We need not immigrants, but Americans. Our patrimony is none too much to share with what we have.

Let Them Choose

Superior energy! Thrift! Efficiency! Let dead lips at the peace table spell out those words. We remember the Alamo. We remember the Maine. Shall we forget the Lusitania after the war is over? That statesmanship is not acceptable American statesmanship which plans weak mercy now; or weak politics or weak sentimentality; and it is a false and weak statesmanship to mince matters in days like these, when the old propaganda is beginning again, even in the existing confusion of our industries, in the hurrying of our plans for demobilization. Can you not hear now the German song: "The war is over now. We are at peace. Let us forget. Kamerad!"

But we are not at peace! Our dead stand at the table and demand their hearing through all time. We must be done with forsworn citizenship in America. We could forgive a soldier; but we cannot any more forgive a naturalized foreigner who perjures himself when he takes the oath of allegiance to our country. That is one thing that must go.

There is absolutely no injustice, no bitterness, no unfairness in any of these words. They sound harsh merely because they are unusual; and they will not long remain unusual in America. They sit lightly on the innocent, heavily only on those who have guilt and disloyalty and selfishness in their hearts. It is for every man of foreign blood to know his own heart. We cannot know his heart for him. He alone knows whether he is foreign or American. He knows which he wants to be. He knows he cannot be both. That is the one test—the impossibility of a man being both a good European and a good American.

If a man chooses to be European, very well. It surely is his privilege—but let him then go back to Europe to get his living.

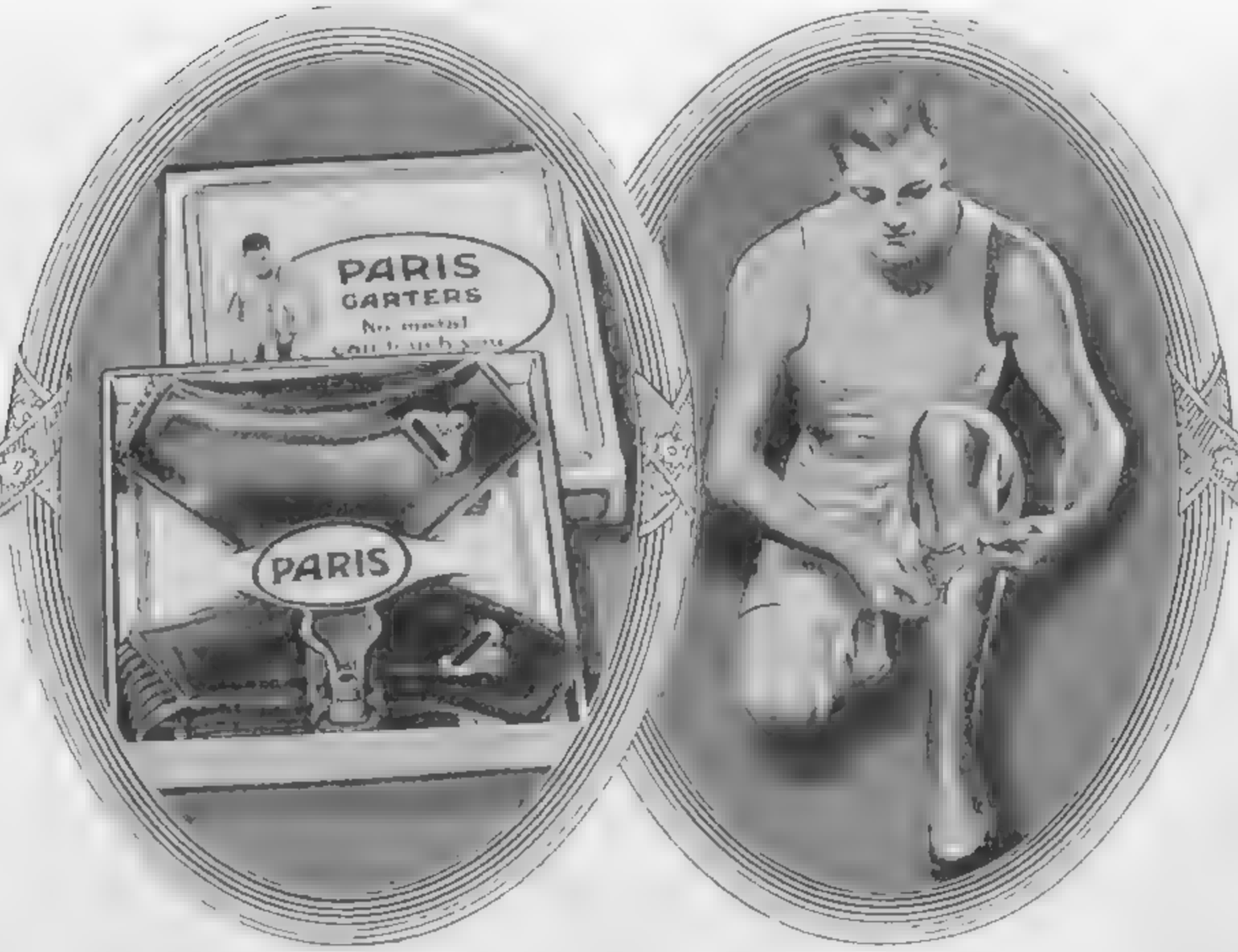
Let him choose. And let him remember, if he be German, that he is not the victor but the vanquished in this war.

"There can be no divided allegiance here," wrote one great American as his last words. "Any man who says he is an American, but something else, also, is not an American at all. We have room for but one flag, the American flag; and this excludes the red flag, which symbolizes all wars against liberty and civilization, just as much as it excludes any flag of a nation to which we are hostile."

To that doctrine, and to that alone, can the dead at the peace table nod their voiceless assent. Under that doctrine and for that purpose we who have our war to fight out here in America for a generation and more can continue the battle, knowing that it is for a good cause.

The old oath of the American Protective League exists no more. That silent army has disbanded. But now it remains the privilege of each of them, and each of us all, to enlist again in a yet greater army, and to swear a yet greater oath, each for himself, at his own bedside, gravely and solemnly

"This is my country. I have no other country. I swear to be loyal to her always, to protect her and to defend her always and in all ways. In my heart this is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. So help me God!"



PARIS GARTERS

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

Imitations, at any price, cost you too much

WHEN the elastic in your garter "goes dead," the trimmings rust, and you feel you haven't gotten the service you are entitled to—you'll find upon investigation that you're not wearing Paris. The substitutes that *look* like Paris aren't Paris.

You can avoid this annoyance and disappointment if you will just take the time to look for the Paris oval and kneeling figure trademark when buying. These are your dependable guides to complete garter comfort, value and service.

35¢ *50¢* *75¢*

A. STEIN & COMPANY

Makers

Chicago Children's **HICKORY** Garters *New York*

"Endurance—that's what won the contest."—From original painting by Walter Dean Goldbeck.

COOPER'S BENNINGTON
Spring Needle Underwear

For Men and Boys—in Silklisle, Cotton, Wool and Worsted

BLACK CAT TEXTILES CO., KENOSHA, WIS.

Factories at Kenosha and Sheboygan, Wis.
Harvard, Ill., and Bennington, Vt.

Makers also of Black Cat Reinforced Hosiery for Men, Women and Children

Endurance is an outstanding feature of the original Cooper's-Bennington Spring Needle Underwear. An extra mile of yarn gives an extra year of wear.

Spring Needle knitting makes Cooper's-Bennington just as elastic **throughout** as ordinary underwear is at cuffs and ankles **only.** Having "The stretch that springs back," Cooper's-Bennington conforms to every body-movement, and hence is always snug and comfortable.

Dealers everywhere can supply you summer-weights in Cooper's-Bennington Spring Needle Underwear.

Developing a National Asset

THE LIFE of our Nation is largely sustained by the commerce that moves over our rivers, canals and lakes, and which passes through our great harbors to and from all parts of the world.

The harbors of the United States—on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and on the shores of the Great Lakes—are unequalled in size and depth of water by those of any other country. Our principal rivers and canals have a total length of over forty-nine thousand miles.

Through these harbors and waterways, yearly, come and go millions of tons of foodstuffs, manufactured articles and raw materials. They are as necessary to our life as are the railroads and highways and—like the railroads and highways—they owe their development and maintenance, in a large measure, to the power of explosives. Many a river channel has been deepened, many a dangerous reef has been blasted away and many hundreds of miles of canals have been dug with the help of Hercules Dynamites and Blasting Gelatins.

The development of harbors and internal waterways is but one of the many methods by which the products made in the great plants of the Hercules Powder Co. are helping to increase the natural assets of our Nation.

HERCULES POWDER CO.

Chicago
Pittsburg, Kan.
San Francisco
Chattanooga
St. Louis
Denver
Salt Lake City
Pittsburgh, Pa.
New York
Hazleton, Pa.
Joplin
Wilmington, Del.

HERCULES POWDER CO.

RUINS

(Continued from Page 17)

openly avowed their intention "to strike France to the heart for fifty years." Beholding this systematic destruction it seemed as if they had done it.

We stopped that night at Lille. The next morning for a time the landscape was a repetition of the day before. Then we crossed the frontier into Belgium. And immediately the aspect changed. The fields, the houses, the people, even the air seemed to radiate industry, energy, hope. We had passed through a land that was dead. We came into a land that was alive. Men and boys clattering along in their sabots went whistling to their work. Babies, millions of them, toddled gayly in front of our wheels. Trades people noting the U. S. insignia on our car beamed and waved their hands. Old men cleaned up the canals by the roadsides or revetted their sides. The surrounding fields, flat, rich, cultivated, smoked under the heaps of black manure which stretched off in precise alignment as far as the eye could reach.

And the sight of all this apparent—I say apparent with intention—prosperity, the industry, the peaceful prosaic routine, contrasted with what I had met in Northern France, struck me with the force of a blow. For if I was prepared to find occupied France tragic I was prepared to find occupied Belgium tenfold more so. And this contradiction between what my eyes beheld and what my intelligence told me was the real truth in the case was disconcerting. Accordingly as we rolled smoothly along an excellent highway and I gazed out over those peaceful steaming plains, the streets and the stores, and men clumping forth to labor, my mind was the scene of a lively combat. For my eyes telegraphed hopefully to my brain: "Well, anyhow, there are houses. Anyhow, there's food. Anyhow, there's work."

Brussels on Short Rations

There had been none of those first elements in the ravaged country we had passed through. Thus had I relied upon the evidence of my eyes alone through those first days I should have concluded that Belgium was not so badly off after all. But there was in my bag a little drab pamphlet which gave my eyes the lie. A friend had fortified me with that pamphlet by way of ballast when I started forth on the trip. It was filled from cover to cover with cold, solid, incontrovertible facts. It had been compiled by experts and formed the base of Belgium's indemnity demands.

Thus when I looked out upon the smiling prosperous fields, my mind said automatically: "Food." And when I saw men and women toiling I said: "Labor." And when I heard a train whistling I said: "Transportation." And when I saw the smoke plume of a sugar factory across the fields I said: "Industries." Then I looked inside that pamphlet and I found: "Insufficient food. Insufficient clothes. Insufficient heat. No work. No industries. No transportation. A whole country flat on its back." Well, it didn't look like it—that at first glance was all I could say.

In Brussels, that perfect little gem of a city, the contradictions grew worse. Unconsciously of course I compared it with Paris. Both were capitals. Both had suffered from the weight of war. But in Paris, so far as war restrictions are concerned, we might still be back in 1917. The restaurants still close rigorously at nine-thirty P. M. No bread without tickets. No sugar without a card. Butter and eggs are worth their weight in rubies. The only element in the entire food régime that has suffered no restriction is the price. There is no lid on the price. The cost of living in Paris has gone up four hundred per cent and is still clicking merrily upward like the meter on a taxicab. And the worst of it is you don't get any ride for your money at that. Pay and be damned is the rule.

In Brussels, on the contrary, whatever there was you could have—provided you could show the price. There was no ration on sugar, bread, butter, milk or meat—and no de luxe tax of ten per cent, as in Paris, tagged on to every bill. In the cafeterias and tea parlors people could consume a great variety of delicious little sweet cakes with sugar and milk in their tea and nobody to say them nay. Candies and bonbons were displayed everywhere.

In the Rue Neuve, the Rialto of Brussels, garish multicolored electric-light advertisements blinked off and on during the whole night. Dance halls were crowded with whirling devotees straight through until seven A. M. To me, habituated to the rigors of a wartime Paris, which the armistice had served only to render yet more severe, all this apparent gayety and opulence were astounding. Prices to be sure were Klondike prices—but so were they in Paris, and Paris had not been isolated from the world of commerce for four years.

If I linger over this apparent discrepancy between mere outward appearance and real inward fact it is because my first impressions of Belgium were those of average unthinking travelers who go to a big hotel, eat the best food the country affords, pay top prices, and come away and say: "There's nothing the matter with that country to get excited about. Of course things are scarce and high, but what can you expect?" Naturally, they do not see under the surface. They do not care to. But I did. I had come to see how the great mass of common people in the territory occupied by the Huns were repiecing their broken lives. I had come to discover how permanently they had been injured and what they wanted in the way of neighborly help to get on their feet again. I knew as an abstract proposition that Belgium had been systematically cleaned out industrially and commercially by the German occupation. But I wanted to see the situation from the inside.

One day I spoke about this to a Belgian, a native of Antwerp, the head of a large shipping concern, who had lost all his business by the war. He listened carefully to what I had to say.

"In the first place," he began by way of reply, "you should not compare occupied Northern France, which has been devastated, wiped out, with that part of occupied Belgium which has not been devastated or wiped out, for the conditions are utterly different. But you should compare the section of France which for four years has been under the guns with the same portion of Belgium—namely, round Ypres and the Yser. Have you been over there?" I shook my head.

"Well, you must go—not only because it's a tremendous object lesson to the world of what must never be permitted to happen again, but also because it will give you a unit of measurement. What I think you should do if what you want is a grip of the present situation in terms of actuality is to travel from the east of Belgium to the west; follow in the track of the Hun destruction from the moment they crossed the border until we held them on the western line; tie up the past with the present; talk with the people, the common people, with the maid who brings in your coffee and the man who carries your bag. You'll hear stories! And suddenly some fine morning you'll wake up and discover you're no longer seeing and judging from the outside. You'll have the true, the inside view. And then," he continued with a fine ironic smile, "in order to complete your education, after you have finished with occupied Belgium, looted, pillaged, burned, destroyed, under the German rule, go over and see occupied Germany under the Belgian rule! It will offer a fine contrast. Do it."

"I'll do it!" said I.

"And when you come back," he added, still smiling that fine hard smile, "drop in and tell me how German rule in Belgium compares with Belgian rule in Germany—how much burning and looting and massacring is going on. Are we lining up men, women and children by hundreds and shooting them down in their public squares to maintain order? Are we burning their priceless old libraries, wrecking cathedrals, violating their nuns, making their old priests walk naked before their parishioners for daring to speak their minds? Are we suppressing their newspapers or forcing them to print our propaganda under pain of imprisonment and heavy fine? Are we trying to undermine the morale of their population by bribing the weak and the poor and the miserable to betray their friends? Are we making a house-to-house canvass of their patriotic young men suspected of wanting to join the colors, in order to clap them into jail? Find out those things for me."

"I'll do it," said I.

"And tell me how things look industrially over there. Are their men working, their industries going? Tell me who has the best of it right now—the victors or the vanquished?"

"I'll do it!" said I.

And that is how I came to write this article on ruins. So long as I was going into the subject at all it seemed just as well to do it up thoroughly and get a line on all the different kinds of ruins there were at one and the same time. And if the Peace Conference thought the subject of ruins worthy of a whole séance to itself why should not I? Aside from that, to follow in the track of that vast gray German tide from the spot where it first broke across the Belgian border, swept destructively across the country and was eventually stayed, less than a score of miles from the channel ports; and then to follow that same great sullen tide as it ebbed slowly back across the selfsame territory, back, back to the banks of the Rhine; and after that to behold the Belgian victors ruling their erstwhile conquerors—this seemed to me an interesting study in contrasts. After I got through with it I ought to know something about the people and their problems. I did. But what I learned on that head is not going to be set forth here. This is a story of ruins.

Drunk With Arrogance

Five days later found me, the guest of the Belgian Government, on that country's eastern frontier. I was on the selfsame highway over which in 1914 that insolent, brutal, yet disciplined flood of German soldiery had passed, the selfsame highway along which, fifty-two months later, they returned, still insolent, still brutal, but no longer disciplined, having turned their machine guns on their officers, torn off the latters' insignia and trampled them in the mud.

I knew this was the road because immediately the signs of the beast began to appear. What familiar old signs they are now! How hideous they seemed then. And in between what a great red gash of history. First on one side and then on another of the main street of a village whole blocks of houses had been razed, put to the torch, and now after four years lay crumbled in moldy ruin. But why should they have chosen one side of a street and left the other intact? Why demolished one old farmhouse and let its neighbor stand?

"Partly," replied the conducting officer to my queries, "because irregular destruction was according to their code of frightfulness. To massacre certain coolly selected victims is far more terrifying to the weak—so they argued—than to make a clean brutal sweep. Partly it was sheer rage. Whenever their leaders heard of a setback of their forces, or a woman or a priest called them barbarians, they punished us—for our own good! For you know a learned German wrote a book called Guilty Belgium in which he proved that we were the ones to blame; and he defied us 'to mention a single case of useless cruelty!' This gentleman—Herr Grasshoff is his name—further declared 'that there was not in the whole world a single army which could have employed gentler measures than those they employed, and that the passage of the German Army through Belgium was a positive Calvary!' They were drunk with arrogance and power. And for us, a negligible little nation, to dare to stand in the way of their desires constituted a sufficient reason for useful cruelty. Here is a good case in point of the gentle measure they employed. Do you see those brick walls?"

(Continued on Page 163)

Belgians Doing Construction Work on the West Bank of the Rhine

FEDERAL

DOUBLE CABLE BASE CORD TIRES

Cross Sectional View of Federal Cord Tire

WEAR BETTER, LONGER *and* SAVE GASOLINE

GIVE two cars of identical weight the same impetus and the one equipped with Federal Cord tires will *go the farthest*, because of the wonderful flexibility of these tires.

THEIR remarkable resiliency effects easier and smoother traction.

THIS advantage qualifies Federal Cord tires to save the car and tires from unnecessary wear and tear, and in addition to *save fuel*.

FRICTION and internal heat are minimized because every cord is insulated by impregnating in live supple rubber.

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THIS flexibility and strength is due to superior construction methods.

ROAD shocks do not inflict fatal damage at some one part of the tire because all strains are *equally* absorbed by the *whole* tire—every cord bears its quota of the impact. In this way only can the carcass of the tire be preserved and the tire's usefulness prolonged.

FOR this reason Federal Cords are more satisfactory to use and insure ultimate tire economy.

THE famous, exclusive Federal tire improvement — the Double-Cable-Base that holds the tire *permanently correct* upon its rim and permits the use of a soft bead filler instead of ordinary hard filler, —is also included in our Cord black tread tires, as well as in our "Rugged" white tread and "Traffik" black tread non-skid tires.

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(Continued from Page 159)

He pointed to a razed section of the village we were passing through which had been carefully inclosed by new brick walls the height of a man's head. "Those walls," said he, "were erected by Germans."

"But why?" I demanded, puzzled. "So the ruins won't tumble down? That can't be. They're down already."

"That's it," he replied ironically. "They're so completely down that the Huns raised these walls the height of a man's head to render them absolutely invisible—on the principle that what a man doesn't see he'll forget. If the owners of those houses passing by in the street couldn't see their destroyed homes, the Hun argued, they'd forget they were there. And so they constructed those brick walls. Wait!" He tapped on the glass window to stop the chauffeur and sprang out. "I want to show you something." The something proved to be a dynamited farmhouse standing alone in an open field. "Here in this yard were murdered by the Huns an entire family, seven members in all—grandfather, grandmother, father, mother and three small children—and thrown into one grave. Their neighbors erected a tombstone on which they inscribed the words: 'Killed by the boches.' This the German Government tore down and replaced with a cross saying: 'Died by a misadventure of war.' They argued, you see, both with the brick wall and the cross, that there was no use wounding people's feelings needlessly. That was 'useless cruelty!' That's a fair example of the German mentality. Here's another—also from the pen of Herr Grasshoff."

Herr Grasshoff's Impudence

He drew from his pocketbook a Brussels newspaper clipping. It read:

"The spring has once more returned. Behind the Front where the armies are contending the sinewy hand of the German soldier guides the plow in the fields of Belgium to furnish bread, not to his own family but to the Belgian people, unworthily betrayed by its own Government and abandoned to the horrors of famine by its good friends of England. In all directions German assiduity is endeavoring to arouse the drowsy Belgian spirit and to kindle it by its breath to what it was before the war."

"'German assiduity'!" the Belgian repeated grimly. "It's a neat phrase, isn't it, for all this, and this?"

He nodded his head toward the silent, deserted fields and then toward the not annihilated but merely disemboweled, tottering, moldy old shells of what had once been pleasant homes.

That sloppy mush-head sentiment when it came to words contrasted with those bloody cat-o'-nine-tail disciplinary measures when it came to deeds sent a chill down the spine.

That night we stopped at Liège. The next morning, accompanied by a Belgian captain who had taken part in that famous defense which had held up the German Army for eleven days and thus prepared the way for the defeat on the Marne, we visited the surrounding heights, on which are situated at irregular intervals the twelve forts that engirdle the town. Below us wrapped in a thin frosty mist lay Liège, a fine handsome old industrial city of towers and spires, nesting in the valley of the Meuse, which, overarched by numerous bridges, traversed the town, a burnished ribbon of silver.

From the bare heights on which we stood we could see miles. Looking east we marked the narrow highway along which the invaders had come, stretching straight as a tape clear to the German frontier. The captain pointed out the cupolas of other forts on neighboring hills—flat, dull-gleaming disks, looking from that distance about the size of a stove lid. And then he sketched the design of the fortified position of Liège—a cross in the center for the open unwalled city, surrounded by twelve crosses in an irregular circle, each a fort with a garrison of about four hundred men. In between the forts were wooded slopes.

"And how did you defend those open intervals between the forts?"

"With our mobile field army," explained the captain. "Trenches. Infantry. Barbed wire. Machine guns. Heavy artillery. Regular trench warfare, with our mounted cycle regiment deployed in front. Of course Liège, the first frontier fortress town, should have had more than twelve forts. She should have had twice that number. Metz has thirty-two."

"But why?" I inquired. "Wasn't it a foregone conclusion—with the German heavy artillery? If they blew up a dozen forts couldn't they blow up two dozen? Wasn't it just a matter of time?"

"That's it exactly. It was a matter of time. They had to reduce each fort in turn. Each fort was a separate enterprise. Each fort took time. And time then was worth hundreds of millions. It gave France a chance to rush up her troops. It gave England a chance to arm. As it was, we barred the way for eleven days. But think if we could have held them twice that long! Think if we could have held them until our little Belgian Army could have effected a solid juncture with the French. That's what we were always desperately trying for those first weeks—contact with the French troops on the south. One wing of our army was always floating, floating, stretched out its extreme length to meet reënforcements that never arrived. But think if we could have held Liège until that help arrived. Then Northern France would never have been invaded. Belgium would never have been occupied. The two contending armies would have locked on the Eastern Front."

"Then why didn't you have more forts?" I demanded, convinced.

"Money!" said he a little bitterly. "It was a question of money. The government didn't want to appropriate the funds. Forts cost a pile of money. And legislators in time of peace think military preparedness is all tommyrot. Perhaps that's not true of America though!" he added with a polite smile.

"Over there," he continued, pointing north and east, "is the plateau of Herve, across which the first German Army poured. Passing north of the fortified position of Liège they pushed on to the Meuse, where they found the bridge destroyed and the passages of the river guarded. On that plain which you see were collected more than three hundred thousand men on the invasion roads, which were solidly blocked by this fortified position. But before that position was finally taken eleven days had been lost—and that lost the war! And also there had been lost forty thousand of the finest flower of their élite Berlin troops.

"In the course of the morning of August fifth the bearer of a flag of truce appeared before the military governor of Liège commanding him to let the German Army pass. He refused. The assault on the position began. That same night a party of ten German cavalrymen, two officers and eight men, penetrated to Liège itself and attempted to murder the governor. The plot failed and they were wiped out to a man. On the sixth, after two days of desperate resistance against a force more than five times their superior, our field forces occupying the trenches between the forts, in order to avoid being enveloped, withdrew back to the main army. That left the forts with their garrisons isolated points without infantry or artillery protection from the outside. The city of Liège also was left exposed. The governor accordingly withdrew to Fort Loncin, farthest to the west. And that was the last fort to fall. It fell on August sixteenth and seventeenth. The siege began on August fifth and sixth; finished August sixteenth and seventeenth. Eleven days for the entire world to prepare. There you have the whole story of Liège in a nutshell."

"I'd like to know what you did inside the forts after you saw the field army withdraw."

"Oh, we just sat tight and fired away until we got blown up by direct hits or were rushed by their infantry. It wasn't wildly amusing. We knew we were doomed. I'm going to show you some of those direct hits on our cupolas."

We were now at Fort de Chaudfontaine, one of the first forts on the eastern bank to fall. Viewed externally this fort, like all the others, and like the forts I had seen at Verdun, consisted of a bare hilltop on the surface of which at various points gun cupolas squatted like massive mushrooms a few inches above the ground. Beneath, forty solid feet under earth, were the guns, ammunition and *logements* of the garrison. The fort was then surrounded by a rectangular moat of concrete fifteen feet deep and of about equal breadth and armed with machine guns at each corner. In addition a system of outside trenches served to protect the garrison from an assaulting force. All the exits opened into the moat and were heavily guarded by enfilading machine-gun fire. Thus each fort, even with a strong enemy right at its doors, was prepared to resist stoutly for a time.

On top of the hill, inside the fosse, the captain showed us the gun cupolas that had sustained direct hits. Composed of heavy iron several inches thick, these massive convex shells, set in an emplacement of solid concrete, were spattered and pock-marked for all the world as the surface of a lake is spattered under a smart summer shower. But with this difference: This surface was iron and the drops which fell were .480 shells. One such shell had struck the cupola squarely amidships, plowed its way across that iron as if it were soft yielding tar and exploded near at hand. And yet that cupola held! It had not even cracked. I stooped down and ran my finger along that deep rippled ridge of cold iron where that shell had raked its way—it looked amazingly like the surface of a kettle of tar through which some urchin had dragged his thumbnail—and I tried to imagine the terrific jolt the gunners had felt down below when the infernal thing had lit.

Propaganda in Epitaphs

"Pretty good little old cupola!" observed the captain, divining my thought. "But a direct hit like that, even when it bounds off, is a frightful shock to the men below. A fort of this size normally held a garrison of four hundred men. But after the field troops withdrew and the positions began to fall those left were crowded with sixteen to eighteen hundred men. Then a direct hit put the electric-light plant out of commission. It severed the telephone communication with the other forts. After that nobody inside knew what was happening on the outside. It was each fort for itself. The men were in total darkness, isolated, without food, ammunition or hope of help. Still the gunners blazed away whenever they saw a target, and still they repelled the infantry attacks. That was their job—to resist to the end. And so they resisted, though the end was sure. But they hoped by the delay to save Belgium from invasion." The captain paused in front of a large wooden cross. "Here is some Hun propaganda," said he. He read in German the inscription: "Here lie three Belgian soldiers who fell on this spot, gallantly defending their Fatherland."

"Well, that was decent anyway!" I exclaimed.

"For propaganda—yes!" he retorted dryly. "They wanted to make the Belgians believe that their conquerors were tender, kind, humane. But unfortunately their deeds and their propaganda measures do not exactly square. Presently I am going to show you some Belgian graves where they did not erect a cross; but they erected a monument even more enduring to the kind of war they waged."

He led the way back to the automobile and we wound round heights and wooded slopes to Fort Loncin on the west.

"This was the last fort to fall," he explained as we descended from the car. "Here the military governor retired after the supporting field army withdrew. This fort was completely blown up by a shell which hit squarely the ammunition stores. Some of the garrison were killed. The rest were knocked insensible by the force of the explosion. The Germans, entering, found not a single man on his feet. All that were not dead had been knocked silly. They lay there stretched out stiff. Even the governor himself was discovered unconscious on the floor. He was taken prisoner. Well, here we are."

We descended and picked our way past shattered débris to the very heart of the disaster. Here great tumbled bowlders of concrete torn out of their solid foundation and upended crazily in air gave evidence of the might of that convulsion. Some of the forts we had visited, taken by infantry assault, were in a fair state of preservation and had even been repaired by the Germans in preparation for some possible future attack. But Fort Loncin's days as a fort were done. It was a ruin of the first class, fit for nothing but a museum specimen. We strolled about, peering at

(Continued on Page 166)

Miss Fraser Standing Before the Statue of Bismarck at Munchen-Gladbach, the Belgian G. H. Q. in Occupied Germany

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Our new book, "Two Blades of Grass," points out a straight road to business increase, and is well worth careful reading. It is yours for the asking.

You can profitably adapt its suggestions to your own special purposes. Send for it and judge for yourself.

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This is the identical $100 Oliver, Model 9, our latest and best. We continue to sell it under the plan we adopted during the war. We learned economies then in selling which enable us to save the $43 it formerly cost us to sell you an Oliver.

We learned that it was unnecessary to have great numbers of traveling salesmen and numerous, expensive branch houses throughout the country. We were also able to discontinue many other superfluous, costly sales methods. You benefit by these savings.

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You may order direct from this advertisement, without sending a penny. The coupon brings an Oliver for free trial.

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If you do not agree that it is the finest typewriter built, regardless of price, simply return it, express collect. Even the out-going transportation charges will then be refunded.

The Oliver for $57 makes a $100 price appear extravagant. Remember this is a new machine, our finest and latest product. If any typewriter is worth $100, it is this speedy, durable Oliver.

The Oliver Typewriter Company

1014 Oliver Typewriter Bldg.
Chicago, Illinois
Canadian Price, $72 [4.01]

Furthermore, it is as easy to buy the Oliver as it is to try it. If, after trying it five days, you decide to keep it, you merely pay $3 per month until the $57 is paid. This is less than 10c per day.

This Oliver is being bought by the thousands. Our plan, conceived when this country entered the war, has met a tremendous welcome. We have repeatedly increased our production facilities. Note at the left a few of the great concerns using the Oliver. And remember that it is being bought by thousands of individuals. It has been aptly called the people's typewriter.

In every particular, this splendid Oliver is the finest that 24 years of experience can produce. A better typewriter is impossible. It has all the latest improvements. It is noted for its handsome appearance, richly enameled olive green and polished nickel; its durability and workmanship. Do you know of any typewriter which combines so many advantages, yet offered at such a low price and easy terms?

This Oliver has a standard keyboard. So anyone may turn to it without the slightest hesitancy. It is speedy and has an untiring action—with lightest touch.

Don't buy—don't rent—until you have investigated this fine, economical Oliver. Note that the coupon below brings either an Oliver for Free Trial or further information.

Save $43 by using this coupon

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
1014 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days' free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $57 at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is _____
This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

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(Continued from Page 163)

the underground corridors, which had caved in; at the grotesque little twilight *logements*, which had tumbled into moldy decay; at a trampled glove and a three of spades upon the powdery floor; a faded kepi hanging against the wall—souvenirs of men who had resisted desperately and then had gone out swiftly in a great crashing roar, leaving behind them only these few battered relics and the shining splendor of their sacrifice. And then I bethought me of the graves and the German monuments of which the captain spoke. So I asked to see these graves.

"There they are," replied the captain soberly, "right before your eyes. You are looking at them."

But I was looking at nothing but a solid concrete wall. "Where?" I demanded, glancing round.

"There!" said he, grimly pointing. "Do you see that bricked-up arch? And that?"

And now observing closely I marked that the blank concrete wall before me was not composed entirely of concrete. Part of it was of bricks. And these bricks were in the shape of a series of arches, as if those arches had formerly been orifices which had been walled up into a solid mask. But still I did not understand. The Belgian officer explained:

"Behind those arches—which once were exits—were the garrison's *logements*, where the soldiers ate and slept. The violence of that explosion, as I told you, killed some outright, wounded others and knocked the rest unconscious. Thus when the Germans entered they found lying stretched out behind those arches heaps of dead, dying, wounded and unconscious men. Raging at our resistance, at the precious loss of eleven days, they lost no more time in untangling the mess. They simply walled them in—and there they lie, the heroes of Fort Loncin, to this very day behind those bricks."

The Unspeakable Hun

"But," I protested, aghast, "they didn't wall up the living with the dead? Of course they rescued them—of course they went through the *logements*, lifting the débris, made examination, sorted out the merely stunned. Of course——" I began to stammer, to break down under the hard unyielding look in the captain's eye. He did not say a word. He only looked. And then I recalled the Lusitania, the Sussex, and other disasters where the Germans had not troubled to save the living and wounded from their doom. After all, bricking up a heap of mangled living and dead humanity and débris was in the same category as bombing hospitals of wounded men. Then why was I so aghast before that solid wall?

"And there is no doubt," observed the captain, "as to which of the two kinds of monument a Belgian soldier, if he had to die, would prefer—the cross on top of that hill set up to show what a really noble fellow the conqueror was, or these bricked-up entrances which revealed the brutality he was fighting to save his country from. As monuments, moreover, they're not so bad after all. I expect our men sleep just as tranquilly behind those bricks as under that cross on the hill. And that," said he, tapping the wall, "finished the defense of Liège."

We turned our steps away from those twisted and contorted ruins and from those bricked-up sepulchers of men who had won this war in the beginning just as the Americans had won it in the end. The mission of both nations was the same—aggressive sacrifice. And the captain, I reflected, was right when he remarked that after all military *logements* did not make such a bad final resting place. Those men inside lying so still had died with their boots on for a worthy cause. What mattered about the rest?

From Liège we motored through Tirlemont to Louvain, arriving at the famous Grande Place, where once more than a hundred citizens had been lined up and shot at eleven o'clock in the morning. It was swarming with crowds of students. The old university had just reopened its doors and the youth from all over the countryside had come to register for the courses. The great gray old cathedral opposite the Hôtel de Ville was packed to its doors with students attending a special mass. Looking over that sea of reverent faces, most of them fresh and boyish, I realized that at least Belgium had escaped one great anguish—her youth had grown up in captivity, but it was still alive.

From Louvain we took the road northward, still following in the track of the Hun. It is not the purpose of this article to recall the details of those first desperate despairing weeks in which the little Belgian Army, that thin line of brave hearts, was pushed farther and farther west, contesting stubbornly every foot of the way, making forced stands to attract the strength of the enemy away from France, and for the same reason attacking boldly against heavy odds, making sorties, baiting the foe, getting in his path, retreating only when the other alternative was to be wiped out, taking breath and attacking again—a valiant, supple, cool-headed little toreador waving his red flag before the nose of a furious blood-inflamed bull who charged and bellowed and gored.

The function of the Belgian Army during those first few weeks was threefold: To attract by hook or crook and to keep occupied the greatest possible number of the enemy forces; not to get enveloped; and to maintain a widely extended front in order to make the liaison with the French and lock the armies on the Eastern Front. This was fine strategy, the best the world has yet seen; and the only hitch was that the French reënforcements did not materialize. So the toreador dance continued, with the bull raging fiercely behind, from Liège to Tirlemont, from Tirlemont to Louvain, from Louvain to Brussels, from Brussels to Antwerp, from Antwerp toward Nieuport, and there, upon the Yser River, the little toreador, panting, gasping, horribly exhausted, having fought three sieges and doubled and twisted and turned clear across the country from east to west, a distance of nearly ninety miles, was finally commanded to—what? To take a good rest? To go back *en repos?* Scarcely.

It was commanded to make a final stand, to hold up the entire German Army, to resist to the end, to be wiped out if necessary—but to hold. To hold until reënforcements could arrive. Those reënforcements were promised within forty-eight hours. Until then it must hold alone. That was the Battle of the Yser. But whether it could hold even forty-eight hours was a question. There is a limit to what flesh and blood will stand. And the Belgian Army had about reached that limit. With their army reduced to 82,000 men, of which only 48,000 were infantry, they had been pushed back across their territory step by step until they had lost everything but a tiny rectangular strip about ten by thirty kilometers lying between the Yser and the sea—and it now looked as if they were going to lose that too. King Albert's address to his troops before the Battle of the Yser plainly revealed the gravity of their situation. He said:

"Soldiers, for two months and more you have now been fighting in the most just cause, for your hearths and homes, and for our national independence.

"You have held up the enemy's forces, you have stood three sieges and made several sorties, and you have successfully carried out a long retreat through a narrow passage. Hitherto you have fought alone in this gigantic struggle. You now find yourselves alongside the valiant armies of France and England.

"Soldiers, look to the future with confidence and fight with courage. In whatever positions I may place you you must always look forward and not back, and let him be regarded as a traitor to his country who pronounces the word retreat without its having been formally ordered."

But these words did not conceal from the men the supreme effort that was to be demanded from them. It was a young Belgian captain who fought in that battle who told me of the terrible strain of those days. We were at La Panne on the sea, where for more than four years King Albert and Queen Elizabeth had made their home in the little scrap of free Belgium. The captain drew the line of that famous battle front in the sand.

"Here," said he, "is the sea. Here is the Belgian front line running inland, eleven miles from Nieuport to Dixmude and another eleven from Dixmude to the Fort of Knocke. So our total front was twenty-two miles. Here's the Yser—about sixty-five feet wide, with dikes on either bank. The whole region round about is intersected by ditches and canals and streams. At Nieuport on the sea six canals and watercourses converge and there are sluices which at high tide enable the water to be let in from the sea. That's the general lay of the land. On October the sixteenth the Germans in front of us, one hundred and fifty thousand strong, started the attack. Seven days later they were still attacking—and we were still alone. They asked us to hold forty-eight hours. We held seven days."

"But how?"

"Oh, we shelled them and they shelled us. They'd shell our back areas so we couldn't move up our reserves—but after three days we didn't have any more reserves to move up; it was just the same men on the job all the time—and then they'd shell our front trenches. And then they'd go over the top. They'd come in waves—ten, fifteen, twenty successive waves—all fresh troops against our fellows who never had a minute's rest.

"We'd let them approach to within a hundred meters and then we'd mow them down. It got to be a horrible nightmare. All of us were a little mad. Some of my men were so exhausted they'd nod off over their rifles while the Huns were coming on. There was one weak point on our front where the Yser made a semicircle into their lines. Of course the boches concentrated their fire on that point. At length we had to abandon the river, but we were ordered to hold the chord of the arc behind it at all costs, to cling to every inch of the ground. That, I remember, was the sixth night. We'd been asked to hold forty-eight hours. We'd been holding one hundred and forty-four.

"And that night how the Huns did everlastingly slam that little chord of the arc with heavy artillery and machine-gun fire! He thought he had us—and we thought so too. No human beings could long endure that fire; but every time our troops fell back their officers took them forward again. I saw the report of my regiment, the First Carbineers, which was sent in that night to headquarters. It read: 'Our troops are so exhausted and shaken in morale that the slightest incident may cause them to be seized with panic.' The regiment had been reduced to six officers and three hundred and twenty-five men.

"In addition, our artillery was pegging out. You see, to make up for our shortage of men our guns and howitzers had been continuously in action. And this strenuous service had knocked out many of the pieces and also reduced the ammunition to the point where the batteries had left only one hundred rounds a gun. The next night a request was sent to the French High Command for intervention at the chord of the arc where the boche pressure was heaviest. That request read: 'Energetic action on the part of as great a number of troops as possible can still save the situation.' French reënforcements—Senegalese—arrived at dawn of the eighth day. So the Belgian Army was saved."

"Also England and France. But when did you open the sluices at Nieuport and let in the sea?"

German Elections at Munchen-Gladbach

The High Way and the Low

"That same week. The Belgian staff decided that if our army was not to be destroyed outright we must have some important obstacle between the two opposing forces, and so a plan was worked out for inundating the area between the Nieuport-Dixmude railway embankment, which constituted our front line, and the Yser dike. Dams were constructed at night across the aqueducts which pass under the embankment. Then all we had to do was to open the sluices at Nieuport and shut them at low tide in order to submerge the territory the Germans held. This took about six days.

"At the end of that time we had in front of us a vast artificial lagoon three or four feet deep but full of invisible traps—canals, fosses and fences, and barbed-wire entanglements and shell holes. The Germans fell back, leaving behind their guns and their ammunition. After that they held only a few observation and listening posts scattered in the flooded plain. And that finished the Battle of the Yser. We were commanded to hold forty-eight hours. We held seven days. But we established the barrier. We solidified the line on the Western Front."

If I have lingered over this piece of what is now ancient history—the Belgian effort during the first weeks of the war, with its two high dramatic peaks, the defense of Liège and the Battle of the Yser—it is for two reasons. The first reason is because you cannot travel for any length of time in Belgium without realizing afresh the splendid idealism of its sacrifice; without realizing also how easy, how fatally easy it would have been for this little nation, simple, peaceable, prosperous, and above all nonmilitary in temper, to have chosen the easiest way; to have laid down on her neutrality agreements; to have let the enemy pass—and then justified her conduct afterward before the world. That is the German principle of morality, and it would have been most serviceable in this instance, where there was everything to lose and nothing to gain. What made her refuse? What made her turn away from this cool, worldly, hard-headed policy and choose the straight, the agonizing, the sacrificial way?

Was it Albert, the idealist, the young king dreamer? But Albert would not have lasted ten minutes had not his parliament and his people been solidly at his back. Getting down to first causes, what makes one nation choose the high way and another nation choose the low way? What produces character and conscience in a nation anyhow? What produces the other thing—the hypocritical camouflage of sinister and bloody deeds? If one could get hold of that bottom principle, that unknown *x* in the equation, one could solve the problem both of the German aggression and of the Belgian defense.

The other reason I have recalled this phase of Belgium's history is because her present critical situation is knit up hard and fast with that same line of conduct entered upon without hesitation four years

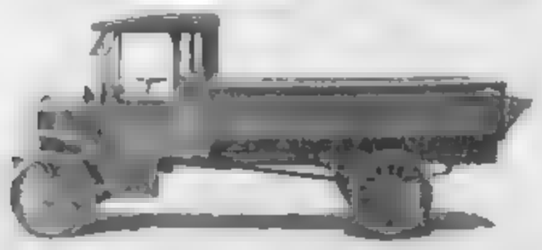
(Continued on Page 169)

This Truck Is Right, Says B. A. Gramm

Business men are entirely justified in considering the 1½-Ton Gramm-Bernstein, the extra-value truck. It is actually that, because of the superior character, and the greater intrinsic worth of its units.

But it is extra-value for another and much deeper reason. That reason is the way B. A. Gramm builds it.

When he says it is right, he speaks with the authority of 18 years'



truck-building experience. His trucks have always enjoyed a remarkably good, clean reputation.

Gramm Soundness In a 1½-Ton Truck

All that Mr. Gramm has learned about trucks—all that his engineering skill can devise to reduce hauling costs and lengthen truck life—he puts into the Gramm-Bernstein.

This is apparent by study of the various units used. Mr. Gramm insists that his buyers shall have not barely rated capacity, but real soundness.

In the 1½-Ton Gramm-Bernstein, for example, he specifies rear axle bearings, larger by one or two sizes than in other 1½-ton axles. And the entire axle is built to the same sturdy pattern.

Hundreds of truck buyers will appreciate what that means.

Four-Inch Tires and Vanadium Springs

Four-inch tires, Mr. Gramm says, are not too large for 1½ tons, but merely good engineering.

His experience shows that Vanadium alloy springs—though they do cost more—are less liable to breakage. So they are used, in ample size for the load.

The transmission gears may seem extra large for a 1½-ton truck. Mr. Gramm wants the truck to be staunch throughout, and well able to do its work economically.

A Better Truck That Costs More to Build

Note that he has adopted the practice of operating both brakes on the rear wheels. This costlier construction eliminates a source of frequent trouble and expense.

Instead of a one-piece propeller shaft, this truck carries a two-piece shaft, with three universal joints. Again a greater cost, but the two-piece shaft runs more smoothly and without "whip."

For Longer Life and Lower Hauling Costs

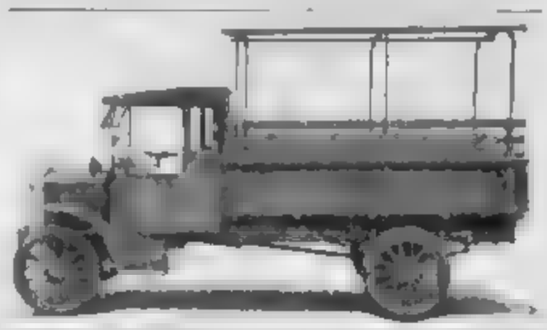
The chassis frame is extra strong and rigid. Six gusseted cross members keep it in alignment. In addition there are two stout corner braces at the rear, as well as corner gussets.

There is not a bend in the entire frame. That means still greater strength. Side members do not curve down at the front end, in the ordinary way, to form the spring hangers. Instead, they are reinforced by heavy steel-cast corner brackets, which themselves form the spring hangers.

Mr. Gramm's whole idea is to give his buyers the genuine sturdiness that spells longer life and lower costs.

Without such sturdiness, the success and economy of any truck become a matter of grave doubt.

In every detail, the truck gives evidence of the manufacturing practice which has made the name Gramm-Bernstein mean fine truck service.



It is unusual practice. It produces unusual results. It is positive insurance to the buyer.

All we ask of business men is a careful comparison of important specifications, and due consideration of the 18-year experience which vouches for this truck.

Three-in-One Body a Leading Feature

Body options for the 1½-Ton Gramm-Bernstein include our Three-in-One type. Other standard types are the platform stake and the slatted stake, each furnished in high, low, and medium styles.

All Gramm-Bernstein trucks are chainless drive. Capacities from 1½ to 5 tons.

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Builder of the first standardized Liberty (U. S. A.) Truck

Lima, Ohio, U. S. A.

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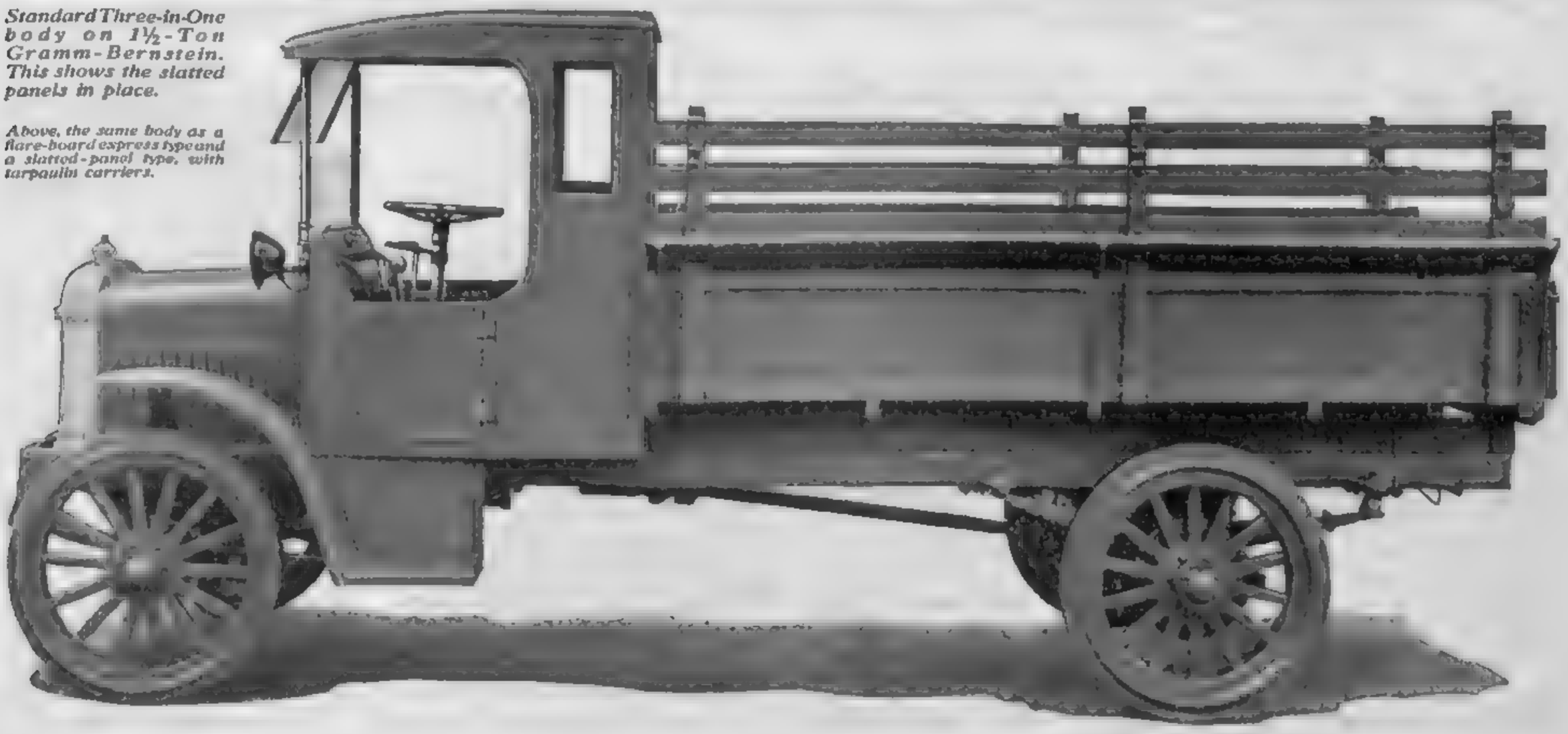

Standard Three-in-One body on 1½-Ton Gramm-Bernstein. This shows the slatted panels in place.

Above, the same body as a flare-board express type and a slatted-panel type, with tarpaulin carriers.

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Fuel economy is accomplished by the Moore Multiple Exhaust System, *exclusively* Lexington, which gives more horsepower per piston displacement.

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Its accommodations, roomy comfort and conveniences become immediately apparent.

When you take the wheel, and feel its powerful motor lift you out of the congested traffic and over the steep grade; —when you know that your Lexington is conserving your gasoline, giving its maximum power while continually guarding against needless waste; then you experience the satisfaction which comes *only* with Lexington ownership.

All of these superiorities are made possible by Lexington management, manufacture and skill.

Other *strictly* Lexington features are oilless bushings, non-metallic universal joints, lightweight yet powerful construction.

Ten plants, specializing in motor car parts, are affiliated with and contribute to Lexington success.

Lexington dealers can give you immediate deliveries.

See your nearest Lexington dealer today, or write us.

Lexington Motor Company Connersville, Ind., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 166)

ago. In this morning's Figaro one reads that Herr Erzberger, the German delegate at the armistice, complaining to Marshal Foch of the severity of the Allied terms, put forth the alluring idea that to treat Germany with commercial leniency "would be good business for America"—we would make money thereby. In exactly the same way four and a half years ago it would have been "good business" for Belgium to give in to Germany's desires.

By rejecting this same "good business" proposition—which, reduced to bare bones, means that one nation shall take advantage of another nation's weakness, commercial or military, to stick that nation for all it is worth—Belgium finds herself to-day like a blown egg, her population famished; her factories and industries lifted bodily over into Germany; her public services—telegraph, railway and mails—a tangle of ruins flat on the ground; her people without work and in many cases without the necessary strength to work; and her moral fiber weakened by a government which attained its ends by appeal to the basest instincts of man. Yes, undoubtedly, from the German point of view it would have been "good business" for Belgium four and a half years ago, when she came to the fork of the roads, to choose not the high bitter lonely road of sacrifice and pain, but the low road, the road old as the ages, worn smooth by the feet of countless nations, whose moldy flapping signboard bears the almost indistinguishable legend: "Easy is the descent to hell." That she did not choose that particular road is a good enough reason for us to linger a little by her side, go through her devastated country, and listen to what she wants done for her. In truth, it is not much. Her modesty is only exceeded by her fine practical sense. So *en avant* for the ruins!

A Diplomatic Errand

But to say it was easier than to do it. It proved difficult in Brussels to sequester a government automobile to go to the Yser and to Ypres. At the Ministry of War, where I preferred my modest request, it transpired that it was an extremely bad moment for correspondents to come preferring modest—which after all were not so modest!—requests. For there was a crisis in transports. There has been one for four years! Moreover, the tramway service was on strike. On top of this double misadventure, one hundred and fifty fat Belgian deputies had plumped down on the town for a convention and had to be hauled round. And as between the two, a deputy and a correspondent, it was intimated politely but clearly that there was no doubt which was the more important any day in the week. Of course it was very tiresome, but—mademoiselle understood?

Mademoiselle did. She would not dream of putting herself even for a second in the same *galère* with such august Olympian gods—but was there any saying when this present crisis of transports would loosen up?

Oh, perhaps next week, perhaps next month. But probably not until after peace was signed. For Belgium was still at war, you understand If mademoiselle could get that assembly of diplomats down at the Quai d'Orsay in the Clock Room to hurry things up a bit the Belgian Government would be delighted to give her a car. Until then, would mademoiselle accept the expression of their most distinguished sentiments? *Adieu.* Amen. Thus the audience came to an end.

I took my woes to a Belgian commandant at the G. Q. G.—a man who has listened to correspondents' woes in English, French, Spanish, Italian, Sudanese and sundry other dialects for about three years; who has conducted all of these temperamental geniuses about on their trips to the Front, wined them, dined them, separated them from their troubles, given them ideas for their articles free of charge, listened to their profound wisdom by day and censored their profound wisdom by night—and still has not succumbed to softening of the brain. But he has a marvelous resiliency.

"The very first thing," said he gayly, taking in at a glance my somber and bedraggled appearance, for there being no trams and no taxis I had been out all day in a blinding snowstorm, "is to get an automobile to take you to your hotel. After that we'll tackle the ministry for a car to go to the Yser. You want to go to-morrow? *Très bien.* We'll go to-morrow."

"But what about the one hundred and fifty deputies?"

"Pff!" The commandant made an airy little gesture of blowing those hundred and fifty deputies like thistledown straight off the face of the map. "If need be, we'll assassinate one of those deputies!" smiled he.

"You'll have to assassinate two, for they'll assign two to the same car." But I began to have confidence in this man.

"The first thing is a car to go to the ministry. I'll telephone to the garage. Wait five—seven minutes. Sit on the stove. It's warmer."

He vanished and I dried my sodden garments. In less than the time allotted a military chauffeur was at the door. We followed in his wake. Outside a Dakota blizzard still raged.

"Those deputies ——" I began doubtfully.

"Never you mind those deputies. They're my affair."

But I couldn't help minding. I thought of them without cars, slipping and slithering and cursing in that white slush. "They'll turn into Bolsheviks!" said I. "They'll rip your government up the front and down the back. Deputies want what they want when they want it—or else they'll start an investigating committee and have you all indicted for graft. Then you'll lose your beautiful job."

I knew a little about deputies and congressmen, having once traveled with a circus of them up to the American Front, and having been forcibly reminded of Mark Twain's famous description of them. Each one had a list of names as long as his arm of doughboys he intended to see—only he did not call them doughboys; he called them "the sons of my constituents, you know." And each one wanted, nay, was determined to be taken up to the unit—no matter where that unit might be located—which contained each boy, until he'd scratched every last name off that list.

"Tell the war to stop while I talk with these lads, who are the sons of my constituents, you understand." That is a rough blue print of the idea in the back of their heads. And when I left them they had collected in a solid ring about the conductor of the party, a poor pale little shavetail who had been gassed, and each one was demanding to start off with his list first. I felt sorry from the bottom of my heart for that poor pale young man. It looked as though he were going to be rent limb from limb.

And so now I felt that if the commandant and I could put one over on these Belgian deputies it would somehow square the deal with that young lieutenant. So doth a little ripple widen to far shores.

Arrived before the Ministry of War the commandant sprang out, bidding me to pray and the chauffeur to fetch me the evening journal, and disappeared. I read that journal inside out and upside down. I conversed with the chauffeur. He was a very intelligent young Belgian who had lived in San Francisco. We both stood solid as to the merits of that town. The chauffeur, however, modestly affirmed that in some respects Brussels, his native

Grande Place, Ypres

burg, could give points to San Francisco. I did not doubt it.

And still the commandant tarried. I began to fear that one hundred and fifty deputies were unfair odds. The minute hand on my watch marched inexorably round to a complete circle and started in over again. And then suddenly the commandant appeared. He was in high feather. I could see that even through the gloom of the storm. He was laughing. He was humming the Marseillaise: "The day of glory has arrived!"

"*En avant!*" he cried to the chauffeur and stepped inside the car.

"Eight o'clock to-morrow morning!" he nodded to me. "The automobile will be at your door."

"But how did you do it?"

"It wasn't easy," he admitted. And he laughed. "I've got a little system, but you must never, never tell. This is the system: First I bore them all to death, from the *chef de cabinet* down. Then I go back and smooth them all out again. Then I make one promise he's willing if the others are. That's the entering wedge. Presently I have them all tied up in such a hard knot that they give in just to get rid of me. It's a great system!"

"And the poor deputies?"

"Well, two of the poor devils are going to have to walk. It's most unfortunate!"

Thus indirectly, after many days, the lieutenant was avenged.

The next morning, with a somber hide-and-go-seek sun at our back, flying along the low bleak country toward the west I asked how the Belgian Army had been recruited during the war. Recruits, the commandant explained, came from two sources: The refugees in France and England, and the young men in occupied Belgium who escaped across the Holland frontier.

The Stay-at-Homes

"But not all came across who might, by a long shot," he finished grimly. "A lot didn't even try."

"But I heard that it was very dangerous to cross that frontier—that there were sentries and bells and live wires?"

"The last two years—yes. Not before. And will danger stop a real man? What were we fighting for anyhow? A lot of milksops who wouldn't take a chance? And there were those who crossed, up to the very end. Live wires didn't stay them. Nor sentinels. Nor dogs. I tell you there's a great gulf fixed between the young men who fought for a free Belgium and the young men who stayed behind. There's a different mentality. Think of our soldiers who've stuck on the Yser—you'll see what a lovely Paradise it is!—for four long years, up to their thighs in mud, sometimes even drowned in mud, wrapped in the wet fogs from the sea, eaten by flies in summer, by rats in winter and by vermin all the time. Never a word from home. Looking out across that bleak stretch of lagoon which separated free Belgium from enslaved Belgium—wondering, longing, despairing. Well, the war ends—they come back. And they find a lot of fellows, friends, neighbors, the same age, who've just stuck round at home and added to their bank accounts. What do you suppose those young men who dared everything and went forth think of those who stayed behind?"

"But there must have been reasons——"

"Oh — reasons!" The commandant blew up; his blue eyes blazed.

I was silent. I began to perceive that Belgium had her own internal problem of morale; just like France, just like America. It came home to me that stout hearts and weak hearts were indigenous to pretty much every part of this little old round spinning ball.

I had asked him to tell me when we struck the boundary line that divided occupied Belgium from free Belgium, that tiny parcel of land which for four years had harbored a king in exile.

"You'll be able to tell it fast enough!" promised the commandant. "It's smashed to kindling wood."

He went on to explain that this particular slip of terrain bordering on the sea, remote from the big industrial centers or railway arteries, had formerly been one of the most drowsy, tranquil and picturesque spots in Belgium. Then the war struck it, and since then not a single foot of it had not been under the constant clamor of the guns. The Queen, taking pity on the little children, had

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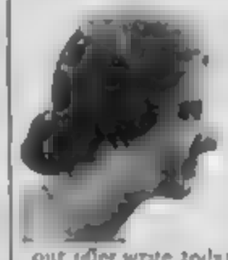

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The Inkman shapes his way
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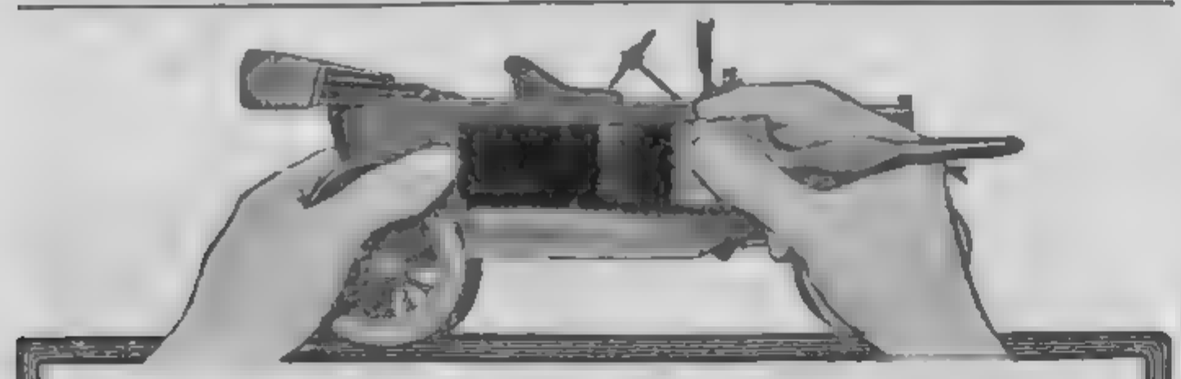

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gathered them into school barracks tucked away behind the lines.

"There you are!" He broke off suddenly to point. "The Yser."

The machine slowed down and we came to that little river which like the Marne has assisted in changing the destinies of the world. Viewed purely and technically as a river, a fluvius, the Yser is not a spectacular affair. These Continental rivers never are. The Mississippi, or even the Missouri, would snort at the pretensions of that flippety little minnow giving itself out for a river and advise it to flow off somewhere and grow up a while. And even I mistook it for a canal! But as a barrier that little Yser nobly fulfilled its destiny. On one side for four years rested the German Army; on the other the diminished Belgian troops. Between them lay the Yser. Between them also lay the waters of the inundation, a vast flat stagnant lagoon. This was No Man's Land. As far as the eye could reach up and down the river it was the same—bleak dark stretches of water covered here and there with ragged patches of snow.

"Some places," explained the commandant, "the water is very shallow, scarcely up to the knees. Then suddenly you go over your head into a shell hole or old fosse. How many of our wounded men fell into that water and drowned like rats we shall never know. Some of them drowned in the mud, which in winter was up to the thighs."

On either side of the road traversing the flooded plain of No Man's Land were little elevated wooden foot bridges which led out to the advanced listening posts. Here the sentinels of both armies kept lonely vigil and sniped each other's lines. Sometimes one side and then the other would advance its listening posts a few yards. But relatively the two armies held the same positions; the soldiers back in their muddy trenches, consumed by boredom, playing their eternal games of cards, and between them this bleak strip of sullen water, full of shell holes, drowned men, rotting ruins of houses, cannon and equipment—a foul collection from which rose fogs, flies and mosquitoes, a pestilential brood. I had thought the Argonne Woods a dismal spot, but it was not to be compared with this dreary waste.

"If you consider it desolate by day," said the commandant, "conceive it by night—out at those advance posts—a pale gibbous moon reflecting itself in the lagoon. Sometimes the sentinel would see a German corpse come floating up to the surface, distended, horrible. Sometimes it would be a Belgian lad. Once I conducted an Italian general out to our front lines and I asked him what he thought of our soldiers. 'I found them infinitely sad!' said he. Well, they had a right to be!"

In the Heart of Flanders

By this time we had crossed the lines and were in that little slip of country lying along the sea called free Belgium. Here the landscape, flat as the palm of the hand, began to exhibit the same aspect as northern devastated France which I have already described. But the people were different. They seemed more alive, hardy, resilient than the French. Perhaps the sturdy Flemish nature—for now we were in the mid-heart of Flanders—has more staying power than the temperamental Latin. At any rate we found more signs of life about the devastated regions—men cleaning up the land, building huts of corrugated iron near their ruined homes or roofing over the cellars.

This landscape, in addition to the destroyed villages, broken canals and wastes of stagnant water, was further diversified by all manner of moldy military junk—barracks for men; rotting barracks for horses; wire cages for prisoners; rusty old cannon; stacks of marmites; aërdrome canvases, tons of rusty barbed wire. And all this old junk, worth at least a few million, was soaked and rusted and rotten, embedded in slime and sprouting with fungus. A live war landscape is not handsome. But a dead war landscape is indescribably loathsome. It reminded me of an old abandoned mining camp fallen into dirty decay.

The road we were following was the main thoroughfare, which together with the railway immediately on our west carried all the war supplies to the Belgian and British forces. Running parallel to the front lines eight kilometers to the rear, heavily camouflaged by branches and painted burlap, constantly shelled, always a bottomless pit of slush, it was, the commandant averred, the very worst road this side the confines of hell. And for three years he had made that trip twice a day four or five times a week—with correspondents. He knew all the famous journalists in the world. He mentioned some notable names.

"And were they ever afraid—when the shells were smashing round?"

The commandant gave them all a Croix de Guerre for valor. Then he laughed.

"But there was one," said he. "He came very near being afraid. He was right on the slippery edge. I'll tell you about it, but I shall guard his identity, saying only that he was a very celebrated man. He breezed into headquarters one day and demanded to be taken up to the Belgian Front—right up to the advance posts. The very front of the Front. Something exciting, dangerous, unique. 'Sensational, *mon cher commandant!*' he cried, clapping me on the shoulder. 'That's what I want. Dramatic, vibrant, gripping, alive! Big and yet simple—simple as a sobbing child. Something that will make the whole world gasp and cry out: "Ah, these gl-lorious Belgians!" And then—then they will look to see who wrote it, *mon cher!* You seize the idea? Then *en avant*. Never mind the danger.'"

A Case of Cold Feet

"Well, things were pretty lively just then up on our Front and I thought I might accommodate him. So I stowed some rubber hip-boots in the car and we started forth. That morning the shelling on this road was the worst I'd ever seen. Our own artillery was also in action. In order to be heard you had to roar. Every other minute our conversation would be punctuated with a terrific bang. But that's what the correspondent wanted—sensation, thrills. And so we kept right on. So did the bursting shells. Presently the correspondent gripped my arm. His face long since had gone a sickly green.

"'*Mon cher commandant,*' he bawled in my ear, 'it has just occurred to me to ask ——'

"Bang! A shell burst just ahead. Some shrapnel pinked the car.

"'—— when are we going to lunch? It's all very well for you Belgians, who don't eat before one o'clock. But I am accustomed to take something at eleven. Otherwise I feel fa——'

"Bang!

"'—— faint. I'm not as young as I was.'

"I bellowed that to lunch at eleven we'd have to turn back immediately, lose the trip to the Front, and go to La Panne.

"'Very good!' he shouted, white as a sheet. 'After all, what is there to see at the Front. Nothing ——'

"Bang!

"'—— absolutely nothing. One trench is exactly like another trench. One soldier is exactly like another soldier. What do you see? A lot of bored men sitting round playing with greasy cards. Perhaps somebody squinting through a little machine called a periscope. But all that—that's nothing new either to see or to describe. Stupid. *Banal, mon cher comman* ——'

"Bang!

"'——*dant. Absolument banal!*'

"He was right. It was banal. Also it was damned dangerous. And so we went back to La Panne. As soon as we hit a safe road to the rear the correspondent's color returned and his spirits began to rise like bubbles on champagne.

"'Now this La Panne,' cried he. 'Tell me all about it, *mon cher!*'

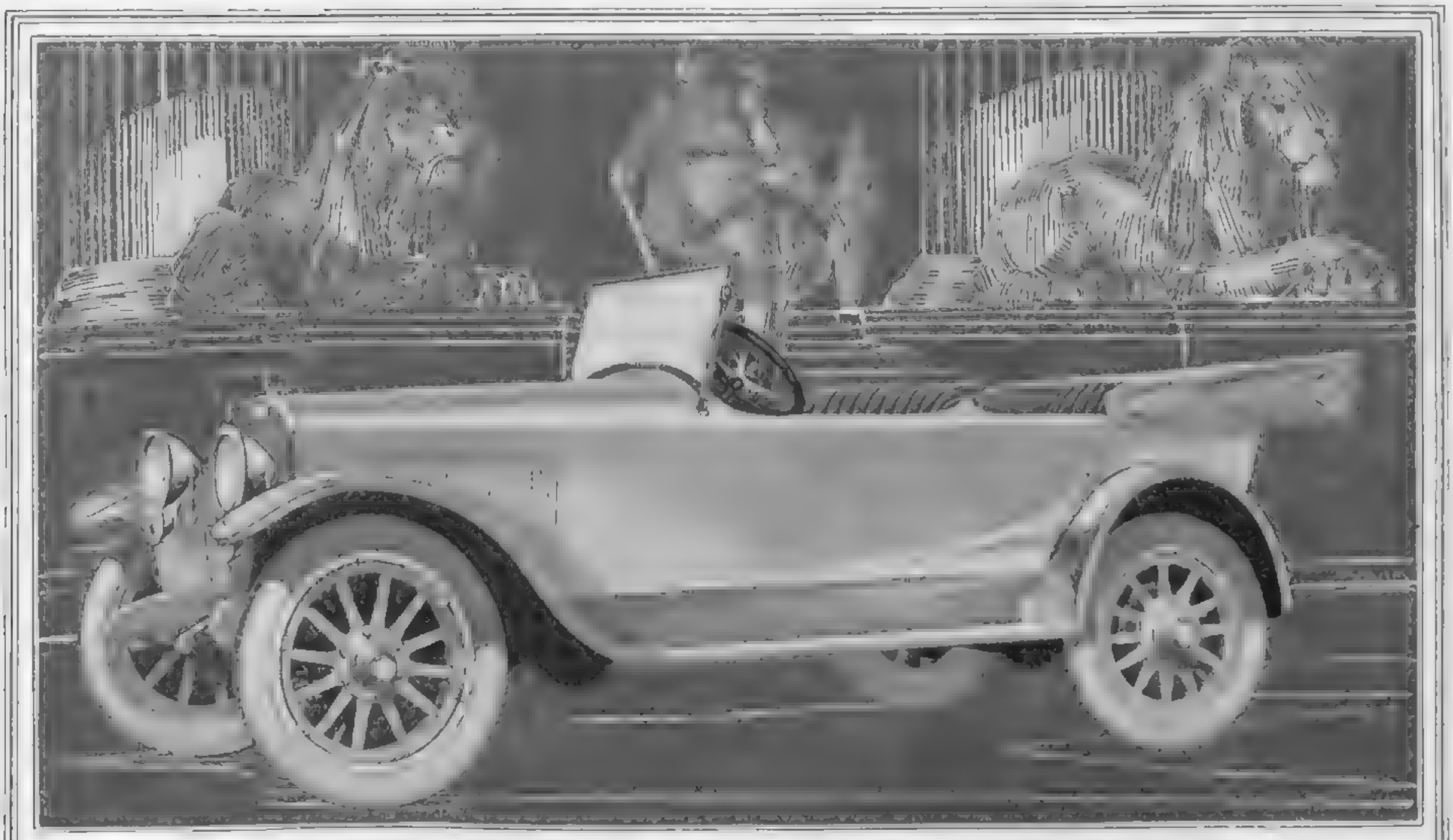
"So I told him about the Queen and her charitable activities.

"'Excellent! *Parfait!* Touching! Delicious! 'Tis a poem, *mon cher commandant!* 'Twill create a sensation. I see it right now: "Beautiful Queen in exile. . . . Simple family life. . . . Nursing her soldiers. . . . Mother to the children." Ah, I've got it all in my head! And now—for *déjeuner*. What's this I hear about Belgium having better burgundy than France?'

"And that's why I said there was one correspondent who if he wasn't afraid came very close to the dead line. But he went home and wrote one of the best war articles on Belgium I've ever read."

By this time we were passing through the very heart of the devastated region, through a desolate waste of smashed villages, trenches and dugouts and graves;

(Concluded on Page 173)



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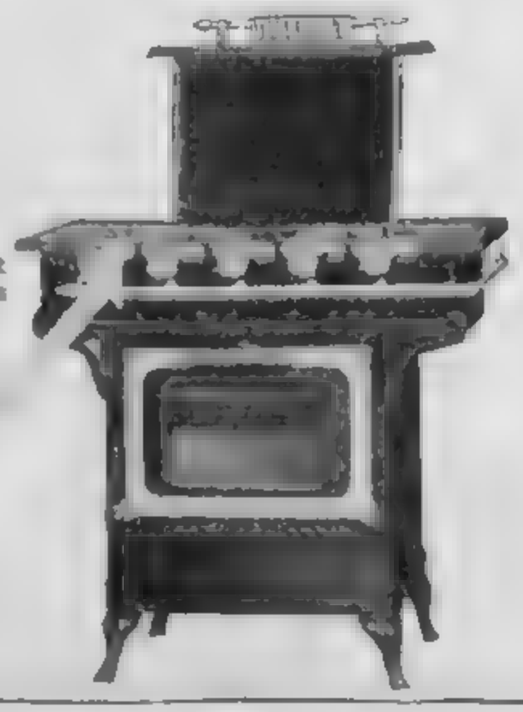

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(Concluded from Page 170)

and presently we came to Ypres. Ypres will never be rebuilt. The demolition is too complete. It is a brick heap, acre on acre of rubble, twisted timbers, tottering walls. There was a difference between Ypres and the little destroyed hamlets we had just passed through. They were the humble shells of a humble hard-toiling people, of no particular beauty or worth—scores of plain little nests representing simply home centers, love, warmth, life.

But there is about fallen Ypres a grandeur, a fineness, a beauty—which hits you in the eye. Though in fragments it reveals its artistic origin as clearly as does the fragment of some precious old vase or classic urn. For Ypres was built when time was nothing. Its public buildings were as fine as those of Louvain and Rheims. They belonged to the same great period of architectural perfection. And even among the tumbled chaos of this razed city one caught glimpses of rare loveliness—a fine stone arch, an exquisitely carved cornice or a noble old façade. We strolled about the Grande Place, reduced to treacherous mountains of brick dust surmounted by signs: "Forbidden to dig in the ruins." A single tottering wall propped up by military engineers was all that remained of the Hôtel de Ville, one of the architectural jewels of Europe. The commandant stalked moodily about.

Belgian Hatred

"I loved Ypres," said he. "It had an air, a grace all its own. I studied at the University of Paris, had three years at the University of Rheims, and then took two years here of military instruction. So I knew every stone in this square. What memories it holds! Here on this corner was the little café where some friends and I used to lunch every day. There, where you see that shell hole, we used to take our afternoon coffee. Now the places are gone—and my friends are gone. . . . Let's get out of here!"

That night, arrived at Nieuport, the end of the first half of my journey, I sat down and sorted my impressions. I had seen Belgium from end to end. I had traveled in the wake of the German Army in the east and marked the ravages—ravages for the most part compassed in the space of twenty-four hours. Then I had traveled in the west, up and down the length of what had been called free Belgium, and noted the destruction there—a destruction which had continued incessantly for four years. And the first generalization I arrived at was this: That in the matter of pure physical wreck Belgium had suffered far less than France. Free Belgium had been practically smashed to kindling wood. But free Belgium was, geographically and industrially, a small affair.

What Belgium had suffered from, I saw from actual traversal of the land, was not so much devastation as occupation. The chief evils were not the evils of destruction so much as they were the evils of occupation. And this accounted for the lively hatred of the Hun I encountered on every hand. The Belgians' hatred of the Germans is a different affair from that of the French. It contains, to use a colloquialism, more kick, more passion and explosive power. It is not so fatalistic, stony, impassive as is the feeling of the French. There's healthy action in it—a clean, honest, self-respecting antagonism as bracing as the west wind.

The causes of this active hatred, boiled down, are about as follows: First, the Belgians hate the Germans because they have been prisoners for four years, and no prisoner loves his jailer. Second, they hate the Germans because they have stolen and looted and burned and killed. Third, and much more profound than the others, they hate the Germans because the Germans have tried to sow dissension between free and occupied Belgium, to corrupt the morale of the country by systematic bribery and seduction of the weak.

Now a government based on such depraved principles, enduring over a period of years, is bound to have some influence—no matter what enthusiastic optimists may say to the contrary. It loses out in the long run, but it gains an individual here and there along the line. Roselle, the fluff-headed little waitress in a big restaurant, accepts Hun money for retailing overheard conversations because she delights in pretty clothes. Emile, a stolid peasant farmer, sells his potatoes and butter to the enemy because the rogues offer him ten, twenty times the market price. Jacques, a mechanic with a wife and numerous clamoring brood, goes to work in their industries, muttering angrily: "We've got to eat, *grand Dieu!*"

And so the magnificent wall of resistance is broken here and there. To be under the yoke of oppression is a hard enough business for the strong; for the weak it becomes intolerable. And the Belgians do not love their enemies any the more for seducing the honor of the weak. The first two causes of hatred are in process of being removed. The Belgians are free. Their prosperity by slow degrees will be renewed. But the third cause of hatred, the attempt to corrupt the morale of a race, has scarred Belgium so painfully that it will prevent amity with her powerful gross-fibered neighbor for many long years to come.

From Ypres, or rather from Nieuport on the coast, I am going to skip without more ado back across the country to the eastern frontier. I had seen Belgium under the iron hand of the Germans. Now I was to see Germany under the hand of the Belgians—and I devoutly hoped that this rule also would have something of the iron in its composition.

From the moment we crossed the German border all signs of destruction ceased. No more entire villages given over to tumbledown moldy decay. No more disemboweled farmhouses. Not a single stone was lacking to their homes. Heavy draft horses were an unknown quantity in Belgium. But here we met them at every turn of the road, hauling wagons piled high with fertilizer for the land.

But this particular portion of Germany is not in the main agricultural. It is given over to industries.

In order to obtain a perspective on this angle of the situation we motored as far south as Cologne. And never, outside of America, have I seen such indications of a mighty industrial power. It impressed me despite myself. Drab factory town after drab factory town, wrapped in a dirty haze, the tall chimneys belching smoke. Ugly—yes; but also prosperous, powerful. No wonder such a well-nourished giant deemed that little Belgium could be crushed in a single squeeze of its mighty fist.

Insolence and Servility

At Aix-la-Chapelle, the first large German town we entered, the people looked constrained, downcast and thin. Furtive, surly looks followed us down the street. The lunch that was served us at the hotel was abominable, without butter, sugar or fats. The pastry was *ersatz*. Later, in the square, the conductor of the party, a young Belgian lieutenant who had lost his arm, was twice cursed by Germans. They stood a little way off and cursed him quietly, between shut lips, their blue eyes narrowed as they saw his empty sleeve. At München-Gladbach, Belgian headquarters for their army of occupation on the Rhine, I received again this impression of surly hate masked by a fawning servility. The hate I could understand. But why the servility?

"Because they want to get on!" said the lieutenant shortly as he swung out of the car. We were halted in the main square overlooking the Rhine. A huge German policeman watched the Belgian officer stride across the square. And he, too, cursed. He cursed quietly, without moving his eyes from that quick striding figure with the swinging sleeve. I had a queer sensation. But when later we had occasion to speak to this same German he was polite to effusiveness and bowed before us, constantly washing his hands. I think the lieutenant wanted to kick him for that obsequious servile hand-washing movement; but he restrained himself and spoke with absolute formal courtesy. In the course of the day I watched other Germans in conversation with Belgian officials, and they also washed their hands. They washed their hands before their conquerors and cursed them behind their backs.

I asked General Michel, the commanding officer of the Belgian Army of Occupation, if the Germans in that region were quiet, if they gave him any trouble.

"Not they!" laughed he. "There was a little trouble in the beginning. Apparently some of the Germans thought the Belgians had just come over to enjoy a basket party on the banks of the Rhine. They thought they could chum up and do about as they pleased. They soon found out their mistake. Now they're quiet. Gladbach is an industrial town. All the people are at work. And we've machine guns handy."

"And fraternizing?" I asked.

He shook his head. "No trouble there. Not with the Belgians!"

Later I heard that General Michel ruled with a just but an iron hand and the Germans complained loud and long.

A Pompous German in Distress

The next morning we went out to the Belgian bridgehead on the Düsseldorf bridge, where the Belgian sentinels maintain their day-and-night vigil upon the Rhine. At the far end of the bridge, facing the eastern bank, were barbed-wire barricades, sand bags, a couple of machine guns, and a half dozen sentinels shivering with cold, stamping their feet and warming their blue fingers over a brazier of live coals. Across the stream on the German bank lay Düsseldorf, given over to street fights with the Spartacans. A Spartacus policeman with a white brassard on his arm guarded his end of the bridge.

The Belgian in charge of the advance post, a handsome boy with pink cheeks and blazing blue eyes, said I should have come yesterday. Yesterday the king had inspected the bridgehead.

Knowing the idolatry of the troopers for their democratic soldier king I asked: "And what did the king think of you?"

The boy's face changed with emotion and pride:

"The very first words that he said were: '*Ah, comme nos soldates sont beaux!*' Ah, how splendid our soldiers are!"

"And which would you rather guard—the Yser or the Rhine?"

He grinned and admitted that under the circumstances the advantage lay with the Rhine.

Then he pointed out the Belgian trenches on the western bank. There they were, trenches, sharpshooters, machine guns, all ready in case of attack. But there would be no attack, he opined—not unless the Bolshevists got gay. But at present the law-abiding Germans were relying on the Belgians to protect them from their bloodthirsty countrymen.

He related an incident in point: There had been one fine pompous German officer, faithful to the old régime, who returned to Düsseldorf on leave to visit his wife. The Spartacans promptly arrested him as a menace to their peace. They were going to clap him in jail, shoot him, perhaps. So the reactionary gentleman of *kaiserlich* faith called in the occupying power to adjudicate his case.

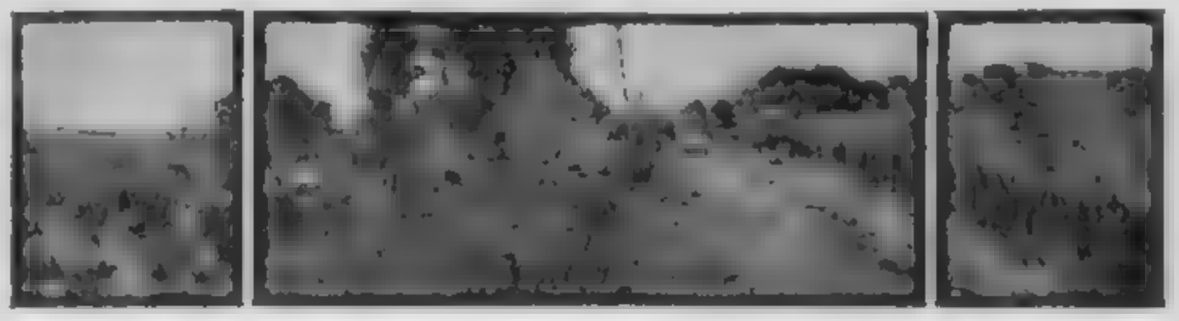
As a matter of literal fact he had rushed across this very bridge and flung himself into the arms of his erstwhile foes, begging to be protected from those awful Spartacans.

"And what did you do?"

"Oh, we gave him a paper," laughed the boy, "and sent him back to his faithful regiment in Berlin." He grinned over the absurdity of the situation. "He had a right to go back to Berlin if he wanted to, and the Bolshevists had no right to hold him. So we let him go."

And there you had the whole thing, the democratic idea as opposed both to the autocratic and to the anarchistic idea, on the lips of that Belgian boy. It was the difference in a nutshell between the German régime in Belgium and the Belgian régime in Germany:

"He had a right to go, and so we let him go."



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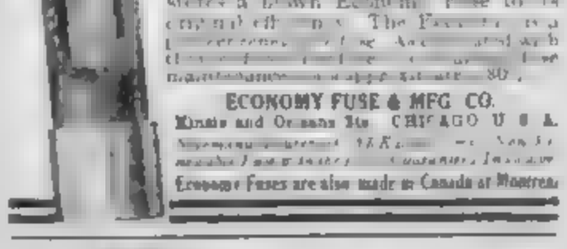

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The Big American Bird

By ENOS A. MILLS

THE owner of an Alabama plantation directed me to a field saying: "There you will find wild turkeys following the plowman like blackbirds."

I sat down in the edge of the woods at an end of the plowing. Presently with a scraping flutter a twenty-pound gobbler came out of the wood and stalked stiffly into the field. He followed along the freshly turned furrow eating grubs, turning to one side and allowing the negro and his mule to pass within sixty or seventy yards of him. He gobbled when the negro spoke to the mule. A crow flying over cawed, and he again gobbled. When the negro wordily denounced the mule for his stiff-neckedness and general depravity he gobbled vehemently.

A number of other gobblers came out of the woods. One turned aside to run down a grasshopper but the rest walked with dignified bearing straight for the plowed land. They had burnished bronze suits, dull purple heads and necks, velvety black breasts, and foot-long gray beards. They weighed from twelve to twenty pounds.

From behind the fence I watched them with a glass. When they started back to the woods I tried to avoid being seen. But the leading gobbler, with head towering up like a young giraffe, stopped, looked this way and that, then called "Put!" All leaped into the air in a second, sweeping about man-high above the field, and sailed over the tree tops.

I could not help thinking about the shrewdness of these gobblers. Hunted constantly, turkeys are alert and extremely difficult of close approach. They allow no man within gunshot. Yet these birds had mental processes and sufficient daring to discover that this plowman was unarmed.

While I was searching for wild-turkey nests in Texas the suspicious actions of a crow suggested that he too was looking for something. He flew slowly over the tree tops and watched the earth closely. Suddenly he veered a little for a better look, then plainly bluffing—flew on a short distance, then circled back and alighted in a tree top. Here he kept his eyes on a stump in the edge of an outstanding clump of pines.

The Crafty Hen

He had discovered a turkey on her nest, and silently, impatiently waited for her to leave it. Suddenly he stopped fidgeting. Evidently the hen was moving. A half minute later she passed near me in the woods eagerly picking up food. The crafty crow flew straight to the eggs and had devoured three before my coming put him to flight. There had been fourteen eggs. These the hen had covered with pine straw before leaving, and the crow had uncovered only those eaten.

The nest was on the ground close to the stump and partly concealed by a drooping pine limb. It was a shallow basinlike depression thinly lined with grass. It appeared to have been hurriedly made and probably represented the work of only a few minutes. Safety for the eggs requires the turkey hen, in common with other birds, to conceal the nest. Invariably when leaving it she covers the eggs with grass, leaves or weeds, to conceal them from crows, foxes, and other egg-eating enemies, and man.

Stealthily she leaves her nest when going to feed. Cautiously she returns to it. The eggs usually number between eight and fifteen. Four weeks of incubation are required.

In less than half an hour the hen returned. Finding the broken eggshells she stretched herself to full height, looking and listening for a minute. After carrying the broken pieces into the pines and scratching leaves over them she resumed her seat upon the nest.

On another occasion, in seating myself on a log to write up notes a turkey hen which I had not seen was frightened from her nest. This was a rudely scratched depression of the log. She sat with her body parallel to the log. There were seventeen eggs. Some nests are in or by a clump of bushes, weeds or grass.

Most wild turkeys are hatched during May and June. Of course the vain gobbler never helps incubate the eggs nor assists in rearing the children.

Youngsters and mother remain together until midwinter. The hen whose eggs or youngsters have been destroyed will sometimes join a hen with a family and is allowed to assist in bringing up the brood. If a mother hen is killed her youngsters if found by any hen will be promptly adopted and brought up with all the best wild-turkey traditions.

Wet weather, which so thins the ranks of domestic young turkeys, is also deadly, though less so, with wild broods. Lice and insect pests also take the lives of many a wild young turkey, though here again the domestic species suffers more than the wild.

Many long-time observers have expressed the opinion that the wild-turkey crop is about sixty per cent of the number of eggs laid. If this be correct it is a higher average than most domestic turkey raisers attain. The proportion of hens hatched exceeds the number of gobblers. And the conspicuous markings and the revealing gobble greatly increase the life risk of a gobbler over a hen and are another cause of the hens so greatly outnumbering gobblers. The gobble is heard a mile or farther, and tells every hunter within hearing where turkey may possibly be had.

Natural Food Hoarders

In most localities there are few gobblers and many hens. On rainy days the peacock-proud gobbler, mad as a wet hen, instead of strutting about and gobbling as usual to let the ladies know where he is, spends a dismal day under cover trying to keep his fine feathers dry. Rain and dress parade do not mix. Rainy weather during gobbling time may result in a slightly decreased turkey crop.

Now and then a gobbler may live an almost solitary life—roost alone, and seek food alone. But the wild turkey likes the company of his kind, and the head of the species is strong for strut and show. During gobbling time—March, April and May—gobblers and hens flock together.

One spring I followed an old gobbler. I slept near his roosting tree, which he occupied alone. He gobbled about four o'clock in the morning. Instantly gobblers in every direction answered. Alert and suspicious he flew to the ground four to five hundred feet distant and again gobbled. Close to this spot he strutted and paraded for two or three hours, occasionally gobbling. Two or three hens came to seek him, but he did not forget danger. He at last spied me and hastened to other parts. That night his roost was with a flock over the water a mile or more from his roost of the preceding night.

The proud and parading gobbler has been a polygamous fellow for generations. At early morn some old fellow gobbles from his tree-top roost. Instantly there is a reply from every gobbler within hearing. In regions of safety this hullabaloo of tree-top gobbling may continue for half an hour. But in most places the gobblers are becoming cautious and descend to the earth shortly after the first call. Often all morning long the gobblers strut about, giving a gobble at intervals to let local hens know their whereabouts.

The breast of the gobbler by midwinter or early spring carries a deposit or reservoir of fat, which is consumed during the gobbling time, when he is doing too much strutting and parading to search for food. It will be recalled that the sperm whale has literally an oil reservoir in the top of his head in which is stowed several barrels of sperm oil that he consumes during periods when he is not hunting food. This food reservoir in the turkey indicates that for generations the gobbler during the spring has been too busy to eat.

During gobbling strutting time gobblers are independent and belligerent. When they fight, others of the flock scamper away. The fight may last two or three hours and commonly ends with the exhaustion of one or the other. Though blood may be shed neither of the combatants is likely to be even severely injured. Their spurs are short and comparatively harmless. Generally after pecking and kicking at each other a few times the gobblers clinch by each getting a grip on the other fellow's

(Continued on Page 177)

Beating storms hold no terrors for Valsparred doors—

VALSPAR VARNISH protects outdoor woodwork of all kinds against rain, hail, snow and sun.

There never was such a varnish as Valspar before. It is absolutely water-proof and it *positively won't turn white.*

It retains its brilliancy on outdoor woodwork without spotting, cracking or blistering, and looks new and fresh long after other varnishes have "gone to pieces."

That is why Valspar has become famous the world over as the great outdoor varnish.

And the same wonderful qualities that make Valspar practically *weather-proof* out-of-doors, make it well-nigh *wear-proof* on floors, woodwork, furniture and linoleum inside the house.

Whenever *anything* around your home needs varnishing, use Valspar. It is easy to apply, dries dust-free in two hours and hard over night.

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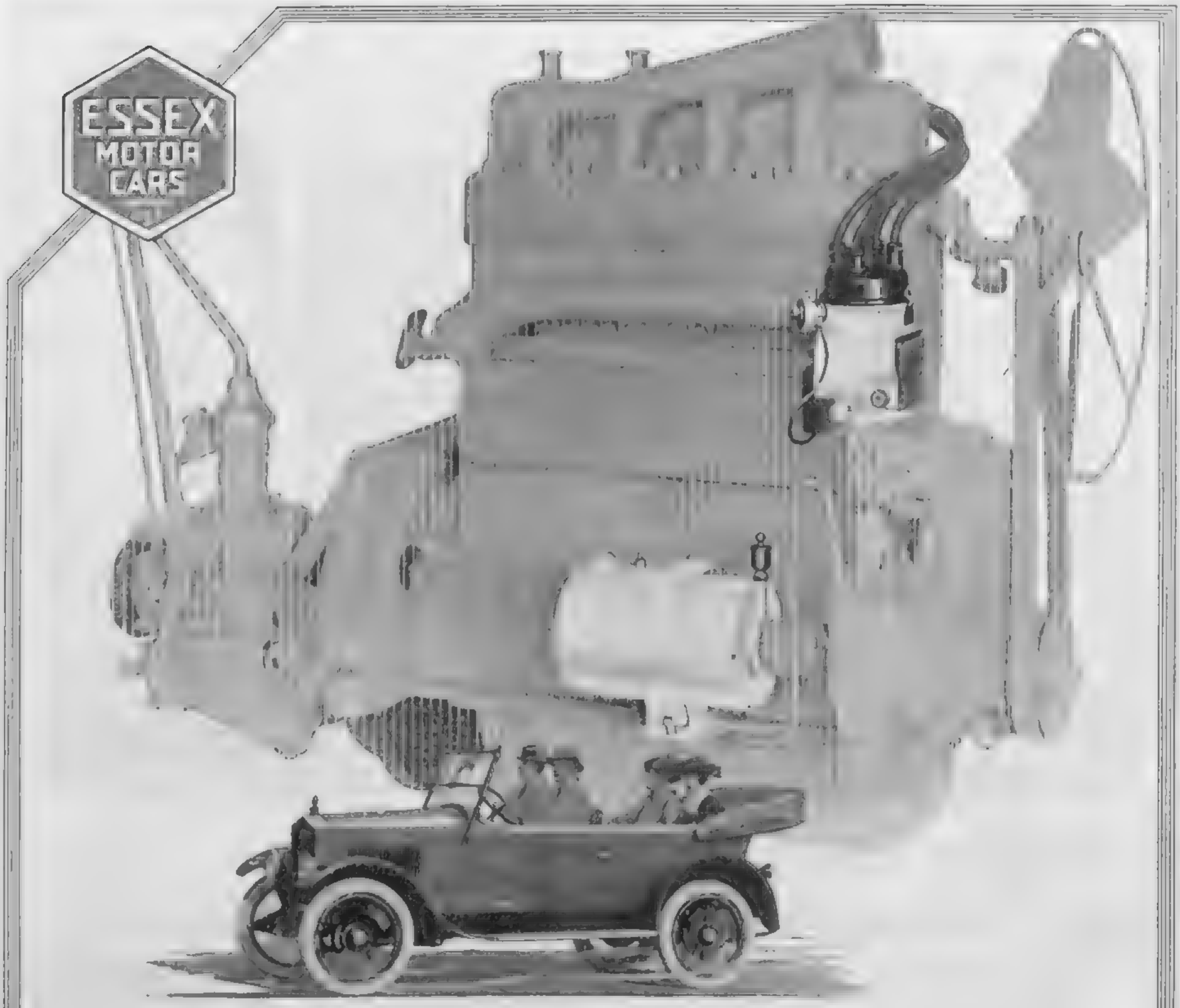

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(Continued from Page 174)

featherless neck or head. Then they pull and push and twist. Rarely is the clinch broken before the fight is over, and during its continuance they may trample over a quarter of an acre of land. In their pulling and hauling each appears to be lifting upward with all his might, as though in hopes of throwing his combatant over his shoulder or of pulling his head off.

The gobbling season over, old gobblers run together and coöperate in a most friendly manner, and rarely do any strutting or gobbling. During summer the hens are with the children, gobblers by themselves. Late autumn, for a brief period, all may flock together. If food is not plentiful they wander afar in search of it and appear to know where it is most likely to be found. They travel leisurely on foot. As they advance flock joins flock until an impressive number are together. At a stream they hesitate, if not hungry, collecting along the edge and in the tree tops. If no log is found they fly across, some starting from tree tops, others from the water's edge.

Midwinter the turkeys are commonly in three separate flocks—young gobblers in one, old gobblers in another, and the hens and young ladies together in another. The beard of the young gobbler appears in November. But rarely does a youngster gobble and take on vain airs until more than a year old.

The largest flock of wild turkeys that I have ever seen was in Northeastern Utah in autumn. There must have been two hundred and fifty. They appeared in excellent health and spirits. More than one-half were that year's output. Evidently it had been a good local season in wild-turkey world.

At times when all ages and sexes are running together it is likely to be an old hen that leads the flock. They time their movements so as to arrive at that night's roosting place by sundown. Rarely do they fly. Possibly this would tell news to too many enemies. In case they are behind time feeding ceases and all go on a run. Arriving at the roosting place each flies to its perch.

Sometimes a horned owl will alight on a limb by a solitary turkey hen, between her and the tree, and edge up to her with a loud "Who, who!" The turkey moves away, the owl following and repeating his edging and bullying and shouting until the end of the limb is reached. If the turkey flies the pursuing owl usually catches her before she alights.

Turkeys frequently change their roosting place. This probably saves them from numerous raids by enemies in fur, feathers and with shotguns. Commonly they have a number of regular roosting places in their territory and make a change every night or two. They roost two or three on a limb, well up in a tall tree generally, the flock occupying a number of closely assembled trees. Their preference is for trees that stand in or near the water. Probably in these roosts their dreams are less frequently disturbed.

Fond of Spring Buds

Wild turkeys have a home territory—that is, they live through all seasons, year after year, in a locality. Commonly this territory is less than three miles across. If food is plentiful they travel but little, and this mostly afoot. In some mountainous localities the abundance of food in the lower part of their territory in early spring and up the slopes in early summer causes them to follow the food line, and this amounts to near migration. But strictly speaking they are resident and not migratory birds. In times of drought or other food failures they simply emigrate to new scenes, where food shortage is not a problem.

One March I ranged Texas watching turkey ways with a field glass. By means of a boat I slipped one morning close up on a flock of thirty or more feeding in the trees. Ravenously they were devouring the spring buds. Local people spoke of it as "budding." I heard the turkeys while still a quarter of a mile off. Their heavy bodies were too much for the smaller limbs and they were almost constantly in motion, fluttering, balancing or flying. A number which I drifted beneath were flattened out most ungracefully on the limbs with outstretching legs, neck and wings bearing on the light springy twigs as they reached here and there for the buds. Occasionally one fell through or overboard, and the beating and booming and flopping of wings kept up a constant uproar.

The next day I found this flock of all ages and sexes feeding upon a dry ridge nearly two miles distant. The following afternoon I crawled close up on them while they were feeding along the edge of the extending rising backwater of a stream. Wildly they threw leaves with raking backward scratches, rapidly tearing up the soggy leaves and stirring square rods of surface every few minutes. So definitely were they feeding in a given direction, toward a roosting place, that one might have trailed them by the "point" of scratched places. Three or four turkeys were doing sentinel duty. My presence was first suspected and then I was seen by a hen on rear guard. She made a warning call. A few seconds later she sounded a definite alarm, and all legged it away through the woods.

Surprising the flock the next day, about one-half the number flew, some far away, others alighting in near-by tree tops. Single file a number ran wildly away into the woods.

Grasshoppers are prime turkey food; these of all ages are eaten—small, soft, hoppy ones, and the fancy-winged, case-hardened ones. If the turkey is exterminated the insect world will doubtless celebrate and multiply. Every day the turkey consumes wholesale quantities of varieties of grubs and numerous hard-shelled beetles. Soft berries and fruits and many kinds of hard-shelled seeds and at times buds of bushes and trees are taken, these especially during the brief period of swelling buds.

Cedar-Flavored Turkeys

Immediately after eating to fullness it is common for a flock of turkeys to loll, dust-bath or squat round in sunny places. Sometimes they play. They will spar with one another, chase each other about, do a kind of waltz, and often parade about with wings upraised over their backs.

The habits of wild and tame turkeys are very much alike; in fact anyone who is acquainted with the habits of either can pretty accurately judge of the ways of the other. In appearance the wild turkey is trimmer and more slender than the tame one. The tail band on the domestic species commonly is white, but on the wild ones it is likely to vary. The head of the wild turkey is apt to be bluish or purple, in the tame species reddish. The wild and tame species cross readily and they and their hybrids sometimes flock together.

One of the most deliciously flavored wild turkeys that I ever tasted had fattened on piñon nuts. Another in the same locality was served me by a prospector. The first bite suggested a salad made up of cedar twigs and cedar oil. This bird evidently had fattened chiefly upon cedar berries.

Many people consider the wild turkey a synonym for indecision, and numerous writers have called the family stupid and witless. True, it has weak streaks. He hesitates and hesitates when not hurried, and a trap with not a particle of camouflage is likely to be alluring. Then, too, he is a stickler for old customs, he is against modern ways; the customs of his parents, even back to the tenth generation, are the ways for his guidance.

But the turkey is no fool. He has decision and sustained watchfulness. One September I lay behind a log in the mountains of Southern Arkansas watching a few deer feeding out into an open. A flock of turkeys came over the tree tops and alighted in the sunny grass before me. The burnished, richly bronzed coats of the gobblers shone in the sunshine. They looked and walked suspiciously about, so that I wondered if they carried a keen nose and had scented me. I watched them with my field glasses and I knew that they had not seen me. To test their eyesight and alertness I raised my hand above the top of the log. Immediately a hen and a gobbler called "Put! Put!" and "put" they did. With a whir of wings they were instantly going. With rapid leg work they vanished into the woods.

The turkey has some mental processes or he would hardly take advantage of the feasts uncovered by unarmed plowmen and use sentinels when feeding where the hunter is at large. It may be only instinct that causes the turkey to seek our acid ash piles and pungent, active ant hills in the woods for effective dust spray against insects; but wild turkeys are not witless.

The fundamentals used by a successful wild-turkey hunter would enable him to bag any big wild game. I have never killed a wild turkey. But I am certain that the

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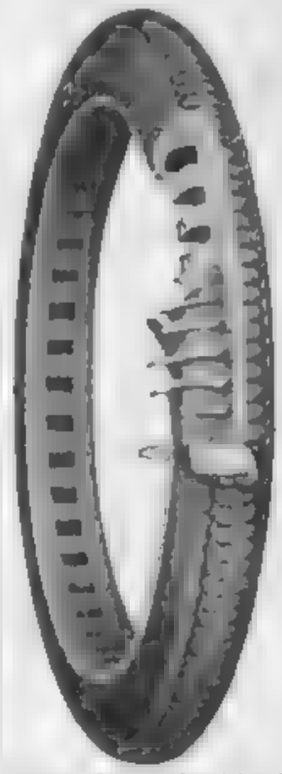

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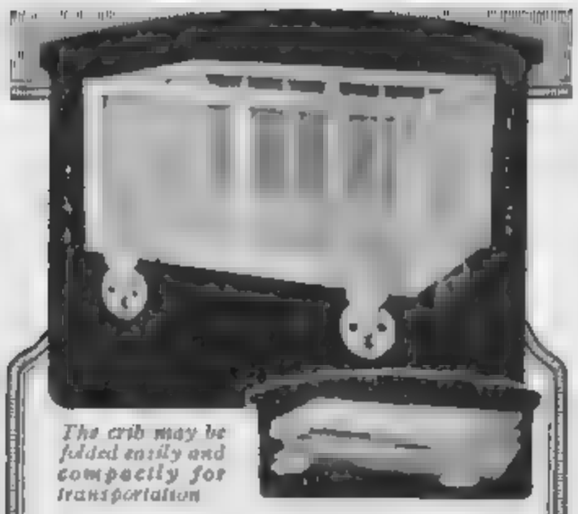

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Nursery Furniture, especially designed for the baby's comfort and health, combines features which mean a wonderful saving of time and strength in the care of your baby.

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Our Sunshine Crib, shown here, makes the care of baby a joy. It is a wonderful combination of crib and playpen. At night it is a cool, comfy, sleeping crib. The screened sides make it possible for babe to sleep in any conveniently cool place, overcoming summer heat and annoyances. As a matter of convenience the mattress and spring can be placed at either of two levels. In the daytime you just replace the mattress and springs with an adjustable floor and you have a clean, comfortable and safe playpen for baby to play in.

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hunter who returns thankfully laden from a wild-turkey hunt may well be doubly thankful, for his feet, lungs, eyes and wits will have been exactingly used and bettered.

Many times I have hunted the wild turkey with a double-barreled field glass. This was about as exacting and exciting as hunting the grizzly and the Bighorn with the same instrument. Getting within short range required knowledge of their territory, their customs and stalking. Random rambles rarely showed them even at long range. Many a flock on which I was trying my woodcraft, planning to make long and close observations of their ways, added to my outdoor lore by failing to coöperate. They left me in possession of the other side of the field.

I went with a skillful turkey hunter who had tried for a large gobbler through seven years. In this time he had bagged a number of other gobblers and hens. We rose early, tramped miles, hid, used a turkey call, ran on detours to likely places, and we stalked.

Several times we heard the swish and roar of this old gobbler's escaping wings; two or three times we saw his running legs beneath the far-off pines; and once, with a telescope, we had a brief look at him and his crowd.

One sunny afternoon when close to the gobbler the hunter went through a varied lot of calls which were intelligently intended to rouse the gobbler's curiosity or to challenge him. Then the hunter remained silent. We sat near each other with backs against the base of a large pine. Sunlight and shadow were upon the forest floor. We heard footsteps of turkey approaching cautiously.

Instead of the old fellow there were several young gobblers. Two walked along a log a dozen feet from us. On spying us they stopped and looked. They stretched out their necks and looked again. One came close and eyed me curiously. He moved his head from side to side in a puzzled manner. He seemed to be thinking: "This is the spot where that call came from, but this is no gobbler." He leaned toward me with his weight on one foot as though to kick forward with the other foot, like a kangaroo. Had he made the slightest movement I should have dodged. But he moved slowly away with the others, all talking in low tones to themselves.

Happy Days of Ten-Cent Birds

In leaving the woods we came close upon a flock, mostly hybrids. This the hunter attributed to the wild hens', because of a local scarcity of wild gobblers, crossing with near-by tame gobblers.

The wild turkey has managed to survive numerous wide-awake enemies, and has succeeded in this because of his native shrewdness and the ability to be alert and cautious at times when precautions are needed.

Man hunts the turkey with traps, nets, dogs and guns; wolves, foxes, lions, cats, owls, crows, snakes and insects by the million prey upon turkey; but over two million square miles or more this bronze fellow still has a place in the sun.

The turkey survives in greater or less numbers in a dozen or more states. He is even plentiful in a number of localities in New Mexico, Texas, Arkansas, Alabama, Florida and Mexico. His ranks are thinning, his territory is diminishing, and he is in danger of extermination. Hunters are increasing, and the sheltered regions in which he can find food and hiding are becoming fewer and smaller. Yet, such is the virility of this bird, moderate protective legislation and education would not only save him but perhaps enable him to multiply. Legislation against trapping is the chief need. And this together with a few refuges would save him.

Originally the wild turkey was widely distributed. It was found all over the United States, except in the extreme northwestern part, and abounded in regions of old Mexico. Audubon speaks of buying wild turkeys in Boston markets, and says that full-grown ones in Kentucky markets often sold for ten cents or less. I had seen the wild turkey in Southern Ohio, in Florida and in Kansas, but had forgotten about him. When I commenced exploring Northern Arizona I expected first of all to see a big grizzly bear, a desert coyote or some distinctive life and color. But the first wild life was a wild-turkey hen which dashed by pursuing a grasshopper. From the edge of the woods I watched a near-by flock of twenty or more, all ages, which were rushing, grabbing and turning this way and that as they effectively fed upon the excited high-jumping hoppers.

No one appears to know just how long a wild turkey may live. A few have been watched for ten years, and it is likely that they may live twice that long. If a turkey survives the insects, the wet weather and the devouring enemies which beset it during the first year of its life, and does not meet with violent death, it is likely to live to a ripe old age. The turkey is the weightiest, biggest American bird, weighing from ten to forty pounds, according to his chances.

Turkey in Europe

The turkey appears to have started in life as an American. His bones are exhibited in American fossil deposits eons old. He was a wild prehistoric American. His bones have been found beneath the ruins of cliff houses untold centuries of age, and what appears to have been roosting places for domestic turkeys were attached to both pueblos and cliff houses. The American Indian domesticated the turkey ages ago.

About four hundred years ago the Spaniards in conquering Mexico found turkeys both wild and domestic. Domestic turkeys were shipped to Spain, and in a few years the gobble of the turkey could be heard all over Europe. Then this American bird commenced to play his part in world affairs. Europeans at first mistook him for a species of African guinea and he was misnamed. His pride and plumage also caused many to think he surely must be a worthy fellow of the peacock family.

Four hundred years of American turkey history, wild and domestic, is adventurous, exciting and progressive enough to make good reading. The turkey has a visible place in literature and art; many a printed page he has inspired, and his story has brought to our attention some of the curious customs of our broad-brimmed ancestors.

The New England settlers, it is said, fell upon their knees, then upon the aborigines. They also found time to fall upon wild turkeys. Generations ago the turkey went close to the heart of white folks, and even to this day rivals the "possum" in power to stir deeply the internal feelings of the colored folks. So definite and sustained is the longing for this bird that it is doubtful if any other has caused so many raids in the dark or encouraged such audacious profiteering. Turkey association with all kinds of people in our country makes him all-American and democratic to the heart.

For turkey—the big American bird of beard and bronze—there are no substitutes just as good.

We are thankful in our hearts for turkey traditions. The turkey is united and inseparable with Christmas and Thanksgiving, and is almost certain to be among those present on every festive occasion. He figures in high living. He ever roosts high, but is preyed upon, caught, cornered and prayed over.

He associates with pie, piety and prayers. When the Harvest Home is celebrated his bright and bronzed feathers often mingle with autumn's colored and flying leaves, and scenes where he roosted hear him gobble no more.

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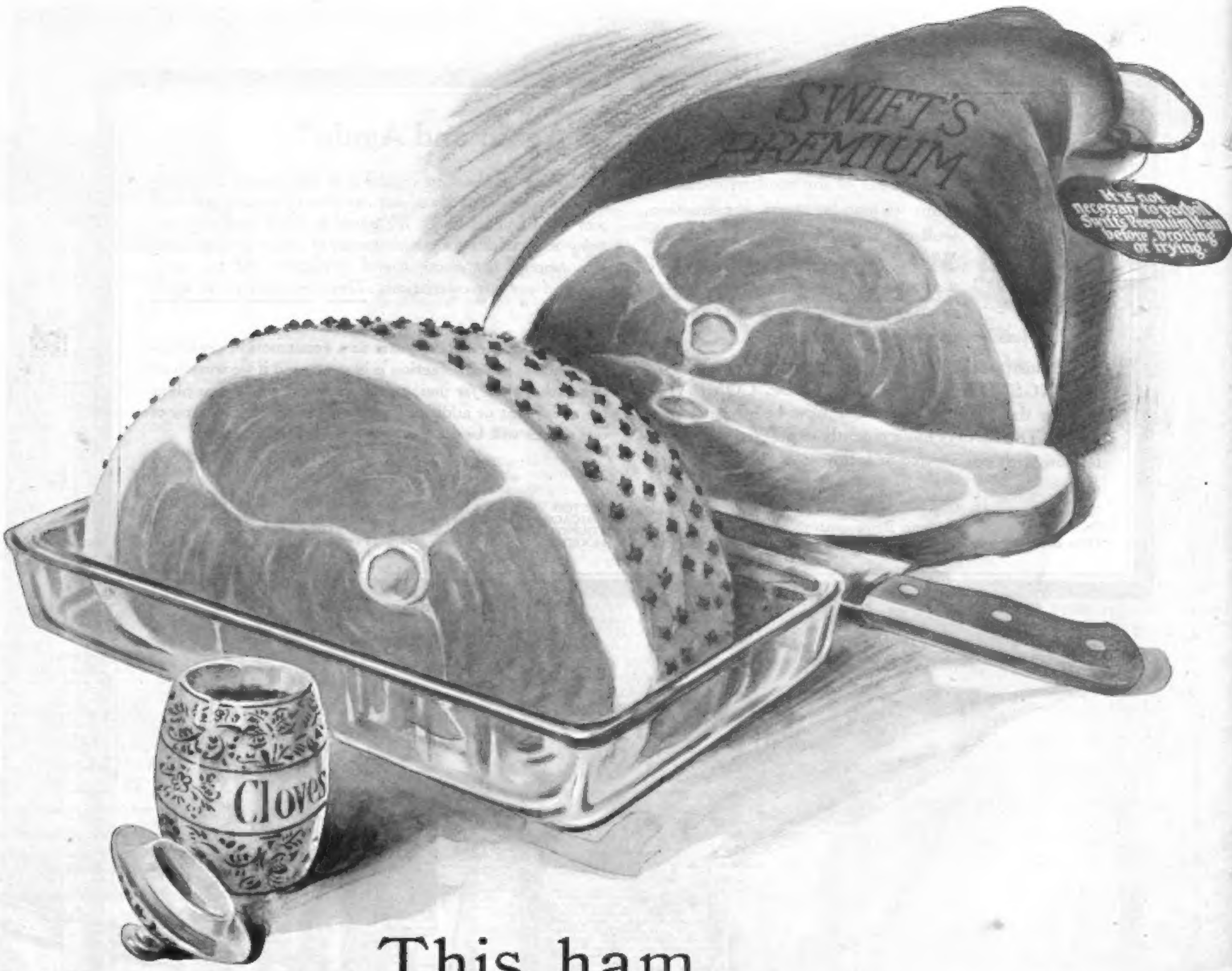

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Cured with scientific care, Swift's Premium Ham needs no parboiling. Every bit of the meat is mild and delicious—with just enough of the sweet, salty tang on the surface and at the heart of the ham, too!

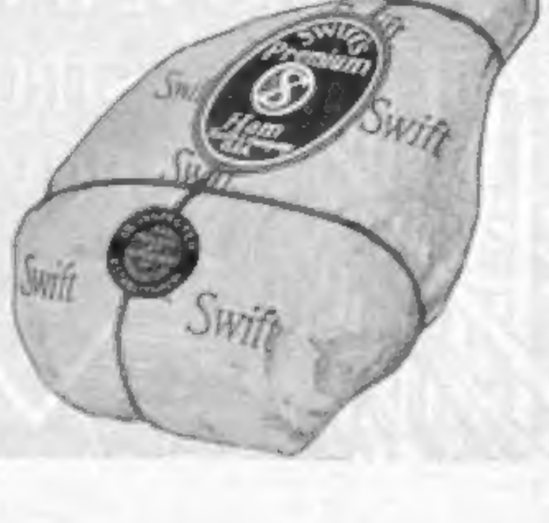
There is an exactness in the Swift Premium cure that eliminates all guesswork. In the Premium process, there is just enough salt, there is just enough sugar, just enough smoking and just enough time allowed to insure that *uniform* flavor which has made fine ham mean "Premium" the world over.

When you see the Swift's Premium wrapper and brand you *know* the ham you are getting. And buy the whole ham. Because your family will enjoy every bit of it, whether it's the part that you boil, or fry, or bake, or broil.

There is no waste to this delicious Premium Ham.

Bake the butt—the soft fat all stuck with spicy cloves! Cut the tender center into slices for broiling or frying—it's so mild it needs no parboiling, either! And then boil the shank and serve it with vegetables—an old-fashioned "boiled dinner." The last morsel is just as delightful as the first!

And when the meat is gone, boil the bone with almost any vegetable and get the last bit of that wonderful Premium flavor.



Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Swift's Premium Ham

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1. Mileage per gallon of gasoline can be increased.
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4. Repairs can be greatly reduced.
5. More power can be made constantly available.
6. Overheating, loose bearings, engine knocks, can all be practically eliminated.

How are these surprising results obtained? By using an oil which *resists heat*.

Between the cylinder walls and the flying pistons of the Ford engine must be clearance space. Unless this space is kept filled, however, by a film of oil, a long chain of engine troubles begins.

At twenty miles an hour, each piston of a Ford car is driven up and down 13 times a second. In a Ford truck at the same speed, the pistons would be going almost twice as fast. In spite of the intense heats developed on the cylinder walls, and the speed of the moving parts, a film of oil no thicker than a sheet of paper must remain unbroken between the metal cylinders.

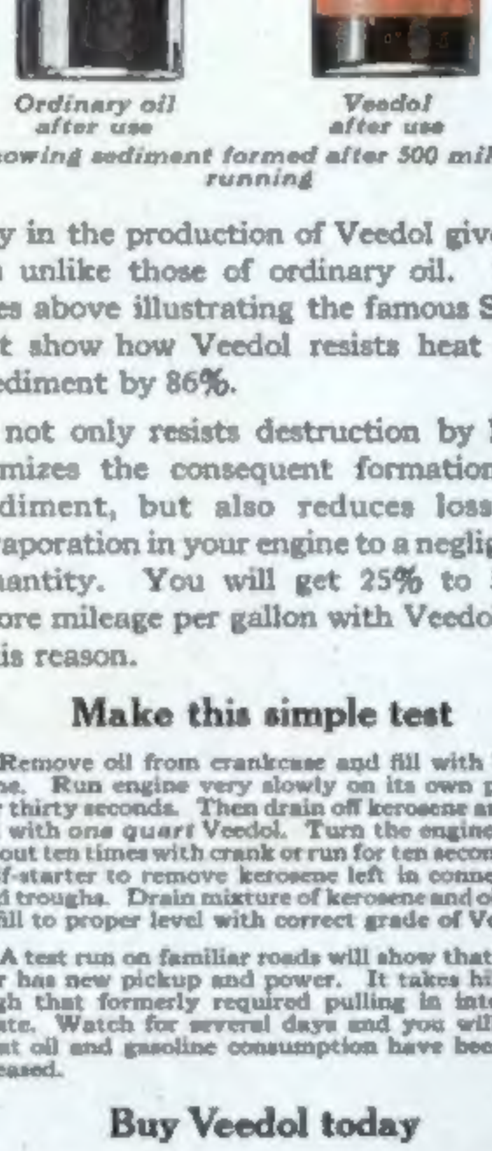
The intense heat of the engine—from 200° to 1000° F.—causes ordinary oil to break down and a large part of it is reduced to sediment after a few hours' running. This sediment is thick, heavy and black; it has *no lubricating value*.

The hidden toll taken by sediment

Sediment displaces lubricating oil on the bearings and fast moving parts. Breaking the oil film in the cylinder walls permits loss of power, gasoline leakage into the crankcase, and rapid carbonization. If the film is so badly broken by sediment as to allow the metal surfaces to come into contact, scored cylinders and broken piston rings result. This is the hidden toll taken by sediment.

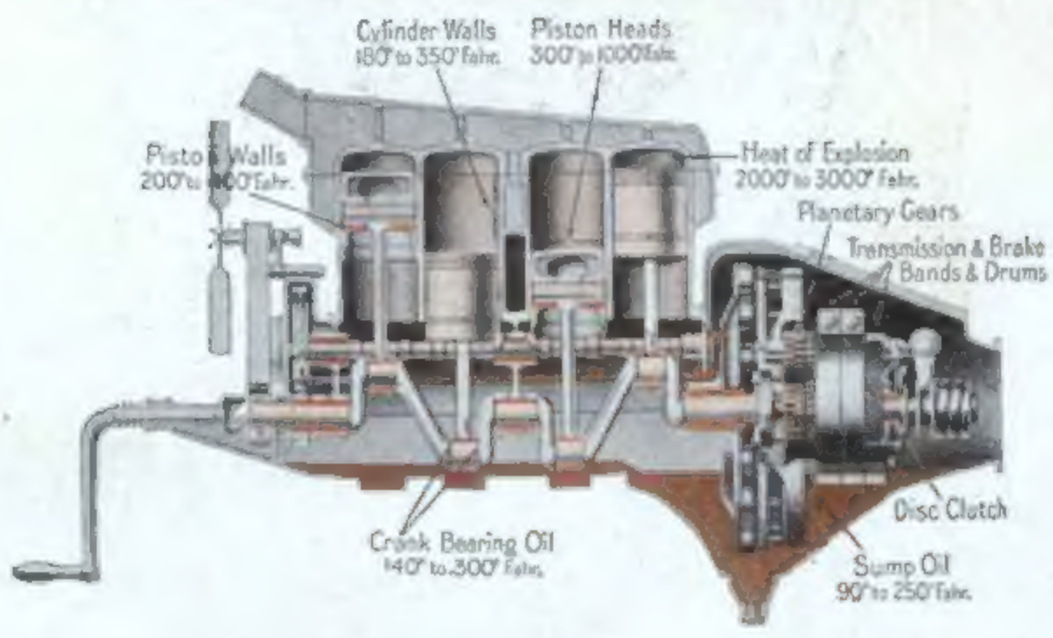
A careful analysis of the causes of trouble in the Ford engine shows that 90% can be traced directly to improper lubrication. In this ingenious power plant, the engine, transmission gears, and disc clutch are enclosed in the same case. One oil must meet the different lubrication requirements of these important parts. Veedol Medium is specially made to do this. This is the oil which the New York Telephone Company uses in its 500 Fords.

The famous Faulkner Process of refining used exclusively in the production of Veedol gives it properties unlike those of ordinary oil. The two bottles above illustrating the famous Sediment Test show how Veedol resists heat and reduces sediment by 86%.



Ordinary oil after use — *Veedol after use*

Showing sediment formed after 500 miles of running



In the ingenious Ford power plant the engine, transmission gears, and disc clutch are enclosed in the same case. One oil must meet the different lubrication requirements of these important parts

Veedol not only resists destruction by heat and minimizes the consequent formation of sediment, but also reduces loss by evaporation in your engine to a negligible quantity. You will get 25% to 50% more mileage per gallon with Veedol for this reason.

Make this simple test

Remove oil from crankcase and fill with kerosene. Run engine very slowly on its own power for thirty seconds. Then drain off kerosene and refill with *one quart* Veedol. Turn the engine over about ten times with crank or run for ten seconds on self-starter to remove kerosene left in connecting rod troughs. Drain mixture of kerosene and oil and refill to proper level with correct grade of Veedol.

A test run on familiar roads will show that your car has new pickup and power. It takes hills on high that formerly required pulling in intermediate. Watch for several days and you will find that oil and gasoline consumption have been decreased.

Buy Veedol today

Leading dealers have Veedol in stock. The new 100 page Veedol book describes Internal Combustion Engines; Transmissions; Differentials; Oils and their Characteristics; Oil Refining. It also contains the Veedol lubrication chart giving the correct grade of Veedol to use for your automobile, motor-boat, tractor and motor-cycle for both summer and winter. This book will save you many dollars and help you to keep your car running at minimum cost. Send 10c for a copy.

Tide Water Oil Company
Veedol Department
710 Bowling Green Building
New York

Branches or distributors in all principal cities of the United States and Canada.

Veedol Gear Compound gives efficient lubrication with the minimum leakage. It is fluid enough to flow back continually to the moving gears to be picked up, yet the consistency remains practically the same at full operating temperatures.

Veedol Graphite Grease is recommended for lubricating water pump shafts and suspension spring leaves. Veedol Cup Grease is made in three grades. All Veedol Cup and Graphite Greases are of the same high quality as Veedol Motor Oils.

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